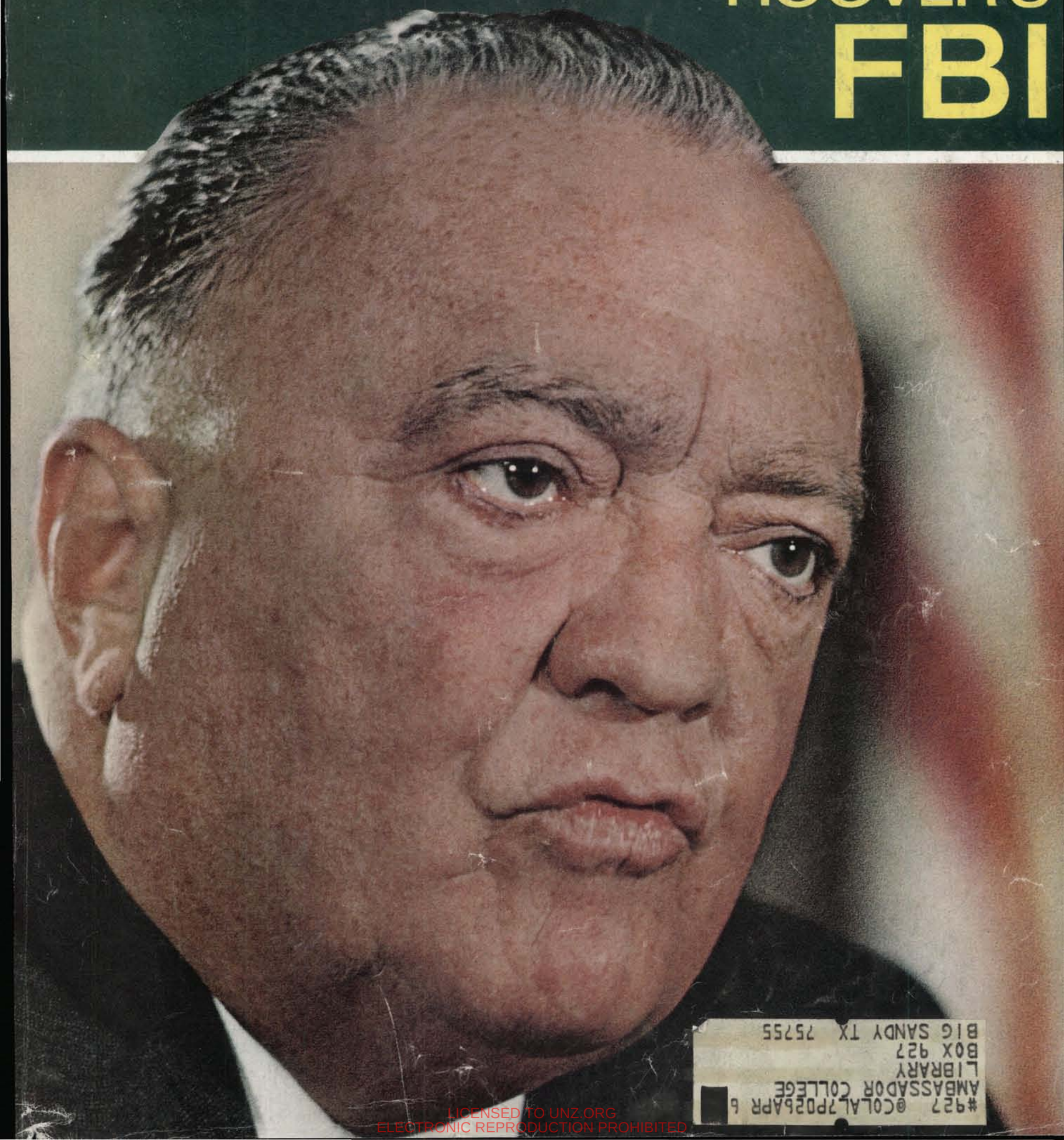
The Saturday Evening Post · September 25, 1965 · 25c

POST

43

'I CROSSED THE PACIFIC ON A RAFT'

HOOVER'S FBI



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Loving Care colors only the gray without changing your natural hair color!

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Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. Won't rub off, won't brush off.

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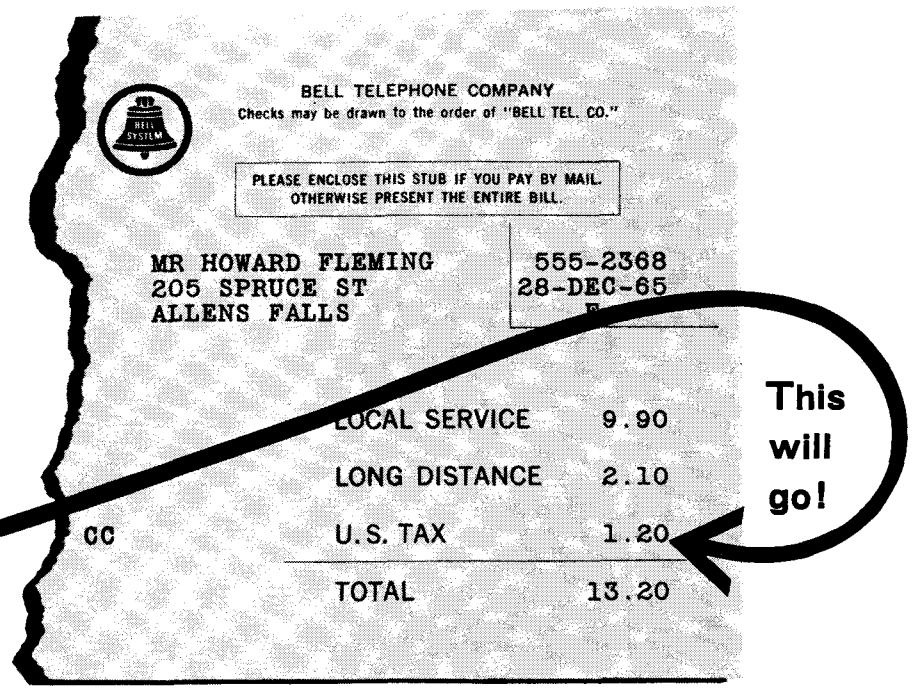
TAX CUT

will mean smaller phone bills



The phone bills you receive beginning January 1, 1966, will reflect a cut from the present 10% to 3% in the Federal excise tax on your service, both local and Long Distance.

The saving in a year's time will amount to almost the cost of a month's telephone service.

That's good news, with more to come. On each succeeding January 1, an additional 1% cut will occur, so that by 1969, the entire 10% Federal excise tax on telephone service will be ended.

No excise tax revenues have ever gone to the telephone company. Instead, over the years, we have merely collected the money for the United States government.

This is not the only excise tax that has been repealed by Congress. A large number of such taxes have been abolished in order to stimulate the economy. But we are especially happy that the telephone customer has been relieved of this burden on the only household utility still subject to Federal excise tax.

You can be sure there will be no reduction in our efforts to give you the world's finest service!

Bell System
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and Associated Companies

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Little Bart put Mrs. Sherwood's Maytag back in diapers again

Her Maytag probably won't notice another few loads. It's been doing 25 a week for 6 years. Hasn't had a major repair yet.

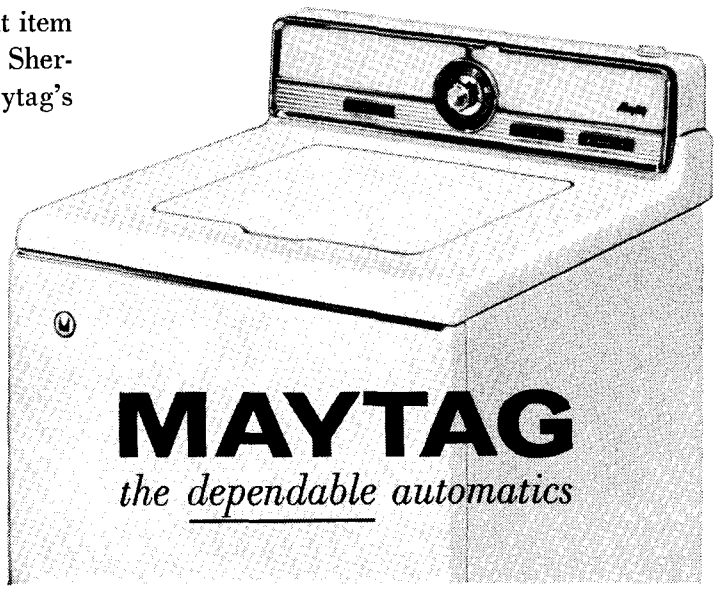
Eight-month-old Bart Sherwood of Fairfield, Connecticut, is the third member of the family to have diapers done in Mom's 6-year-old Maytag Automatic Washer. Which of course has also been doing all the other wash for this family of 10, as well.

Every day of the week, Mrs. Sherwood does at least three full loads of laundry (not counting Bart's diapers). In spite of this steady stream of work, the Sherwood's Maytag has yet to need a major repair.

Because dresses are the dominant item in the Sherwood laundry, Mrs. Sherwood is especially fond of her Maytag's wash 'n wear cycle. Best of all though, she likes Maytag's day-in, day-out dependability.

That's obvious, Mrs. Sherwood.

For a complete guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: The Maytag Company, Dept. 365 P-9A Newton, Iowa 50208.



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The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

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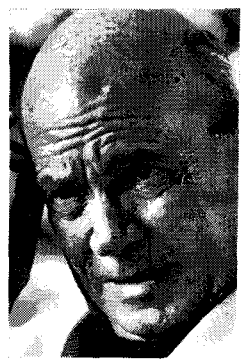
About this issue

JAMES PHELAN has worked closely with the FBI on many occasions during his 25 years as an investigative reporter. He recently spent two months in Washington studying the FBI today, and during this period had occasion to fire a shotgun on the Bureau's skeet range. No one got hurt except the author, who repeatedly missed the target and emerged with a badly bruised shoulder. But Phelan was impressed by the FBI's efficiency. "On the day I left Washington," he says, "I took an agent's raincoat by mistake. The Bureau nabbed me before I got eight blocks from the Justice Department.". . . To cover the bizarre case of a woman accused of murdering her husband and two other persons, reporter DAVID WEBER shuttled between Mexico City, Kansas City, and Independence, Mo., a distance of 3,500 miles. PETE HAMILL, who collaborated on the article, has had 18 pieces published in *The Post*. . . .In this issue assistant *Post* fiction editor Ann Bayer appears with her first published short story./Cover photograph by FRED WARD.



James Phelan

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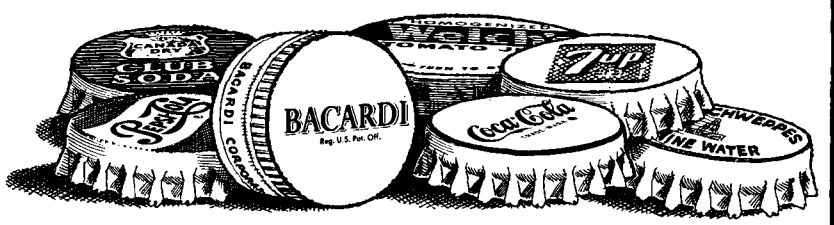

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ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

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Letters

See the U.S.A.

Anne Chamberlin's delightfully droll tour of the U.S., SEE AMERICA FIRST [August 28], made me feel that I had already seen a good deal of it, although all my touring has been east of the Catskills. Haven't I been kept awake at these same thin-walled motels, smelled the same flotsam floating in the Harlem River as in the Ohio, been elbowed by those Catalina people on the boardwalk at Coney Island?

MARY T. MINTURN
Manhasset, N.Y.

• Never have I read so superficial a travel article as this piece of smart-alecky writing. No cub reporter could have been guilty of so many sins of omission. Covering New Orleans in a guided tour of cheap night spots and giving the tassle-tossers more space than any other attraction! All she saw of the Great Smokies was the motels in Gatlinburg. And the dinner she had at Phantom Ranch in the Grand Canyon, "one of the best meals of my entire trip"—and not even a hint of the menu.

T. W. WRIGHT
Stuart, Fla.

• Hurrah for Anne Chamberlin and her delightfully ironic article! Hurrah for Des Asmussen and his equally devastating illustrations! America needs such proddings.

IONE MORRISON BARBER
Tujunga, Calif.

• Keep Anne Chamberlin on your staff and keep her on the go.

F. L. REYNOLDS
Salina, Kans.

• Anne Chamberlin! I couldn't do without her. I have read the article twice, and chuckled more the second time.

But she has not discouraged me from my Delta Queen trip, which I first heard about from a Finnish dignitary visiting our city. Now I'm saving up for it.

HELEN E. KING
Atlanta, Ga.

• While I appreciate the fact that the great swarm of summer tourists have added complications to touring, I suggest that Miss Chamberlin throw away her slightly poisoned pen and do some revisiting in October.

JERRY A. HARN
Claremont, Calif.

• The article does a fine job of pointing up one of our greatest national problems. Can we prevent the continued decline of our landscape in the face of increasing population pressure? Each year it grows more difficult to find history and beauty in America as rivers, mountain canyons, fine old estates and city neighborhoods are sacrificed to some form of "progress" such as dams, freeways and parking lots. Until Americans demand something better, a slower, more carefully planned growth, we will have cause to "See Europe first."

JOHN M. MUNROE
North Tarrytown, N.Y.

Urban renewal

Daniel M. Friedenberg probably lost all his friends in both business and political circles after his Speaking Out SLUM CLEARANCE IS A HOAX [August 28]. It may bring him some small comfort to know that he has gained at least one admirer, who never dared hope to hear a real estate man speak out against the hypocrisy of slum clearance while also taking a few swings at some other political playthings like FHA and the moondoggle.

ROBERT G. SOWTON, SR.
Moorestown, N.J.

• How can a man perform a brilliant analysis of a sensitive problem and end up recommending exactly the same "remedies" which caused the original difficulties?

After reporting on payoffs to political figures, on the "cynical use of the poor" to private advantage, on tariffs and subsidies, etc.—*all manifestations of government intervention in an essentially private-enterprise market system*—Mr. Friedenberg recommends that we adopt an "autonomous agency" using funds derived from government taxes or tax exempt bonds. Thus he invites the perpetration of a hoax even bigger than the one he has just explained to us.

DOMINICK ARMENTANO
Hartford, Conn.

• The article is an insult to the federal, state and city agencies throughout the country. Has Mr. Friedenberg ever heard of the New York City Housing Authority or the city housing authorities of Boston and Philadelphia, where apartments with "Fifth Avenue" conveniences rent for as low as $15 per room? Does Mr. Friedenberg want to take utopian projects erected by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., such as Stuyvesant Town and Parkchester and sweep them under the rug?

New York has done a tremendous job in providing decent low-cost housing. Oh, I don't deny that a few errors have been made, and that much more has to be done, but the good accomplished makes the errors infinitesimal.

COL. LEOPOLD PHILIPP
Chairman, Municipal Affairs Committee
Real Estate Board of New York
New York, N.Y.

Hair curling

Your cover photo of tourists aboard the Maid of the Mist certainly was appropriate, with the pin-curled miss draped in oilcloth. The photographer obviously has an eye for contemporary American trends.

RICHARD NEWTON
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

• Ugh! A cover girl in rollers! This otherwise attractive young lady might do well to heed the cartoon on page 53.

T. H. LAURITZEN
Minneapolis, Minn.

• A magazine should not print a cartoon that offends one-half of its reading public or more—women. We must use rollers to keep up with the casual look. and we can't afford the beauty parlor every day. Curlers are not a matter to laugh about!

AGNES HALSEY
LOIS GRAESSLE
Springfield, N.J.

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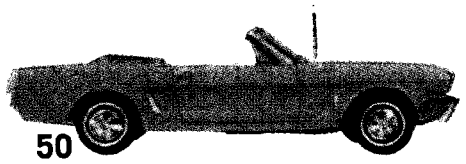

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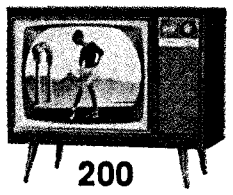

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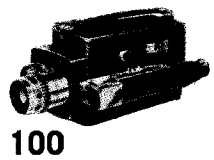

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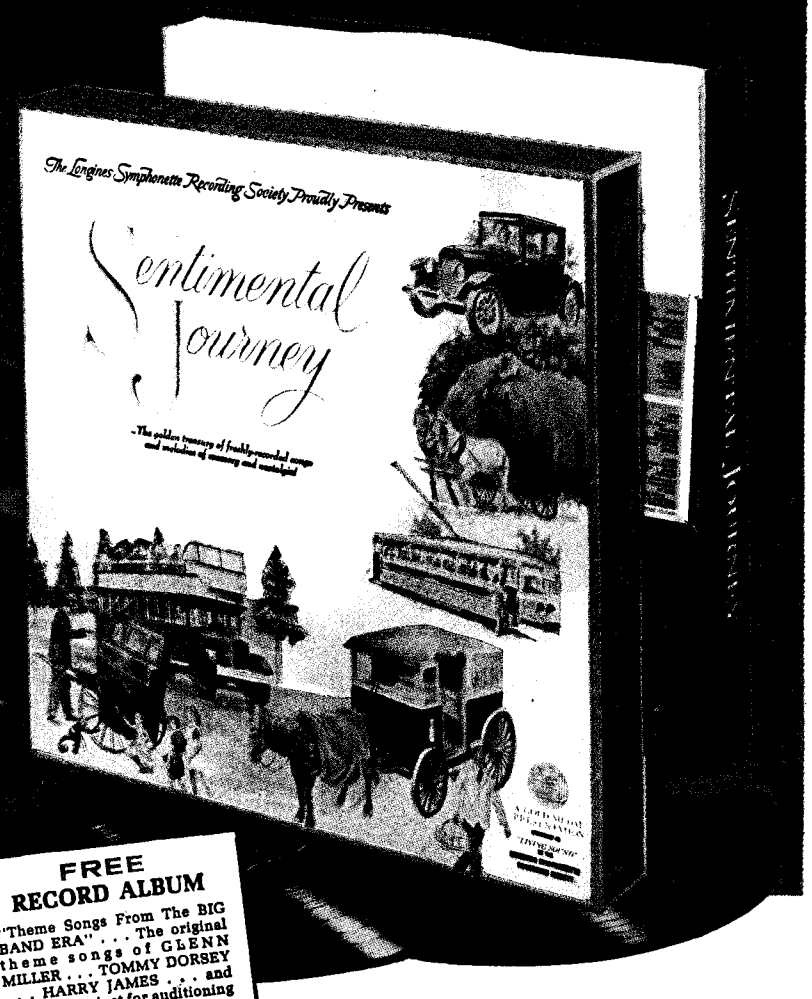

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- Just One More Chance
- June in January
- Sentimental Journey
- Someday
- Twilight On The Trail
- Praise The Lord & Pass The Ammunition
- That Old Black Magic
- Lover
- Funny Old Hills
- Dormi, Dormi, Dormi
- One Dozen Roses
- That's Amore
- Thanks For The Memory
- Isn't It Romantic
- Call Me Irresponsible
- Blue Hawaii
- *Love Letters*
- Moon Love
- Beyond The Blue Horizon
- Golden Earrings
- My Silent Love
- On The Isle Of May
- I Remember You
- If I Should Lose You
- Suddenly It's Spring
- When I Take My Sugar To Tea
- *Sing You Sinners*
- A New Kind Of Love
- To Each His Own
- Love In Bloom
- Moon River
- The Lady's In Love With You
- In The Cool, Cool, Cool, Of The Evening
- It's A Hap, Hap, Happy Day
- Dolores
- *The World Is Mine*
- My Ideal

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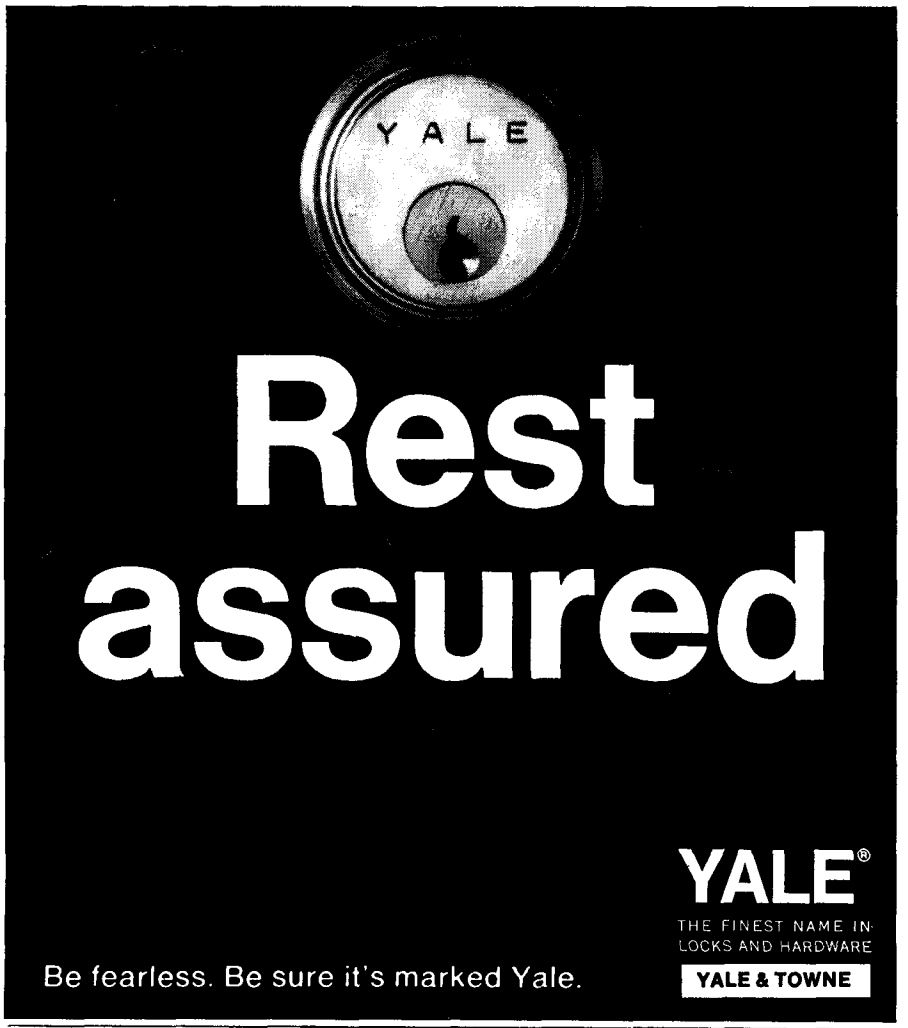

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Letters

Measure of the man

Editors of 19th-century editorials [IN DEFENSE OF DRAMS AND SCRUPLES, August 28] and members of Congress who persist in resisting the adoption of the metric system should be boiled for one microsecond in 10 steres of oil heated to a temperature of 400° K. at a pressure of one bar.

This subscriber would willingly wager one microgram of his excess avoirdupois against one angstrom of the editorial writer's waistline that the teen-age great-grandchildren of the editor are better acquainted with the metric system than all of *S.E.P.*'s editorial staff combined are with the archaic English system of weights and measures.

W. C. LEE
New Britain, Conn.

• I would like to meet the man who will give away $10 billion—the hypothetical annual U.S. loss for failure to use the metric system in foreign trade—to retain his scruples and his drams (or is it dreams?). Incidentally, the United States standard yard is defined as a derived unit, 3600/3937ths of a meter. We also "inherited" hand, span, link, rod and cubit; gills, firkins and tuns; avoirdupois, troy and apothecaries' weights; and the moon is roughly 20,000,000 chains away—now, is it Ramsden's or Gunter's chains?

M. LICHTENSTEIGER
South Acton, Mass.

James Bond

Reading your article THE BIG BOND BONANZA [by William K. Zinsser, July 17] stimulated reminiscences of my boyhood hero, Gene Autry. Although his movies might be labeled pure corn today, he did give my generation an image of moral excellence. On screen he never smoked, drank, or seduced women. Neither did he deliberately kill an outlaw; he either knocked them out with his fist or shot weapons out of their hands.

By contrast, James Bond is a heavy-smoking, inveterate drinker, who kills with methodical indifference as he intermittently seduces women in every port.

He may satisfy the need of our collective unconscious for an all-conquering hero, but the more I see and read of Bond, the more fortified my assumption that his movies represent a greater threat to community values than newsstand pornography. There's something sick about a society that glamorizes a sadistic, self-indulgent, amoral, narcissistic, skirt-lifting snob. Please deliver us from Bondage!

(REV.) DENNIS G. KUBY
Cleveland, Ohio

• I am the mother of three boys—ages 9, 11 and 12—who idolize Agent 007. After seeing the Bond pictures, they insisted on good haircuts, dark suits and polished shoes. After the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, I'm inclined to think that James Bond is a pretty good influence.

MRS. WILLIAM ROSLUND
Oak Forest, Ill.

• Granted, Bond appears cruel, nearly sadistic at times, but look at the people he deals with. Cruelty is necessary for the preservation of his life. Also, his 007 license-to-kill sets him up as an entirely different type of hero, thus making moral censureship impossible, or nearly so. And in all the Fleming books, and I've read 11 of them, I've yet to read of 007 shooting anyone in the back.

MELVIN HILGENBERG
Hot Springs, S. Dak.

Death and taxes

You deplore the fact that the estate of Marilyn Monroe will have to pay her accrued taxes and debts, [MARILYN MONROE VERSUS UNCLE SAM, July 31] and this will leave insufficient funds for various trusts and bequests. The villain, you intimate, is the Internal Revenue Service, which deprives her of her "right" to bequeath some money to those she cared about.

It might have been sounder if you had drawn the moral that if those who earn millions do not provide for the two certain things in life, death and taxes, due to extravagance and lack of foresight during their earning years, they are not likely to have much to be generous with when they die.

ROLAND PALMEDO
New York, N.Y.

• A law is needed on estate limitations which would preclude the taxers—federal, state and local—from taxing an estate beyond a specified amount. This amount would be predetermined but would never exceed that which would cause estate bankruptcy. The real bankruptcy is in the American people who allow taxing agencies to go beyond the law of diminishing returns.

STEWART J. WOLFE
Chairman, Michigan Taxpayers Assn., Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

Magda Wickwires

I experienced a profound response to Edith Konecky's deeply moving novelette, THE CHASTITY OF MAGDA WICKWIRE [July 31]. Perhaps some previously misguided and sadly disoriented male readers will see in her sensitive treatment of this delicate subject the strong, but rarely overtly expressed, physical and emotional needs of other Magda Wickwires.

JACK M. WALRAD, JR.
Tyndall AFB, Fla.

U. S. involvement

In his article ISOLATIONISTS ARE STUPID [July 31], Dean Acheson writes, "The story that the United States could be frightened into detaching its security from that of its NATO partners has no basis either in American interest or European gullibility."

It is fervently to be hoped that in this statement Mr. Acheson expresses the feeling of the American people and the policy of our government. A different policy was expressed in 1959, however, by our then Secretary of State, Christian Herter. He said: "I can't conceive of the President involving us in an all-out nuclear war unless the facts showed that we are in danger of devastation ourselves, or that actual moves have been made toward devastating ourselves."

It can hardly be considered "European gullibility" when de Gaulle expresses the opinion that Europeans cannot expect that the United States under all conditions will risk its own destruction to come to the rescue of Europe. He voices the fear shared by all our allies, a fear for which we largely have our vacillating policies to thank.

THOMAS G. EYBYE
Princeton, N.J.

• Dean Acheson is only using a multiplicity of words in defense of the lately acquired American illusion that America is justified and obligated to finance and police the entire world. At the conclusion of the war, Western Europe needed our help, financially and militarily, and I think no one regrets that we were able and willing to give it. Now they no longer need our financial aid, and they seem to be in process of forming international alliances for their own defense. They are obviously beginning to resent our persistent interference with their internal affairs.

D. IVAN FRITTS
Ontario, Oreg.

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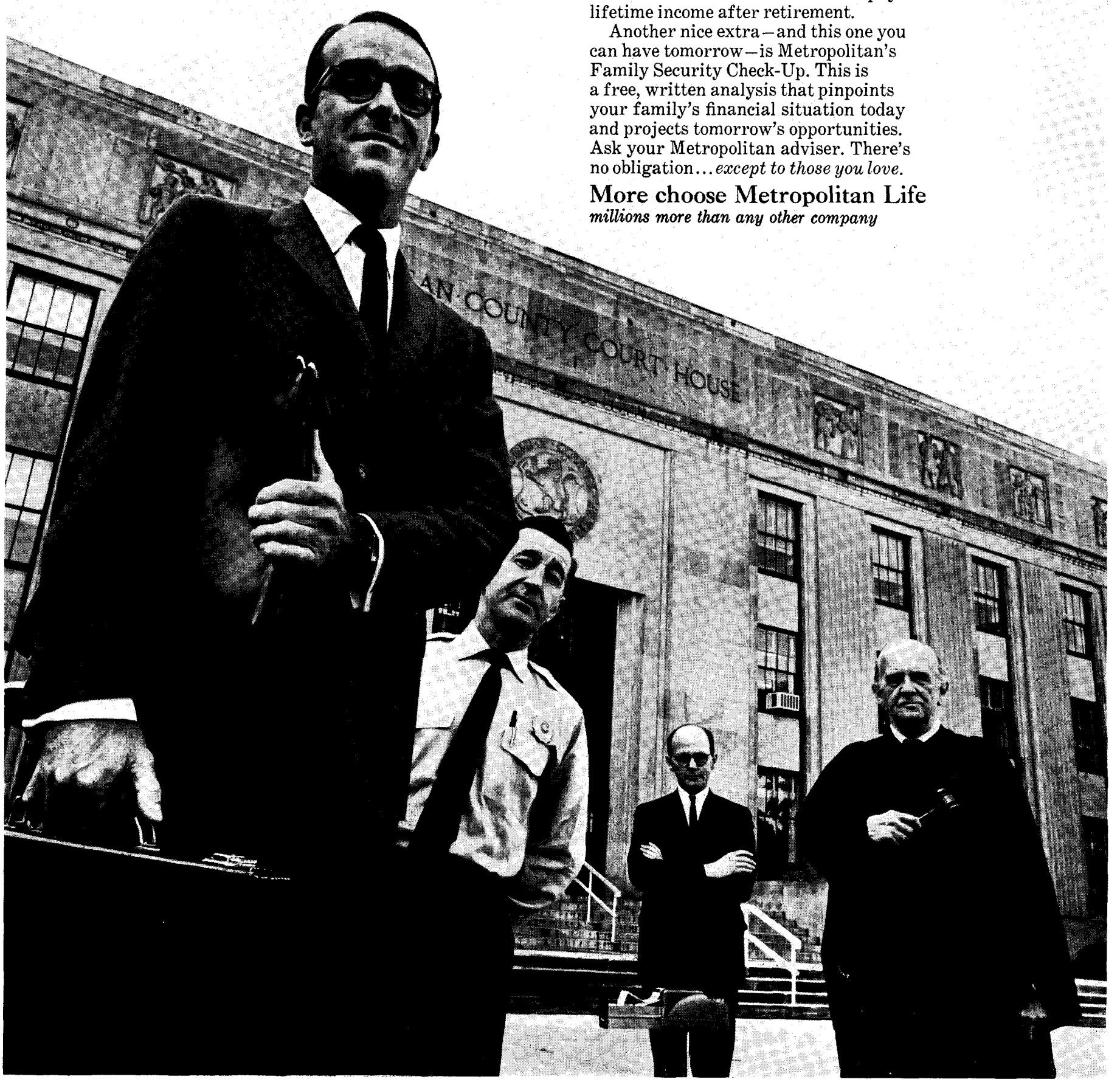

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Speaking Out

COLLEGES ARE OBSOLETE

By Robert M. Hutchins

The aims, methods, and organization of the American college are open to such serious question that the college itself may not be long for this world.

Its condition is obscured by its reputation. A college degree is now regarded as the passport to "success." We are told by the United States Office of Education that male citizens who have finished four years of college or more will have a lifetime income of $360,604, whereas those who have merely completed high school will make only $224,417. For a total outlay that may be as little as $6,000, the college graduate gets back $136,187, an excellent return on a modest investment.

Dr. Frank Bowles, when he was president of the College Entrance Examination Board, said, "The arguments for going to college that are now in use are basically economic. They are only occasionally intellectual, or even cultural. It is true that college catalogs all have a standard paragraph stating that the college aim is 'preparation of the whole man for life through establishment of social, cultural, or intellectual values,' but I would doubt seriously that anyone, including the man writing the statement, is prepared to state precisely how this is to be done."

I would doubt seriously whether Doctor Bowles or anyone else could state precisely how a college prepares a student to make money.

Suppose we found, as I am sure we would, that men who join country clubs early in life make more money than those social outcasts who never got by an admissions committee. We would not conclude that belonging to a country club was the passport to "success." We would say that membership was an effect and not a cause.

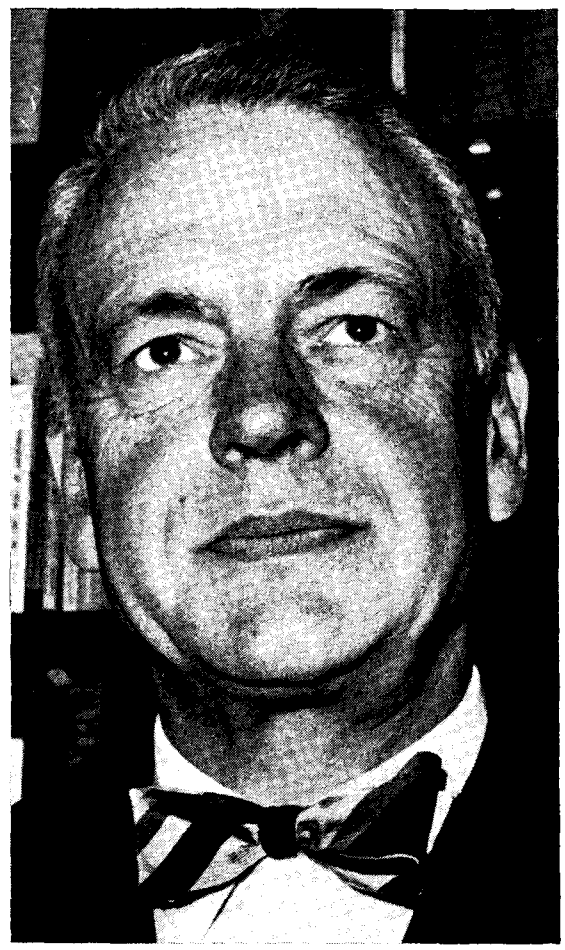
So it is with going to college. A young man who goes to college has already succeeded. He has succeeded in getting born into a "good home" and a relatively prosperous family, one that has both the means and the inclination to push him to the degree. The college does not establish his earning power. That is established before he enters.

In a period of declining employment, when an employer has more applicants than he has jobs, he will take the man, other things being equal, who has the most schooling. Why not? The graduate will come from a "better" home, he is likely to be more "civilized," and there is always the chance that he may have learned something. Hence, at the bottom of the Depression, you had to have a college degree in order to qualify as a floorwalker in a department store.

So today the colleges are a kind of personnel system for business. It is convenient for an employer to limit his choices to college graduates. But little pretense is made that college education is good preparation for business.

College education is not good preparation for business, except in the sense that it is, or ought to be, good preparation for life. If a man who has a trained mind is likely to do better in business than one who has an undeveloped mind, then a college graduate is, or ought to be, better prepared for business than one who is without as many educational advantages.

But this is simply saying that college education ought to make a man better at everything. It ought to make him a better art critic, a better citizen and a better husband, not because he has taken courses in how to be an art critic or in the problems of citizenship or—Heaven forbid!—in marriage, but because he is more intelligent.



The question, then, is: Do our colleges help their students become more intelligent?

The answer is, on the whole, no.

The best way to help young men and women become more intelligent is to put them into a vital intellectual community that is thinking together about important things.

The American college is not an intellectual community, and it cannot become one.

Its methods, organization and location in the educational system must defeat attempts to transform it into an intellectual community.

The method is the course, a quarter or a semester long, with course examinations and course credits. The organization is departmental, with departments composed of specialists. The place in the educational system is between the high school and the graduate school. All these practices and positions are untenable.

Americans shrink from judgments of quality and take refuge in judgments of quantity. We do not know whether a picture or a building or a college is good, but we do know how big it is and how much it cost. These quantitative judgments are easy because they are open to anybody who can count, and they are usually subject to instant verification.

Since we do not know what a good education is and will not take the trouble to find out, we educate by the numbers. College education is 120 semester hours. Going to college is doing time.

Since the 120 semester hours are taught by specialists, they can add up to comprehension only by accident. The student is never compelled to put together what the specialists have told him, because he is examined course by course by the teacher who taught the course. His IBM card must show he passed the requisite number of courses with the minimum numerical average, and that is all.

Teachers and students pursuing different specialties have a hard time forming an intellectual community. Without some common understanding and aim such a community would appear to be impossible. The variety of course offerings—there must be a great variety if all the specialists are to

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Former president of the University of Chicago, now head of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Robert Maynard Hutchins has been a trailblazer in education for a generation. Most recent of his books is WHAT'S A COLLEGE FOR? which he co-authored.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular point of view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate this series to that freedom.

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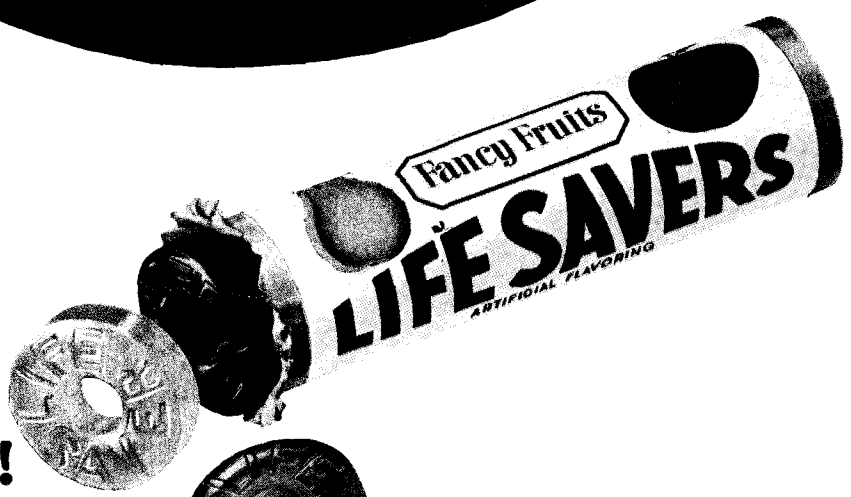

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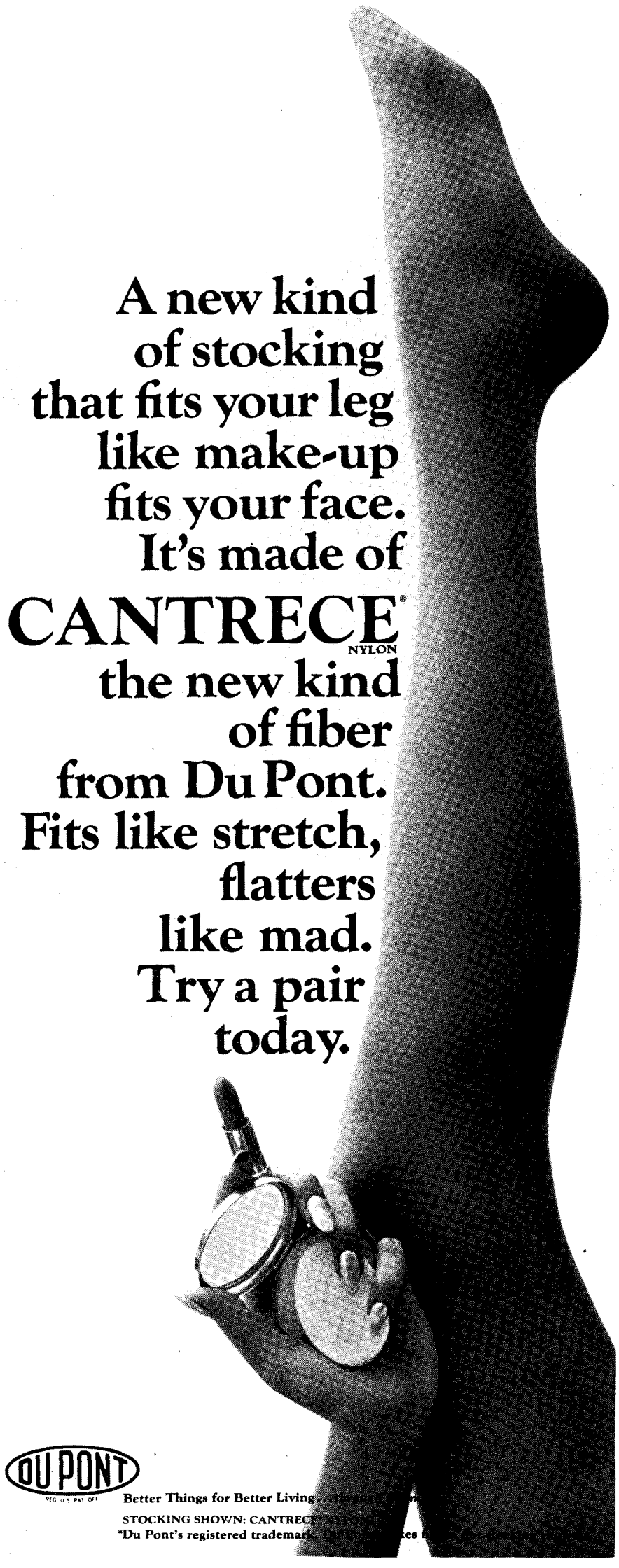

have a crack at the students and all the students' interests are to be represented—reflects and perpetuates the absence of common understanding. (The president of a small college in Missouri once boasted to me that it would take a student 25 years to go through all the courses his college offered.)

Hence some college presidents seriously argue that intercollegiate football is indispensable because it is the only way to "unite" the college.

There is no remedy for these disorders as long as the American college occupies its present place in the educational system.

A student ready to specialize should go to the place where the best specialists are—that is, to the university. The only hope I can see for the student who needs understanding and comprehension of himself, his society, and the world about him lies in the creation of a new home for liberal education.

The late William C. De Vane, longtime dean of Yale College, stated (a little optimistically, I fear), "It is still possible to obtain a liberal education in the better small college today, perhaps, but the older, dedicated teachers are retiring and are replaced by inexperienced and narrowly trained young scholars and scientists, if replacements with any training can be found at all."

Dean De Vane continued: "Many forces are making for the deterioration of teaching in the colleges. . . .

"The chief force in this trend is the excessive emphasis and premium which is put upon research in all fields by the universities. What the university does today in the name of research, the college will try to do tomorrow in the name of prestige."

The spirit and practices of the university have already absorbed the last two years of most work in colleges. Some junior and senior programs are frankly "preprofessional." They are all highly specialized.

The high school is reaching into the college from the other end. In many colleges today up to 50 percent of the entering freshmen are admitted to advanced standing. This means that they have already taken some courses the college offers. If the high school can take over more and more of the first two years, and the university is taking over all of the last two, why should there be a college at all?

Life is learning. The man who stops learning is as good as dead. The essence of community is learning together. The political community arises when the citizens are learning together to govern themselves. The democratic political community arises when all the people are citizens. The democratic vision is that all the people are engaged in argument about the good of the community and the methods of achieving it.

The education that prepares for such a life in such a community is liberal education. It supplies the intellectual techniques and the intellectual framework necessary to a life of learning and a life in the political dialogue. It frees a man from the prison-house of his class, race, time, place, background, family and even of his nation, for the purpose of understanding and taking part in the great task of becoming human and helping to form a world community.

Hence the most urgent challenge in American education today is to build a new home for liberal education.

Suppose we took the four years beginning with the junior year in high school and ending with the sophomore year in college and created an institution dedicated to liberal education. The teachers assembled should be chosen because they are willing to devote their lives to figuring out what liberal education is and helping students to achieve it. Their common concern with this undertaking would lay the foundations of a vital intellectual community.

Since this would be the object, the teachers would be as concerned with learning as the students. They would be committed to lifelong learning even for themselves. Since they would believe that the most pressing educational job this country has is to reinvigorate liberal education, they might be willing to forgo temptations to win the Nobel prize or its equivalents and the prestige that comes from dealing only with "advanced" students in the upper reaches of research.

The students would come to share with them the desire for learning rather than the desire for "success." Prompted by the example of teachers still willing to learn, they might try it themselves.

Students might be examined at the end of four years, not to discover what percentage of what they had been told they could remember, but to find out whether they could think about the questions raised by the books they had read and the discussions in which they had taken part.

The American college today is confused about its own aims, and it confuses those of the high school and the university. The new institution I am proposing would clarify the whole educational system and give each unit a recognizable purpose by removing the principal source of confusion.

What would this new institution do for the country? It would give us enlightened citizens, and I can think of nothing we need more. We are at the beginning of an era of unprecedented change. The common response is fear and resentment. The natural consequence of fear and resentment is the desire to escape into some imaginary *status quo ante*, like the world of Sleeping Beauty.

The liberally educated man is not afraid of change, because he has knocked down the prison walls and is ready for a life of learning.

We may be on our way to a learning, instead of a working, society. Automation and cybernetics may relieve us of the necessity of labor. If they do, what are we going to do with ourselves?

One thing we might do is to learn—to learn how to be human and how to organize and operate a human society. For this we need liberal education. If liberal education is to flourish, it needs a new home.

Robert Hutchins

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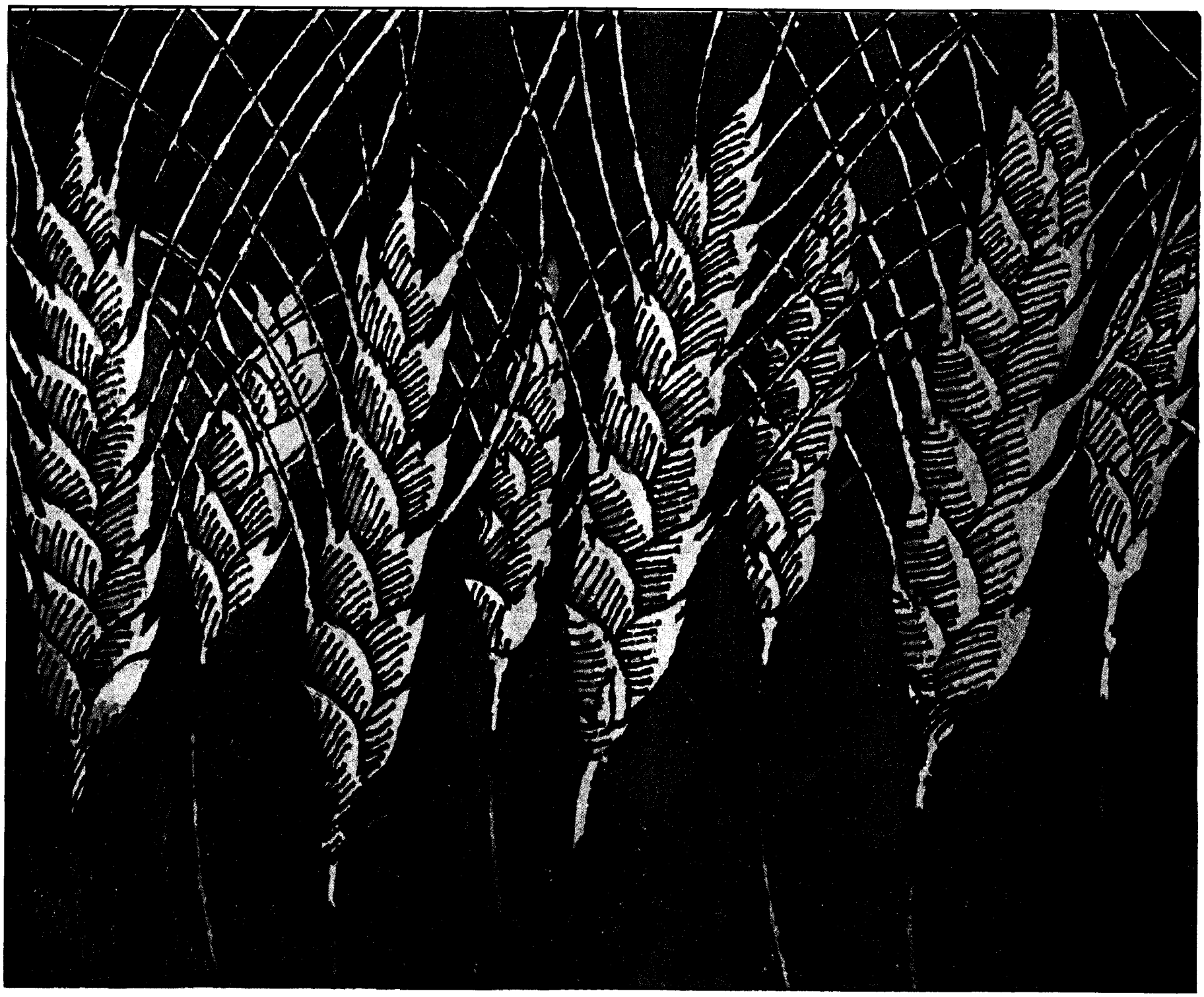
YIELD



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Where do we go from here?

WASHINGTON:

Alexander the Great is supposed to have complained at the age of 32 that he had "no more worlds to conquer." As far as his domestic program is concerned, President Johnson, less than halfway through his first full term, could make the same complaint.

"I have the feeling of a curtain being rung down," says Lawrence O'Brien, the very able White House aide for congressional relations. With the end of this session of Congress in sight, the curtain is being rung down on a great internal struggle which started more than 30 years ago, with the first New Deal.

For all those years, with remarkable tenacity, the conservative coalition in Congress has fought the basic New Deal concept—that the Federal Government has a wide-ranging mandate to promote the general welfare of the people. Now, all of a sudden, that fight is ended, without a bang and with hardly even a whimper.

Medicare, federal aid to education, the voting-rights bill, the direct federal housing subsidy—in the very recent past, the passage of any one of these pieces of legislation would have seemed a huge achievement for any one session of Congress. The passage of any one of them would have been accompanied by an enormous ruckus. As always throughout the last 30 years, every spokesman of the right would have shouted "socialism" at the top of his voice, like the boy in the fable crying "wolf."

The Johnson housing bill can, in fact, quite fairly be described as "socialist," but nobody paid any attention to the few feeble cries of "wolf." The Congress, in short, has passed a whole catalog of the most controversial legislation since the early New Deal, with hardly any real controversy at all.

There are two main reasons why this has happened. One is that (thanks largely to Barry Goldwater) President Johnson has in Congress, for the first time in many years, a secure presidential majority. The other is that Lyndon Johnson is the first Democratic President in modern history who has succeeded in persuading the business community that he is not anti-business. This is why the question—where do we go from here?—is a more difficult one for President Johnson to answer than it would have been for President Kennedy.

Before he was murdered, President Kennedy had a remarkably clear idea of where he was going on the domestic front and how he planned to get there. He expected, with good reason, to be reelected by a landslide in 1964 and to bring in with him a heavily Democratic Congress which would give him the presidential majority President Johnson now enjoys. Thereafter he expected to pass the substance of his program, which is in essence now President Johnson's program. But he then fully intended to return to a bit of unfinished business.

He had originally offered Congress a combination of tax reduction and tax reform, but before he was assassinated it was already clear that tax reduction could be achieved only by jettisoning tax reform. Tax reform was the bit of unfinished business to which he intended to return. He told his brother Robert and a few other intimates that he planned an across-the-board tax reform as the great achievement of his second term.

Working on his tax program, President Kennedy had become for the first time fully aware of the gross inequities in the present tax structure. In 1963, not long before he died, he ordered the Treasury Department to start compiling a collection of "horrible examples" of tax inequity, which he could use in his second term to shock the Congress and the country into a mood for real tax reform.

One horrible example was an immensely rich man—one of the half-dozen richest in the country—with an annual income of many millions. He paid $22,000 in income taxes—less in proportion to his income than a $4,000-a-year laborer. He then had the gall to demand a $3,000 refund. The tax agents, lost in the labyrinth of his incredibly complex bookkeeping, granted the refund.

An even more horrible example was that of an even richer man who in two recent years contributed in income taxes to the defense and welfare of his country the ludicrous sums of $560 and $641. Using such examples, the late President might actually have achieved the hitherto unachievable—the rewriting of the tax laws to provide some modicum of equity. But in the process he certainly would have made many very powerful and bitter enemies.

This is one reason why President Johnson is very unlikely to choose tax reform as his answer to the question: Where do we go from here? For the business community, now so lamblike toward the President, would turn tigerish very quickly if the President began pushing for real tax reform. Thus the Johnson consensus would be busted wide open.

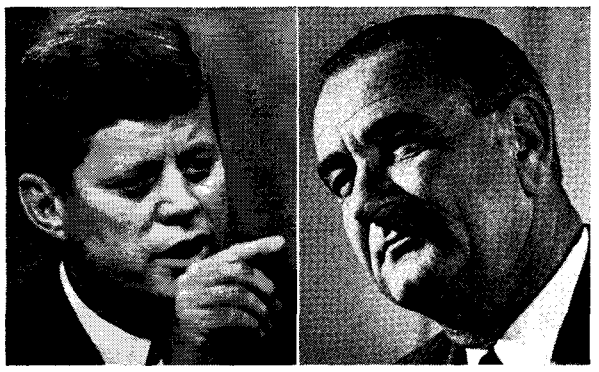
The President wants to maintain his consensus and at the same time to present a big, new and bold program in 1966. He has asked some of the brainiest of his advisers to come up with such a program. A few of the participants in this idea-hunting "Operation 66"—notably the money men, like Secretary of the Treasury Henry Fowler and Budget Bureau Director Charles Schultze—favor a go-slow policy. Others, notably Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz and presidential aides Richard Goodwin and Bill Moyers, want to go full steam ahead. But in what direction?

Goodwin recently took the American intellectual community to task for providing so few useful answers to that question. The chief reason for this dearth of useful answers lies not in any lack of remaining problems in American life, but in the difficulty of dealing with them by passing laws or appropriating money.

Money can be appropriated to help old people get medical care, or to improve education, or to get poor people into better housing. Laws can be passed to assure the voting rights of Negroes in the South. But as Sargent Shriver is discovering, it is difficult to deal with anything but the fringes of such ancient problems as poverty by the familiar expedients of passing laws or spending money.

Participants in "Operation 66" talk much about urban renewal. But our cities are rotting at the core essentially because the middle-class whites are moving out and the poor Negroes from the South are moving in, thus eroding the tax base. Only a very rough and tough dictatorship could really reverse this process. The other problems which are most often mentioned—the economic falling behind of the Negroes, the more subtle forms of racial discrimination, the increasing pollution and ugliness of the American environment—are just as difficult to come to grips with. Yet Lyndon Johnson is clearly determined to come to grips with these problems somehow. Now that he has rung down the curtain on the old New Deal, it will be interesting to see what is on stage next year, when the curtain goes up again.

Stewart Alsop



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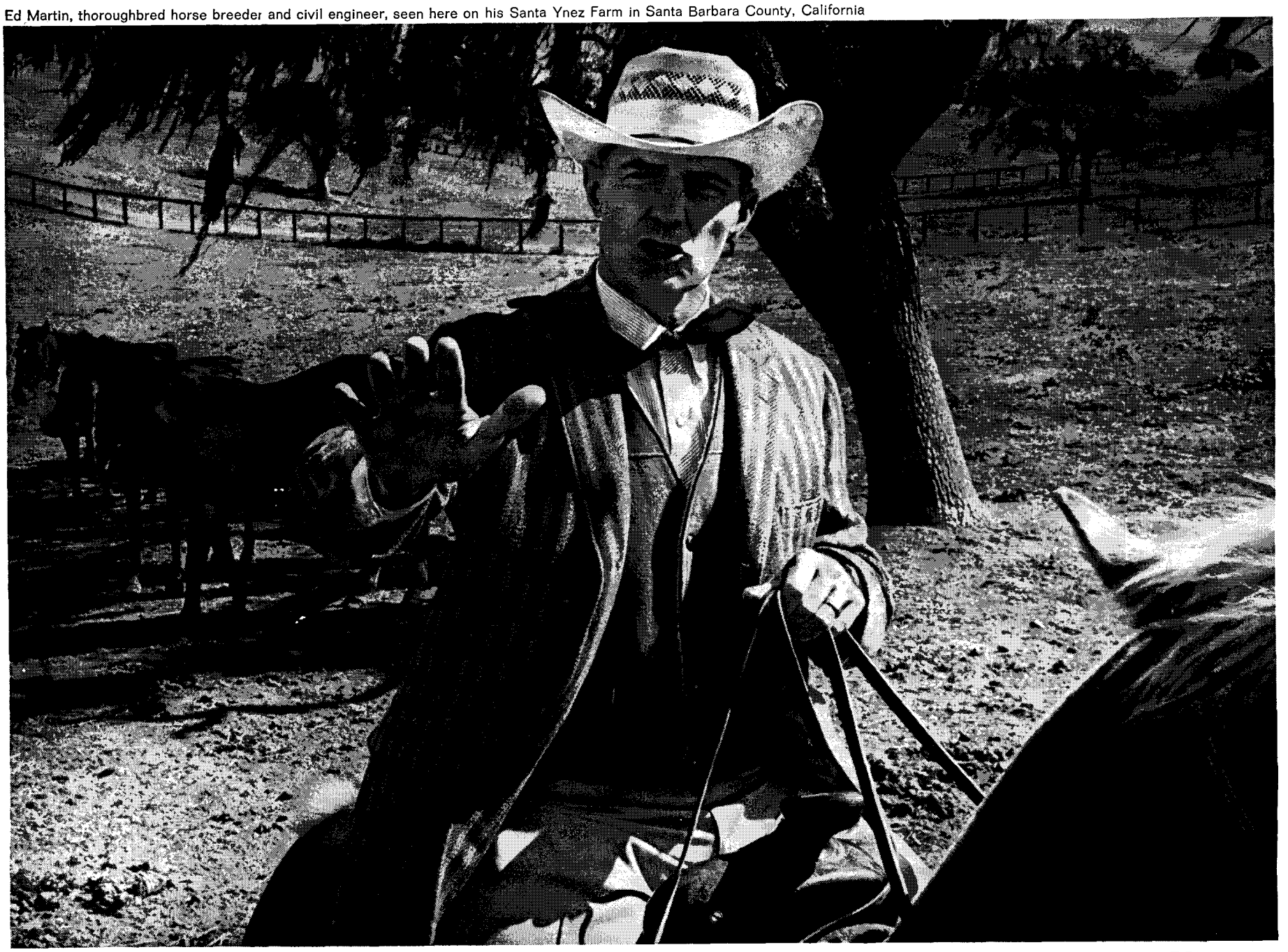
Ed Martin, thoroughbred horse breeder and civil engineer, seen here on his Santa Ynez Farm in Santa Barbara County, California



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DON'T UPSET THE APRICOT

By Bill Conklin

Janet Withatee didn't come to us on the east wind like Mary Poppins, but her arrival was certainly unexpected. Our next-door neighbors moved away, leaving Janet available for what she called "the daywork," and she appeared on our back porch one morning, stolid, indomitable, filled with purpose.

"I'm here to spank and span your house, mister," she said, gesturing toward the mysterious black bag at her side. I was happy to see Janet; my wife was in bed with a cold, and the children and I were rapidly turning the place into a shambles. Besides, now I'd find out what was *in* Janet's lethal-looking black bag. It was tall and narrow, like a salesman's sample case, and mounted on roller-skate wheels. It accompanied Janet everywhere, clickety-clacking over the sidewalk as she made her neighborhood rounds, and I'd been regarding it nervously for months.

Actually, or on the face of it anyway, Janet's bag contained nothing more than the tools of her trade; cleansers in boxes and bottles, sponges, cloths and assorted gear for "spanking and spanning" a house. There *was* one strange item, however, an odious pink powder in a Mason jar, and she brandished it with a gesture which I now realize was the beginning of a power struggle between us.

"*I've* brung the bramlitt," she said, and added the first of many remarks that still give me pause on sleepless nights. "It's got the air of the dog that bit you," she said ominously. I realize now I should have corrected Janet at once, but I didn't.

The house soon sparkled, my wife grew quickly well, my children flourished under Janet's benevolent rule, but she and I seemed joined in dubious battle. Our second encounter came a week later, when I made out a check payable to Janet Withatee. This was the way she'd introduced herself, and the way she'd been addressing herself. Janet examined the check, gave a low wail and let it flutter to the floor. She pointed an accusing finger at it. "There's nobody knows who this *is*," she said in a voice that implied we weren't dealing with things of flesh and blood.

"You mean you're *not* Janet Withatee?" I said.

"I spell Janet with a *t*, mister, but my final name is Jones."

"You *spell* Janet with a *t*?"

"Of course," she said, fixing me with what I now believe was a voodoo eye. "Otherwise my name would be Jane!"

I made out a new check, but we were both still brooding when she trundled her black bag out of the pantry to go home. Pausing in the kitchen doorway, her voice vaguely threatening, she gave me one more thing to think about.

"Listen, mister, don't upset the apricot," she said.

I certainly tried not to. Janet was a wonderful housekeeper who went over things with "a fine tooth and comb." I'd have gladly settled for peaceful coexistence, but she continued to stalk me. She told me she could read the handwriting out in the hall. She told me I was letting the grass groan under my feet. She told me I was acting like a little thin god. She told me not to get up on my hind horse, that I was nothing but a puppy on a string.

The more I listened to Janet, the more I became convinced that the sinister things she said in my presence were a kind of attack on me. I resolved not to let her get away with it any longer; I decided to start correcting her.

The next evening when Janet was serving dinner (including her little ragged muffins, of which she was justifiably proud), my wife happened to mention a neighborhood girl.

"She's nothing to ride home about," Janet sniffed.

"You mean *write* home about, Janet," I said sharply.

Janet ignored me. "She drinks too much because she's got a wooden leg," she said.

I had to think that one over. "You mean *hollow* leg."

"She's got the morals of a pussycat," Janet said.

"She's got the morals of an *alley* cat!" I shouted.

Janet favored me with a look of sullen triumph. "Mister," she said, "*you* seem to know her very well." My wife coughed in her napkin, and my children chortled with untoward glee. That night I hardly slept at all.

As I left for work the next day, Janet accosted me in the hall. "There's a flaw in your ointment, mister," she said. "Yes," I snapped, "and there's a blot on your escutcheon!"

Janet blinked. Nobody else would have noticed it, but we were locked in mortal combat. I knew I'd finally landed a blow that stung. "Coals to Newcastle, Janet, piling Pelion upon Ossa," I added quickly. She backed away, and I hurried out the door.

When I got home that night, I went to my study, my only haven against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. I looked around in disbelief. The furniture had been rearranged. The books and papers I kept in happy confusion were stacked in neat piles. My desk was clean and bare. Janet stood at the window, bramlitt in hand and black bag at heel, pretending to clean a pane of glass. Somehow I knew she was playing for keeps this time. My only chance was to get her before she got me.

"There is no *way*, mister," she said. "The night's so black you can't see your face in front of you."

"I don't want to see my face in front of me," I said, feigning calm.

"*Any* face!" she said stubbornly.

"How about the Chessie Cat's face, Janet? It's nothing but a great big grin that lives up in a tree."

"That's just an old wise tale," she said, but she was nervous.

"How about Silky Swallowwort, the common milkweed? He was hoist by his own petard. Ask Kubla Khan. Ask . . ."

Janet began moving toward me. Fighting panic, I flourished my attaché case. "Do you know what I've got in here?" I cried. "Something *twice* as good as bramlitt. What use will ordinary bramlitt be when great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come?"

Then, desperate, I quoted:

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springeth the wude nu. . . .

That did it. "I got to go now, mister," Janet said, and she bolted from the room.

A day or so later Janet told my wife she had made new derangements. She said she was going to work for the people who live under the hill. Janet's departure is still a tender subject around our house, but I can't help thinking she'll be happier with people like that. And vice versa. Meanwhile my youngest daughter is busily spreading thoughout the neighborhood *her* version of why Janet left us: "Daddy attacked her and she fled." □

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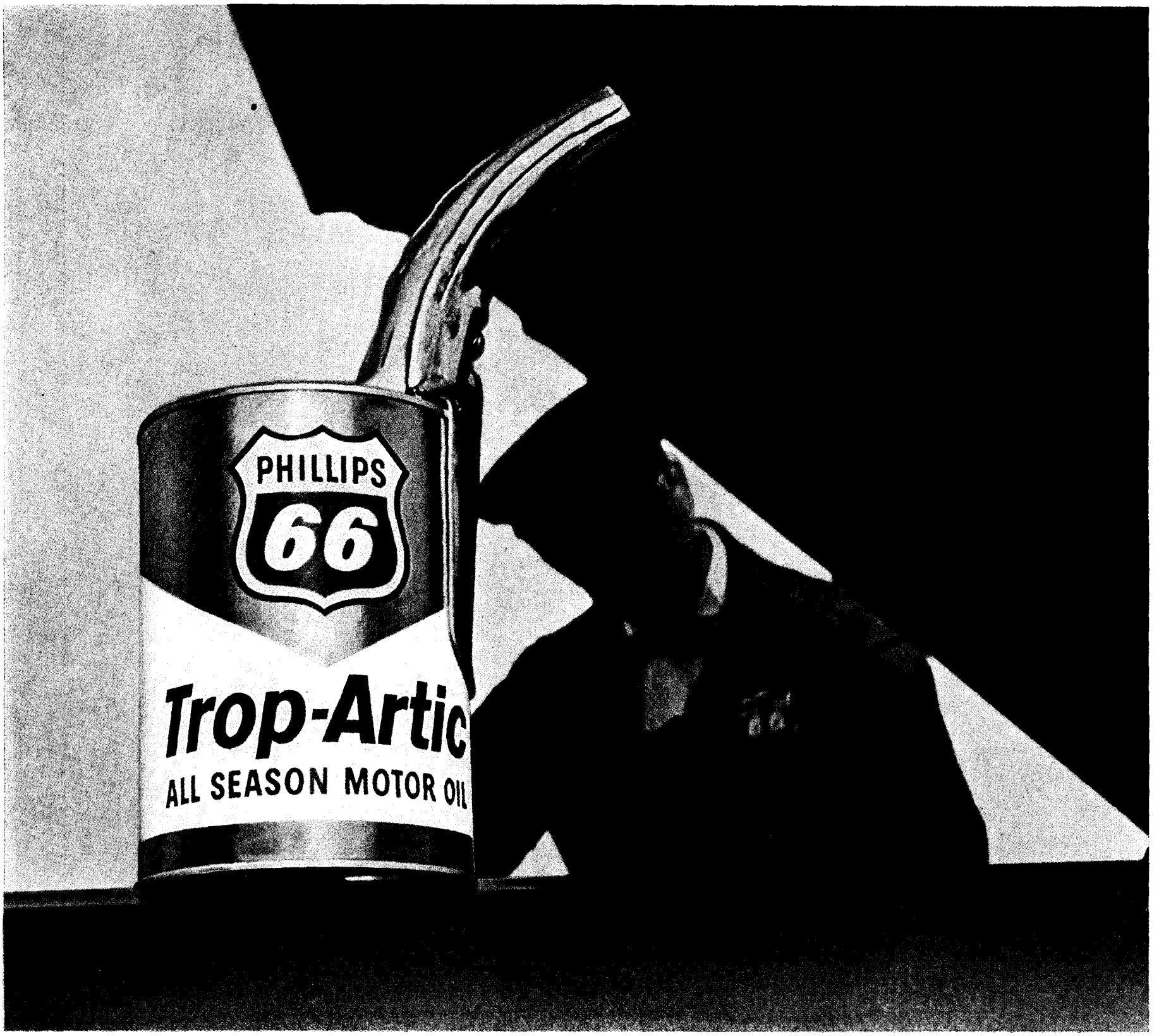

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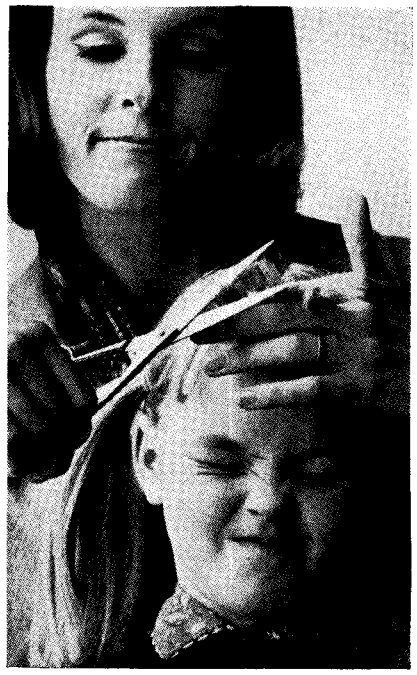

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The Saturday Evening POST

The idea of replacing him seems almost blasphemous, but he is past 70 now, and the time is inevitably coming when the Most Wanted Man in the country will be someone who can carry on for

HOOVER OF THE FBI

By JAMES PHELAN

When the White House last winter denied a report that J. Edgar Hoover was going to be removed as FBI director, television's raffish *That Was the Week That Was* observed: "President Johnson has declared that he does not intend to replace J. Edgar Hoover. However, J. Edgar Hoover has not disclosed whether he intends to replace President Johnson."

Some FBI men were outraged. The day after the show an outsider found a group of agents in the Bureau's Washington headquarters grousing about "that crack at the director," but he argued that the satirical line was actually complimentary. "There isn't anyone else in Washington," he said—"not McNamara or Justice Warren, or even the Vice President—that it could have been written about."

Hoover is indeed a political phenomenon. In 41 years as FBI director, he has become an American institution almost as solidly rooted as the Washington Monument. Since the dim, distant days of Calvin Coolidge, while the Presidency changed hands six times, his standing as the one indispensable government official has gone unchallenged.

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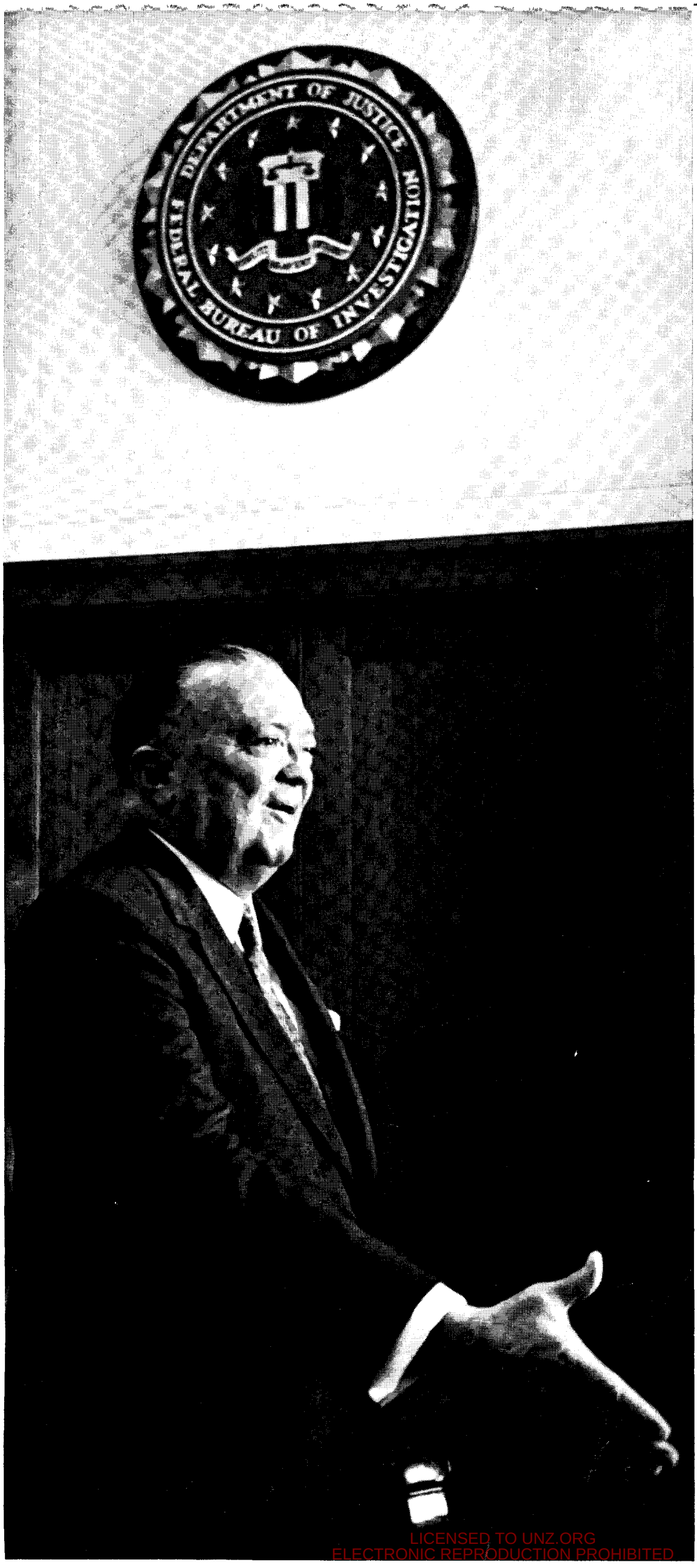

Even television has made its contribution to the picture of Hoover as a public institution of rock-like permanence. *That Was the Week That Was*, source of "that crack about the director," left the air last spring; this fall ABC is introducing a series called *The FBI*, which is unlikely to treat the director disrespectfully. The show's producer is Quinn Martin, who has already made Eliot Ness famous in *The Untouchables*. Martin is an unabashed admirer of Hoover, whom he recently met for the first time.

"Hoover is a star in his own right," Martin said. "I felt much as I did when I met Cary Grant—that this was a special person." Always sensitive about its reputation, the FBI is watching the project closely. Recently it ruffled a few feathers by running background investigations on some of the actors considered for the cast, but a man from the Bureau explained: "It would hardly be proper to have a Commie or a man with a criminal record playing an FBI agent."

Thus the legend continues: Presidents and TV shows may come and go, but J. Edgar Hoover endures. Even Hoover is human, however, and the man behind the legend can't run the FBI indefinitely. Now approaching 71, he inevitably is approaching the end of his service. He will probably pick his own time to step down, but he has made no plans to do so. "My health is good," he said on his 70th birthday last January 1. "The President has expressed confidence in me, I enjoy my work and feel completely competent to carry out all the demands of my job."

Lyndon Johnson has done much more than express confidence in Hoover; last year he publicly certified the FBI chief as a sort of one-man national resource. In a White House ceremony, the President not only waived mandatory retirement at 70 for Hoover; he made the exception eight months before the event. "The nation cannot afford to lose you," said the President.

When Hoover does turn in FBI badge No. 1, the White House and the nation will face some knotty problems. These will be all the more difficult because there are no precedents or guidelines, a fact which the President doubtless had in view when he recently established a national crime commission. There was no FBI, in its present form, when Hoover took it over back in 1924. In its golden era, during the 1930's, the Bureau was a small, flexible, fast-moving organization with a handful of sharply defined laws to protect—laws dealing with major crimes such as kidnaping. Today nearly 200 federal laws are under the Bureau's jurisdiction, including some as unrelated to its original work as those regarding misuse of the Red Cross symbol. Thirty years ago Hoover knew each of his 600 agents by name and always knew what case each of them was working on. Today the FBI has almost twice that many employees in its New York City office alone, and 10 times as many agents altogether.

The Bureau's rise as a vast, powerful, federal agency has been caused largely by the need for a central security and intelligence agency to protect the nation from the threat of subversion and espionage from abroad. But by its very nature such an agency's powers are susceptible to misuse; and the FBI is no exception. Under Hoover, the dangers inherent in the FBI's powers, in the clandestine nature of many of its operations, and in potential abuse of its vast secret files, have been dealt with largely by delegating all responsibility, in trust, to Hoover.

The immediate problem, when Hoover retires, will, of course, be to find a new FBI director. No newcomer from outside the Bureau would have the whiplash authority and automatic obedience that Hoover commands, and he has groomed no successor inside the Bureau, despite his expressed wish that he be replaced from the ranks. On the

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contrary, his own preeminence has inhibited the men below him, with the result that he is surrounded by highly competent organization men schooled in administering his policies and decisions, but almost wholly lacking in public identity and standing. Despite the size and importance of the FBI, there are few Americans who can even name any member of its staff other than its jut-jawed chief.

Though some critics deride the FBI's "cult of personality," Hoover is the subject of a widespread combination of awe, respect and adulation much like that accorded the late Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Like MacArthur, Hoover has an Olympian air that makes him seem somehow larger than life-size; he exercises vast powers in a profession that baffles and enormously intrigues ordinary men; and he has effectively equated his name with success. Millions of Americans firmly believe that Hoover *is* the FBI, and they accept his authoritarian rule as uncritically as they accepted MacArthur's military judgment.

This public approval makes itself evident in ways no politician ignores. Whenever Hoover becomes enmeshed in controversy, a flood of mail supporting his position cascades into the mail room of the Department of Justice. Switchboards in newspaper and magazine offices light up with indignant complaints when he is criticized in print. The House subcommittee that examines his budget has not turned him down on a money request for years, and it has been decades since he came under serious fire from the floor of Congress.

The public respect Hoover commands is all the more unusual in view of his personality. An almost Victorian figure in a permissive era, he has been described by columnist Murray Kempton as "our one unfailing reservoir of conventional morality." In a time of ferment, questioning, and national self-examination, he remains a man who knows unerringly what is right—God, Country and Duty.

In a nation that demands accessibility of its heroes, he is almost as remote as a Tibetan lama. This prompted Art Buchwald to suggest, in one of his more successful spoofs, that there is no J. Edgar Hoover, and that he is simply an invention of the *Reader's Digest*, a notion which the FBI greeted with frosty silence. He shuns the instruments of instant mass communication—television cameras, panel shows, and the like—as energetically as other Washington officials court them. Although he is constantly in the news, he generally communicates with the public only through a smooth-running FBI division called "Crime Records." He does frequently see individual journalists, editors and publishers, however, and he has developed an effective technique for avoiding the give-and-take of the usual interview. When he is not sure of his visitor, he launches into a monologue that ends only when the allotted time is up. Since Hoover is not the sort of person one interrupts, he thus restricts the interview to subjects he wishes to discuss. "Some of those newsmen," he explains, "ask unfair questions."

One writer who was recently granted an hour with Hoover carefully drafted 12 questions for him. Escorted to Hoover's office by an agent—who carefully took duplicate notes on the interview—he sat down, asked his first question, and for the next two hours was treated to a discourse that flowed from one subject to another without pause. In remarkable detail Hoover reconstructed his favorite cases, topped by his personal capture of Alvin (Creepy) Karpis in 1936 in New Orleans. ("After we got him in our car, no one knew where the Federal Building was, and Karpis volunteered to direct us. He'd just cased the place for a possible holdup.") He ranged over his appointment as director, his theories on how to season young agents ("On a tough case, I favor putting some

'Madison Avenue lost a genius when Hoover went into law enforcement.'

green agents in the key spots along with experienced men."), his ideas about courage ("Fear is a protection, panic isn't."), newspapers ("*The New York Times* is the most anti-FBI paper in the country."), teen-aged criminals ("I'd rather go up against a criminal in his thirties; they won't take the rash chances that teen-agers will."), civil-rights problems in the South ("Some spots, like Alabama, don't know the Civil War is over, but I have high regard for Governor Johnson of Mississippi. He backed me up."), and the Bureau's famous "Ten Most-Wanted" program ("We catch them so fast I told my men they must be putting patsies on the list. I said I want the tough ones."). At the conclusion of the discourse, Hoover gave the writer a brisk handshake, and the agent escorted him out—with 11 of 12 questions not only unanswered but unasked.

Half-shielded from the press as he is, Hoover is both one of the most widely recognized and one of the least-known American celebrities. He is frequently described as curt, terse, businesslike, but in fact he has an old-fashioned courtliness, is an excellent raconteur and possesses considerable personal charm when he chooses to exercise it. He has a strong streak of sentimentality, and likes children (when they are well-behaved), the music of Lawrence Welk, and the poetry of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service.

Hoover's top associates in the Bureau, accustomed to the familiar questions of writers seeking the man behind the public figure, have a collection of anecdotes they dole out. These deal with his dogs, his fondness for gardening, his delight in practical jokes—such as placarding his host's neighborhood with fake FBI WANTED posters on the eve of a party—and his well-known pursuit of racetrack winners, with a self-imposed limit of two-dollar bets. Pressed beyond these familiar stories, they fall silent.

Hoover's remoteness has not impaired the hero worship he inspires and probably has heightened it. This adulation is readily apparent to anyone who has visited his headquarters in Washington. In its austere corridors hang row upon row of plaques, scrolls and engraved resolutions—114 in all—extolling Hoover's virtues and achievements in superlatives that almost exhaust the language of praise. These tributes, rendered by a wide variety of organizations ranging from the U.S. Senate to the Friendship Bible Class of Memphis, are not a lifetime's collection but the harvest of a single day, May 10, 1964, when Hoover observed the 40th anniversary of his appointment. Besides the 114 plaques and scrolls, the occasion—referred to, down in the anonymous ranks of the Bureau, simply as "The Fortieth"—brought a flood of telegrams, letters, memorabilia and gifts, and was climaxed by the White House ceremony at which Johnson waived the retirement rules and publicly proclaimed Hoover irreplaceable.

Whoever eventually takes over the FBI will find Hoover's fingerprints all over the agency, from top to bottom. To a degree unmatched by any other federal agency, the FBI has been shaped, dominated and controlled by one man. A bachelor, he has lavished on the FBI the pride and possessiveness that a stern father bestows on his family. Hoover lives quietly in a seven-room house on 30th Place near Rock Creek Park. It is tended by a live-in couple, but Hoover himself does most of the gardening, puttering about in slacks and short-sleeved sport shirts. He is driven to work each morning in a bulletproof Cadillac by a Negro FBI employee who doubles as receptionist at his office. He usually disembarks a mile or so from the Justice Department Building and hikes on in with his longtime crony, Associate Director Clyde Tolson, 65. He dines every night at the same table in the Mayflower Hotel, and Washington's belles scratched him off their lists decades ago, convinced that they could not compete with the Bureau for his affections. He has poured a lifetime of labor into setting the FBI's goals, disciplining its behavior, imposing his own personal mores and standards on it, and burnishing its reputation.

"When Hoover went into law enforcement," says a Washington reporter, "Madison Avenue lost a genius." The FBI legend is as well known to the American public as the saga of Davy Crockett or Paul Bunyan. It is made up of some epic deeds, enhanced by shrewd press-agentry, partly originating in the Bureau and partly the gratuitous work of a hero-hungry press. From the gunning down of John Dillinger, the solution of the Lindbergh kidnaping case and the swift wartime roundup of Nazi saboteurs, down to the unraveling of the great Brinks robbery and the swift capture of the Sinatra kidnapers, the feats of the FBI have been told, retold, simplified, and buffed to a high gloss. The only trouble is that the saga is so crowded with success stories there is scarcely any room left for even the smallest error.

The FBI legend-building at times has taken on a faintly Orwellian quality, in which history is touched up after it has happened. The best-known account of the Bureau, Don Whitehead's *The FBI Story*, is a case in point. Hoover blessed it in a foreword as "an accurate portrayal of the record," but it contains only one brief passage in which the FBI is pictured as erring, a trivial case where agents arrested the wrong man in a car theft (he was released within 24 hours). A much more spectacular error is relegated to the *Notes* section. That was the "Little Bohemia" fiasco, where FBI agents cornered the Dillinger gang in a Wisconsin resort, lost them, and shot up a carful of innocent citizens by mistake, killing one and wounding two. This tragedy was blazoned in the press at the time, but over the years it faded from Bureau-blessed accounts, until only the glamour of the Dillinger gundown remained.

The FBI's Crime Records division relentlessly keeps tabs on books and articles critical of Hoover and of the Bureau. Within hours of a news magazine's recent story that Hoover had failed to write a note of condolence to Robert Kennedy on the death of John F. Kennedy, the division had dug out, photocopied, and distributed copies of Hoover's note of condolence. The division can spot the source of an unfavorable story—and often produces a rebuttal—within a matter of minutes. "That's from the Cookbook," an agent will say, referring to Fred Cook's derogatory *The FBI Nobody Knows* and reaching for a telephone. "Let me get an agent in here who knows all the *facts* about that incident." The writer is shortly provided with an entirely contradictory version of the event. "The FBI is one of the most efficient agencies in Washington," says a Capital newsman. "In some offices you have to wait days for information. At the FBI you get an answer inside a half hour—assuming, of course, that it is a question Hoover wants answered."

The director discourages, with considerable vigor, writers who chip away at the FBI legend instead of building it up, although he cites a critical press as a vital check and balance. A few years back, New York *Herald Tribune* columnist John Crosby took Hoover to task for ineffectiveness against organized crime. Instead of replying to Crosby, the FBI chief wrote a bitter letter to

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Crosby's editor, assailing the column as "degrading to the code of the journalistic profession," and hinting that Crosby had "an ulterior purpose in mind." More recently an agent named Jack Levine quit the FBI and a little later tried to get back in. When Hoover refused to rehire him, despite a series of letters from Levine praising the Bureau without stint, the rebuffed ex-agent suddenly began attacking Hoover, the FBI, its training methods, its accomplishments. The Chicago *Daily News*, which published an interview with Levine, promptly received a letter from FBI Associate Director Clyde Tolson accusing Levine of having disregarded national security. Invoking the security of the United States to offset the grousing of a disgruntled ex-employee struck many people as something of an exercise in overkill.

Hoover's prickliness about the Bureau's good name has had some salutary internal effects. It unquestionably has been a major factor in the FBI's remarkable record of rectitude and incorruptibility. Where other agencies have suffered through their scandals, and instances of corruption in police departments are commonplace, there has never been a known case of influence-selling or bribe-taking in the FBI. This record accounts for much of the esteem the public accords the Bureau; its admirers often comment, "They can't be bought." Hoover is fond of saying, "No one man built the FBI's reputation, but one man can tear it down."

His intense concern with an image of perfection, however, has side effects that plague both Hoover and the men under him. He has polished up such a shining picture of success that the public has come to expect consistent Superman performances from the FBI. Much of his troubles in the civil-rights struggle in the South grow out of the contrast between the FBI's human performance and the public's concept of the Bureau as omniscient, omnipotent, infallible.

For years, in his annual reports, congressional testimony, press releases, and speeches, Hoover has abetted the notion that FBI cases result in a remarkable rate of convictions. The publicized rate consistently hovers over 96 percent. In his 1964 testimony before the House appropriations subcommittee, Hoover declared, "Convictions were obtained against 96.1 percent of the persons brought to trial." In 1961 the figure was 96.6 percent; in 1959 it was 97.4 percent. These figures, while accurate, can mislead unwary readers into concluding that when the FBI goes after a wrongdoer, it almost invariably nails him. The FBI's "96 percent convictions" does not apply to the total number of investigations it has conducted, but only to the number of persons apprehended by the FBI and then taken to trial, and it reflects the care that the Justice Department exercises in deciding which cases it will prosecute.

In the civil-rights category, the FBI does not even publish statistics on the percentages of persons tried and convicted, but the rate is certainly nowhere near 96 percent. In the past five years, barely one tenth of one percent of the FBI's civil-rights *investigations*—not cases tried—have resulted in convictions:

Year	Investigations	Convictions
1960	1,398	1
1961	1,813	0
1962	2,085	2
1963	2,692	6
1964	3,340	5

With the widespread violence that has racked the South, 14 convictions in five years is a meager harvest for justice. Considering the FBI's reputation as the relentless avenger of wrongs, many Negroes ask why it produces such poor results in the South. "All we ask," N.A.A.C.P. Director Roy Wilkins has said, "is the kind of diligence the FBI shows in solving kidnapings and bank robberies." Martin Luther King commented, "You can't explain to a Negro how it is that a plane can be bombed and its pieces scattered for miles and the crime can be solved, but they can't find out who bombed a church."

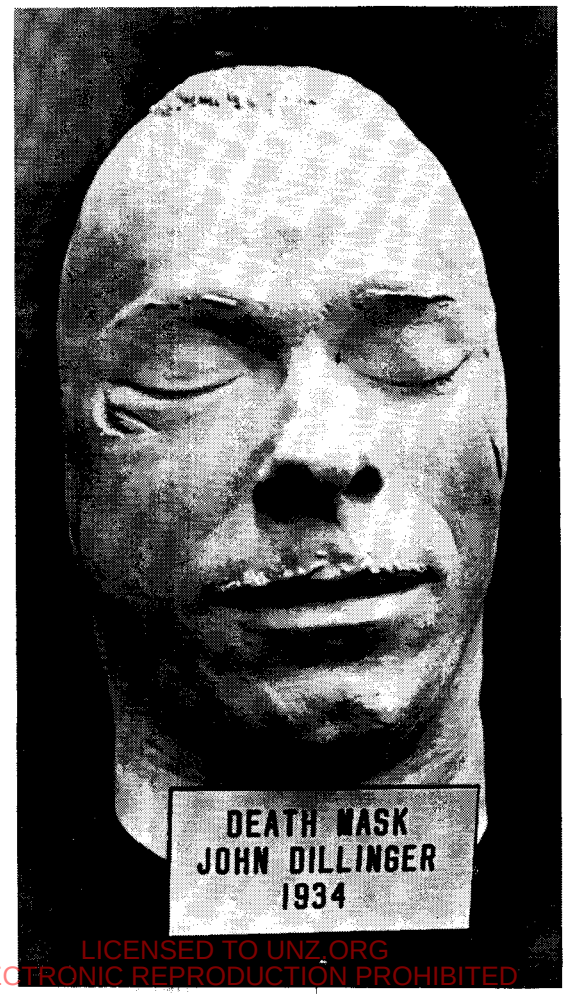
Much of the FBI's fame rests on its spectacular cases in the 1930's.

Any fair appraisal of the FBI's record on civil rights in the South should take into consideration the Bureau's limited jurisdiction, the roadblocks thrown up by hostile segregationists—and often southern law officials—and the refusal of many southern juries and judges to convict whites accused by Negroes.

"The FBI has taken some beatings about civil rights that it doesn't deserve," says a Justice Department spokesman. "Few people really understand the limited nature of its powers. It has no legal authority to enter a state simply to forestall possible violence. It can't provide protection to individuals. It isn't a national police force.

"The low rate of convictions in civil-rights cases in no way reflects the amount of work the FBI has done in the South. The Bureau has put in thousands of man-hours on a single case, and then seen it washed out by a southern jury. Its investigation of voting violations often requires months of tedious examination of county records—none of which shows up in the conviction statistics. But there are hundreds of thousands more Negroes registered for the vote in the South today than there were in 1960. Behind these statistics is a lot of unpublicized work by the Bureau."

When Negro leaders began to prod Hoover on the FBI's performance, they hit a sore nerve, helping touch off the famous press conference of last November 18. In a single, magnificently irascible session, Hoover criticized, among others, the Justice Department, under which he serves; Congress, for delegating new jobs to the Bureau against his wishes; and the current Nobel Peace Prize winner, the Rev. Martin Luther King. King had identified four northern-born FBI agents in Albany, Ga., as Southerners, prompting Hoover to describe the Negro leader as "the most notorious liar in the United States."



Understandably, Hoover's statement added weight to the Negroes' distrust of the Bureau, which was already under fire because of the scarcity of Negro agents in the ranks of the FBI. For years the Bureau fended off questions on the subject by asserting that it kept no records on a racial basis. Last year this policy was suddenly reversed, and an FBI official revealed that there were 29 Negro agents—and that the number was shortly due to reach 50, as a result of an active recruitment program.

A prospective G-man must be either a lawyer or a graduate accountant with three years' experience; at least 23 years old; no less than five feet seven inches; a citizen; a male, and not color-blind. An applicant who has cleared these low hurdles undergoes a comprehensive investigation reaching back to his childhood. If he is a compulsive gambler or a heavy drinker, a deadbeat or delinquent in his income taxes, he is dropped. He may not have a police record, except for minor slips like traffic violations, and there had better not be too many of *them*.

The investigation is so thorough that few who pass it wash out in the subsequent training course, at the FBI Academy at Quantico, Va. For 13 weeks the trainees live an almost monastic life while they are schooled in marksmanship, self-defense, investigative techniques, fingerprinting, report writing, the giving of court testimony and other G-man skills. They are subjected from the outset to the tight discipline and rigid code of behavior that follow them later as full-fledged agents. They do their own housekeeping, and can get yanked back in from the training grounds to remake an untidy bed. They stow all their valuables on open shelves; in all its years the Academy has never had a theft. They eat together in an austere dining hall that has a large signboard bearing the texts of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish prayers.

The training emphasizes the practical; neophytes learn investigation by working on reconstructions of past Bureau cases. There is intense practice on both ends of a gun, at marksmanship and karate-swift techniques of disarming a gunman. One of the first things they learn is never to stick a gun in a thug's back or chest where he can reach it; the trademark of an FBI agent holding a man at bay is a peculiar crablike crouch that enables him to frisk a suspect while he keeps his own gun out of reach. They are taught how to develop an intangible "stance of authority" in making an arrest, to encourage wrongdoers to surrender quietly. They are also schooled in handling those who won't, by practicing "come along" holds on the supervisor of the firearms range. He is "Big George" Zeiss, who stands six feet five inches and weighs over 220 well-muscled pounds.

In the firearms training they are taught to shoot to kill. Bureau policy is never to shoot unless a life is endangered, and never to fire a warning shot. Agents are trained to shoot for the abdomen as the most effective way to prevent a return shot; it doubles the man over, while a fugitive shot in the heart may still fire back once by reflex action. This training—and the wide publicity given to it—has strongly deterred armed resistance in FBI manhunts. In the Bureau's history, only 19 agents have been killed—none in the past eight years.

As a new member of J. Edgar Hoover's team, the agent gets $8,981 a year, with the prospect of inching up to a top of $16,981, if he lives long enough and does not trip over a network of rules and regulations that Hoover has developed over the years. He is subject to call 24 hours of the day, and must keep his office informed of his whereabouts, even

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off duty. He can be assigned anywhere the Bureau decides to send him, on the shortest notice. He is bound by a strict code of conduct, much of it spelled out, some unwritten tradition. He may not accept any gift, gratuity or reward, or use a government car for any purpose except official business, or leave his 638-page Bureau manual lying around for anyone to read.

There is even a uniform of sorts. FBI agents wear conservative suits and subdued ties and socks; they are expected to look like everyday, respectable businessmen, not Nero Wolfe or James Bond. They are also well advised not to behave like James Bond; a few months ago a veteran agent was quietly fired when he admitted having Bonded with a neighborhood woman. Growing a moustache is discouraged but not explicitly forbidden; there is at least one western individualist who sports one. There are no bearded FBI agents, however. Beards have a connotation of the beatnik, and the thought of a beatnik FBI agent boggles the mind. An agent is forbidden to drink on duty; Hoover himself will not even sip a sherry at a diplomatic luncheon. "An agent may have one drink in the evening, or maybe two," says Hoover. "If he goes beyond that, he is playing with fire." Hoover himself has one drink in the evening, and occasionally two.

Some of Hoover's prejudices tend toward the autocratic. There are, for example, no fat FBI agents. About eight years ago, when Hoover found that his natural stockiness had edged up to pudginess, he went on a diet and slimmed down by about 20 pounds. Shortly thereafter the FBI instituted a weight-control program, and all agents were instructed to bring themselves within the limit set by an insurance-company chart. Grimly, 6,000 agents dieted, exercised, and steamed themselves down to conform with the new ideal, and jokes about "making the weight" are still a standard topic of conversation whenever a handful of agents congregate.

One stubborn rebel, a burly ex-football star, created a crisis when he leveled off at five pounds over the chart's ideal. He then obtained a statement from his doctor that his weight was medically proper, chart or no chart, so the Bureau could hardly declare him officially "out of condition." But Bureau regulations are regulations. The agent and his extra five pounds were "put on the bicycle," an FBI term for a series of rapid transfers from one undesirable post to another, and eventually the agent biked right on out of the FBI and became a professional ski instructor.

Overtime is also the subject of some wry joking inside the Bureau, and recurrent publicity outside it. In 1964 agents averaged 12½ hours of overtime per week. By government rules, they were paid for only six hours of this. The other six and a half hours a week was so-called voluntary overtime, called "VOT" in Bureauese. In Hoover's view, VOT represents a donation by his agents to the national treasury.

Each year Hoover proudly reports to the appropriations subcommittee a sizable saving in the form of more than 1,500,000 hours of unpaid work. Last year it amounted to $11,462,798 worth, and each year it gets higher. "The trouble is that Mr. Hoover likes statistics and 'new all-time highs,'" said a former agent. "Voluntary overtime has become a Bureau institution. The district offices compete in reporting overtime, and if you're not contributing a fair share, you are given the feeling you're hurting the team. So you check in early or stay late, and if you haven't anything else to do, you shuffle papers."

The VOT issue is an example of the way Hoover identifies himself with the Bureau and vice versa, a process that he capsules as "I think of the FBI as a 'we' organization." Even at 70

Gesturing emphatically, a nattily shod Hoover accompanied FBI agent Melvin "Little Mel" Purvis on a walk in 1934, soon after Purvis had cornered John Dillinger outside the Biograph Theater in Chicago. "Little Mel" was one of the few agents ever to pierce the Bureau's anonymity barrier.

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President Johnson, who waived retirement rules for Hoover, gives Bureau chief a warm welcome at the White House.

he works overtime himself. He has done it all his life, and it seems natural to him. In last year's Sinatra kidnaping, he did not leave his desk for almost 72 hours during the critical period, except for an occasional doze on an office couch. While he recognizes the hardships that the Bureau imposes on married agents, and professes a great admiration for stable family life, he puts the Bureau first. "I encourage agents to marry inside the organization," he says. "If they marry an FBI secretary or clerk, they get a wife who knows the demands the job puts on her husband. That can save trouble. If they don't have the dedication, they ought to get out."

Individualism, in the sense of one man's running with the ball on a big case, is discouraged. Hoover believes strongly in teamwork, and individual achievements are almost never publicized, even within the Bureau. An agent whose performance is outstanding is quietly rewarded with a commendation from his Special Agent in Charge, with a letter from the director, with a raise in pay grade, or with a one-line congratulation in *The Investigator*, the Bureau's monthly house-organ. *The Investigator* never tells why an agent is congratulated. A G-man who breaks a major case is simply listed alphabetically along with a clerk who may have devised an improvement in the filing system.

This policy of denying public recognition to individual agents has advantages as well as drawbacks. Human nature being what it is, an employee singled out for praise often becomes the target of envy, but the FBI has no such problems. This policy also spreads the sheen of the Bureau's successes evenly over all its agents, like the glaze on a ceramic jar. Since the public doesn't know who makes the big cases, the rookie who has not even tracked down a stolen car benefits from the feats of the old pros. When he flashes his badge and says "FBI," the suspect has no way of knowing that the agent didn't just finish knocking off a big espionage ring.

One of the rare agents who broke out of this anonymity was the late Melvin (Little Mel) Purvis, who ran John Dillinger to earth at the Biograph Theater in Chicago. The public's enormous fascination with the Dillinger case bathed Purvis in a glare of publicity, and for a while his name shone as brightly in the FBI as Hoover's. Shortly later Purvis left the FBI, cashed in on his fame in Hollywood, and organized a sort of junior G-man club called the "Melvin Purvis Law-and-Order Patrol," subsidized by Post Toasties. Despite the eminence of the Dillinger case in FBI annals, Purvis is no Bureau hero. A recent inquiry at the FBI headquarters drew a shrug and the reply, "I don't know what happened to old Mel after he went Hollywood."

"It's the meshing of the cogs that makes the Bureau," says Hoover. He runs such a tight machine, however, that some cogs fail to mesh properly. Agents who quit the Bureau for better jobs get a cool "good luck" from Hoover and an invisible chalk mark against their names. "If they want to try the green pastures outside the Bureau, they can stay out there," says the director. "Often they find the pastures aren't so green and want back in. We get two or three applications for reinstatement a month. I turn them all down."

Agents who retire after the minimum 20 years are free to scurry into the green pastures. In Hoover's view they have earned an honorable discharge, and there is no intimation of disloyalty. Ex-agents hold many powerful positions in industry and government; among them are John Bugas, Ford vice president; Robert Maheu, who runs a problem-solving organization for such clients as Howard Hughes; Louis Nichols, vice president of Schenley Industries; James Rowley, head of the Secret Service; Arthur Cornelius, superintendent of the New York State Police; and Harvey Foster, an American Airlines vice president.

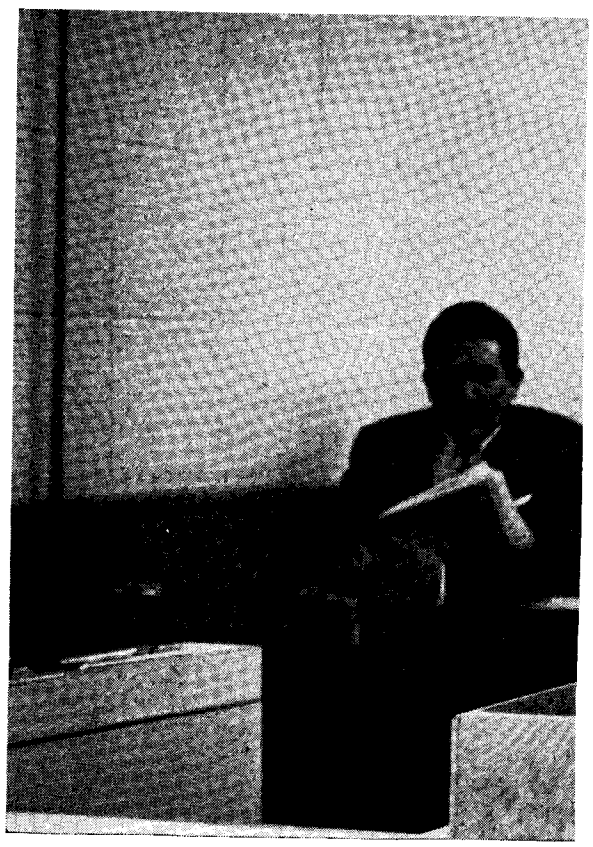
"After a few years you have to make up your mind whether you're an organization man at heart and you're going to settle in and go for that twenty-year retirement," says an ex-agent who now has a lucrative law practice. "The fear of 'embarrassing the Bureau' gets oppressive at times. Personally, I resented the requirement that you write a memorandum whenever you observed a violation of the rules. If a fellow agent goofed off, and you knew about it, you were held responsible if you didn't tag him out. I understood the reason for this. It kept the Bureau well disciplined, but it went against my grain. I didn't like the Big-Brother-Is-Watching-You atmosphere."

In addition to this informal policing, agents are subjected to periodic checkups by the Bureau's internal-inspection system. Both the field staffs and the Washington office are periodically gone over by inspectors who make a Marine drill instructor look like a doting mother. Woe to the agent who has drawn a case folder from the file and tucked it away forgotten in his drawer. Agents under inspection, which generally takes a couple of days, can be identified at a glance. They have a stricken look, like a construction worker walking his first skyscraper beam in a heavy wind.

All the same, these inspections are part of the way in which Hoover has fashioned an *esprit de corps* that is both the envy of other law-enforcement agencies and a frequent source of irritation to them. Almost visibly, this spirit reflects Hoover's personal background, upbringing and ideals.

The virtues that are extolled in the 114 plaques that adorn the walls of FBI headquarters, in honor of The Fortieth, were discernible even in Hoover's early youth. As a boy, he was hardworking, strong-minded, disciplined, neat, possessed of a stern sense of duty, well-organized, pious, and devoted to his parents. By every account he was the ideal American youth; indeed, the magazine *American Boy* once devoted an unprecedented four-part series to his early days and upbringing. His father, Dickerson N. Hoover, was a Washington civil-service employee, of old American stock and British-German descent. His mother, Annie Scheitlin Hoover, whose forebears were Swiss, was a woman with an old-fashioned sense of discipline, who rewarded obedience and sternly but justly punished any straying. She was a powerful influence on her son, and she lived with him from the death of her husband in 1922 until her own death 16 years later.

At Washington's Central High School young Hoover acquired the nickname "Speed" for his brisk ways. He was the star of the debating team, and once effectively opposed the proposition that women be given the vote. Turned down for the football team because of his size, he joined the school cadet corps, where he quickly showed the leadership qualities he was to bring to the FBI. He became captain of Company A, a position of which he was so proud that he would wear his uniform to church, where he taught in Sunday school. "He used to count out the cadences for Company A in a voice you could hear throughout the school," a classmate later recalled. At graduation, where he was valedictorian, he commended his cadet company as "a rattling good military aggregation." In his Central High yearbook, some young prophet characterized him as "a gentle-



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man of dauntless courage and stainless honor."

He obtained his law degree at George Washington University in 1917 and became a $1,200 a year clerk in the Department of Justice. "He had an exceptional capacity for detail work," recorded an early biographer. "He handled small chores with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He continually sought new responsibilities to shoulder and welcomed chances to work overtime." These traits were rewarded in 1924 when, in the wake of the Teapot Dome scandal, Attorney General Harlan Stone shook up the Justice Department. Young Hoover was glowingly recommended to Stone by Larry Richey, secretary to Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce (and no relation). Impressed with the young man's spotless record, the Attorney General named him Acting Director of the FBI and shortly elevated him to the post he has held ever since.

The agency he took over was a swampland of scandal and slovenly performance, rank with the corruption of the Harding Administration's Ohio gang. Star agent of this governmental Dogpatch was Gaston B. Means, one of the truly great con artists of all time. Hoover later sent Means to prison for bilking the late Evalyn Walsh McLean out of $100,000 at the time of the Lindbergh kidnaping, under a pretext of recovering the child. Hoover rates bagging Means as one of the three most rewarding feats of his career, although he never recovered Mrs. McLean's money. Means, who died in prison, kept telling different stories about where he had stashed it, and had FBI agents busy for months digging up the countryside. Today Hoover recalls that he went to prison in person, dressed down Means, and demanded to know where the money was. "And dammit, Gaston," Hoover told him, "you stop lying about it." Means replied with one of the finest lines of his career. He clutched his heart, looked up at Hoover piteously, and replied, "This is the last straw, Edgar. You've lost *faith* in me!"

From Attorney General Stone, Hoover obtained authority to make appointments by merit and promotions on ability, and to run the Bureau free from political influence. Within six days of taking over, "Speed" Hoover was rousting out rogues

Many people fear future misuse of the Bureau's vast secret files.

like Means and tidying up the place with respectable replacements. Today the Bureau still operates under the same basic authority that Harlan Stone granted. The FBI is exempt from civil-service regulations, picks its men by Hoover's standards, fires them at his displeasure.

Hoover turned the ragtag little Bureau into a bigger and better "Company A" than the ambitious young Central High cadet captain ever dreamed of. He has counted off its cadences in a stern voice that has been heard through the entire profession of law enforcement, and has given law establishments everywhere a yardstick of incorruptibility. Law officers come from foreign countries to study the Bureau's operations, and American police vie for enrollment in the Bureau-run police training academy, since graduation gives an officer a kind of Ph.D. in crime fighting and often sends him quickly up the career ladder.

Hoover's elevation of the policeman's status from political spoilsman to trained professional may well rate as his major achievement. Nevertheless, his relations with police departments across the nation are not uniformly cordial. They tend to be good in smaller communities, which are highly dependent on the FBI for fingerprint and crime-laboratory service, and cool in the big cities.

The metropolitan departments are more independent, and many are headed by men as touchy as Hoover and as proud of their own Company A's. They complain, usually in private, that there is too much take and not enough give on the part of the FBI, particularly in major cases with a high publicity potential. "I have to button down my temper every time an FBI agent walks up to my desk," says a West Coast police intelligence officer. "I know he's going to want everything I've got on a case, and I'm not even going to get the time of day." Hoover, with his vivid memories of Gaston B. Means, is wary of losing big cases through leaks of information to unreliable officers. When in doubt, his agents simply play it safe. Given a choice of offending a fellow lawman and risking Hoover's wrath, they choose the lesser evil.

Fear that corrupt police officers might tip off criminals under investigation also lies behind Hoover's long, bitter and effective fight against proposals for a national crime commission. Such proposals have been made by a number of seasoned crime-fighters, including the late Estes Kefauver and, when he was counsel for the McClellan Committee, Robert F. Kennedy. When Kennedy became Attorney General, he dropped the proposal. Although he was technically Hoover's boss, he was too politically sophisticated to clash openly with the honors-encrusted FBI director. According to an FBI source, Hoover is not in the least opposed to the newly established President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice. He regards it as a study group rather than a clearinghouse of law-enforcement information.

The FBI's "one-way street" tactic on information was a factor in the formation of a police organization called the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit. Founded in 1956, and now comprising a nationwide network of 60 police departments, L.E.I.U. got its start in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles department is often rated the best police force in the nation, but has perhaps the worst relations with the FBI. It is headed by tough William Parker, who has many of Hoover's hard-driving, strive-and-succeed characteristics. Parker clashed openly with Hoover in the Frank Sinatra Jr. kidnaping, on the grounds that Hoover's men were scurrying all over his jurisdiction and not keeping him informed. According to a staffer in the office of L.A.'s Mayor Samuel Yorty, Parker hasn't been able to get a police officer into Hoover's prestigious training academy for five years. Parker is often mentioned as a possible successor to Hoover, but early this year he said flatly that he wouldn't even consider the job. Hoover did not express any regret over Parker's announcement.

Thousands of sightseers tour the FBI's headquarters in Washington each year. Seeing a "Tommy gun" in action on the firing range always seems to be a special thrill.

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Growth of the L.E.I.U. also reflects a frequent police complaint that the FBI is ineffective against organized crime. Combating syndicated crime requires interstate cooperation, and police critics assert that the FBI is too strongly oriented toward solving the spectacular crimes of "loners" and pays too little attention to the complex, difficult problem posed by the big syndicates.

Indeed, at least once the FBI unwittingly abetted the rise of organized vice by its zeal against a "loner." Twelve years ago, Las Vegas, Nev., had a single, thriving brothel a few miles out of town. It had flourished for years, apparently without molestation from law-enforcement authorities, who policed vice with considerable efficiency up and down the famed Las Vegas resort "strip." In 1954, FBI agents raided the brothel, and its owners were sent up on a Mann Act violation. Since then the old established order of one "monopoly" house has been replaced by one of the most tightly organized prostitution systems in the United States. Girls are "worked" in the major resort hotels, and are assigned beats and working hours with computer-like efficiency. "There used to be about twenty girls," says a Las Vegas reporter, "and today there are at least twenty-five times that number. Reinforcements fly in from L.A. every weekend, and the Mann Act gets fractured every time a plane lands here Friday night."

In recent years the FBI has been giving organized crime considerably more attention than it did a decade ago. It has so far scored few successes, however, that rate with such spectacular feats as smashing the kidnaping wave of the 1930's, wiping out the gaudy titans of wrongdoing like Dillinger, Alvin (Creepy) Karpis, and George (Machine Gun) Kelly—or with its success in infiltrating the Communist Party.

Like its mores and idiosyncrasies, the FBI's successes plainly have been strongly affected by Hoover's character. He has become the foremost American symbol of unrelenting anti-Communism, and more than any other man, he has been effective in reducing the C.P.U.S.A. to a shell of its former self, its ranks thinned down to aging diehards, its membership riddled with FBI informers.

Since his young manhood, Hoover has been outraged, baffled and fascinated by the Communists, who typify everything that he is not. As a young Justice Department assistant he was active in the deportations that followed Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer's "Red raids" after World War I. He interrogated and argued with many of the "bolsheviks," studied their manifestos and writings, and tried to understand what made them tick. He finally concluded that there was something psychologically wrong with them.

Hoover's critics maintain that he has a fixation on domestic Communism, and that the FBI lavishes time and manpower on the C.P.U.S.A. out of proportion to the party's current threat. Hoover delights, however, in the FBI's success in infiltrating the Communist Party. "Every now and then they expel someone as an informer," he says, "and sometimes it's a person we never heard of." He boasts that the FBI has penetrated the Ku Klux Klan as thoroughly as it has the Communists. "Now *they're* starting to suspect each other too," he says, "and I encourage that."

Recently the FBI has been keeping a close eye on the ultraright Minutemen. Although Hoover is a towering hero to much of the right, the founder of the Minutemen, Robert DePugh, flatly refused to furnish the FBI with a list of his membership. "It could serve as an assassination list for the Communists when they take over," says DePugh, who believes that the "take-over" is inevitable, Hoover or no Hoover. Despite the tendency of many liberals to lump Hoover with his far-right admirers, Hoover disavows the ultraconservative political label, terms himself an "objectivist," and

In a permissive age, Hoover stands firm, a monument to conventional morality.

has publicly declared that he "has no respect" for the extremist notions of Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society. "I know Mr. Hoover says that about Mr. Welch," says Birch public-relations director John Rousselot sadly. "But *we* still have high regard for him and the FBI."

For a man of strong opinions Hoover has more flexibility than he is given credit for. "When the chips are down, he is as canny as a Richelieu," says one Justice Department staffer. "I've watched the Bureau operate for years, and they have an established technique. Whenever they goof, they deny everything, and then quietly clean things up behind the scenes." In the Oswald case Hoover bitterly denounced the Warren Commission for suggesting that the FBI should have passed on to the Secret Service its data on Lee Oswald, whom the Bureau had under investigation prior to the Kennedy assassination. Long before the Warren report, however, the FBI had instructed its agents to broaden the information they funnel to the Secret Service on possible threats to the President—and to include all defectors like Oswald.

While publicly defending the Bureau's role in the Oswald case, Hoover had ordered the agent involved to be reprimanded, suspended for a month without pay, and transferred to another post. Questioned on this seeming double standard, Hoover replied that "it is not uncommon" for the Bureau to praise an agent for one aspect of an investigation, and reprimand him for another. In keeping with established Bureau policy, he did not specify what the agent in the Oswald case had done to draw punishment.

Hoover's handling of the Martin Luther King affair also exhibited considerable agility. Shortly after Hoover made his "most notorious liar" charge, King asked for a conference with Hoover. Although King had publicly implied that Hoover was faltering under the heavy burdens of his office, his request was promptly granted. With a throng of curious newsmen milling outside, King was closeted with Hoover and four of their aides behind closed, agent-guarded doors. Fifty minutes later King emerged, spoke a few generalities into the microphones, and then departed to fly to Europe for his Nobel prize.

The FBI has never discussed the confrontation, but this writer has obtained a detailed report of what occurred. Despite the aura of an old Western showdown that preceded the encounter, there were no personal recriminations, and no references to their exchange of hot words. King told Hoover that any criticism of either Hoover or the FBI attributed to him had been a misquotation. He praised the role of the FBI in Mississippi, and said the Bureau had a strong restraining influence on violence down there. He denied he had ever advised Negroes not to report violations to the FBI, and said he encouraged them to cooperate with the Bureau, and would continue to do so.

The only complaint he had, King went on, was that sometimes Negroes would report grievances to FBI agents, and the following day they might see the agents apparently fraternizing with the police officers who had brutalized them. "We are sometimes on the verge of temporary despair," King said. When King finished, Hoover assured King that the FBI is in full sympathy with the "sincere aspects of the civil-rights movement." He said that much of the difficulty arose out of the great misunderstanding by the general public, and particularly Negroes, on what the FBI can and cannot do. He pointed out that the Bureau cannot recommend prosecution, provide protection to individuals, or make on-the-spot arrests, that it can only investigate and turn its findings over to the Justice Department.

Hoover told King that the FBI had "put the fear of God in the Ku Klux Klan" in the South, and dismissed the Klan as "white trash" and "yellow cowards." Hoover said his agents "have interviewed every Klan member in Mississippi and put them on notice that if trouble comes, the FBI plans to look into the Klan first." Hoover boasted that the FBI often knows what the Klan plans to do in advance, and that Klan members now suspect each other of informing and are fighting among themselves.

Hoover bitterly attacked "miscarriages of justice" in the South and cited instances where the Bureau had "an open-and-shut case" and then saw the defendants set free. He assailed Alabama's Gov. George Wallace and complained that the FBI couldn't even work with the highway patrol there because of the governor's intractable attitude toward the race issue.

Hoover told King that as a policy he had shifted northern agents into the South, but assured him that southern agents could effectively handle a civil-rights case, and that it damaged the Bureau to imply otherwise. He advised Negro leaders to concentrate on vote registration and job training, and expressed his belief that the race problem would be solved by "a complete change in community thinking in due time." He urged King to call the FBI at any time if he had any complaints to make. "I want to know about it," he said, "if any agent acts in a supercilious manner or mishandles any complaint."

The *détente* with King was achieved without Hoover's yielding on what he views as a major issue in the civil-rights controversy. He believes that many Negroes want the FBI converted into a national police force in order to stiffen law enforcement and provide better protection in the South. While outraged at local police misfeasance, Hoover holds that a federal police force would be a greater evil, susceptible to nationwide political misuse. He fights the proposal at every turn, although it would mean tremendous expansion for his Bureau—the dream of every Washington empire builder.

Ironically, his success with the FBI has constantly edged the Bureau nearer to the status of a *de facto* federal police. Although Hoover battles against new enforcement duties, an admiring Congress keeps overriding him and charging the FBI with new duties—such as overseeing the interstate movement of unsafe refrigerators.

"I deplore the growth of the Bureau," Hoover says, but he realizes that the growth is inevitable. In Washington, ground is being cleared for a gigantic new $60 million headquarters, a block square. Everything is bigger now, including the crime rate in almost every category. It keeps going up, despite Hoover's stern morality, high prestige, and the 1,500,000 hours of free overtime annually contributed by his 6,000 agents.

It grows in spite of the most advanced crime-fighting facilities in the world. The Bureau's fingerprint section now contains more than 173 million sets of prints from 78 million people. It receives an avalanche of 23,000 sets a day for identification, processing each within 48 hours, and it has snared criminals by their fingertips as long as 40 years after the commission of a crime. So specialized has the FBI become that it is even geared to trap amputee criminals. For a small group of handless wrongdoers, the Bureau maintains a collection of footprints for identification purposes. The Bureau crime lab is jammed with superb equipment, files, and samples for scientific sleuth-

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ing, ranging from handwriting specimens of all known professional check forgers, paint samples of every color of every make of American and foreign car, down to specimens of animal hair filed alphabetically from the aardvark through the zebu.

The most spectacular growth of the FBI—and the one that worries many thoughtful people most—has occurred in its famed secret files. These repose in a huge building a mile from the FBI headquarters. They contain all the information on every case the Bureau has ever investigated, and they constitute a monument both to Hoover's 41 years of relentlessly pursuing wrongdoers and to mankind's stubborn persistence in doing wrong. The files have grown until they occupy three floors, and they fill 7,500 filing cabinets, and there are 5,000 more cabinets of files on microfilm. Just the index to them is a card file three blocks long.

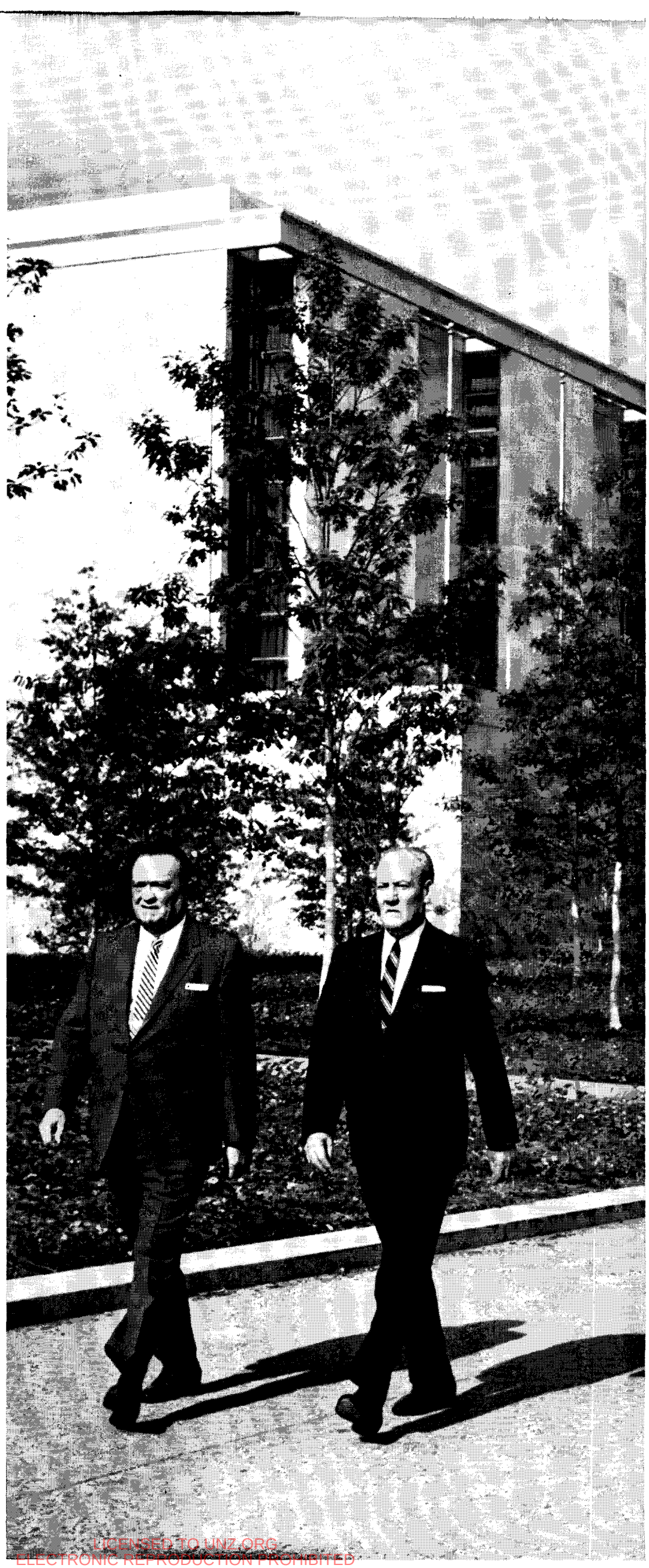
Their contents, under Hoover, are handled with tight security. They are available only to agents; even the FBI clerks who extract and refile the folders are under orders not to read them. Cases extracted for use are sent to the FBI headquarters in locked boxes. There they are distributed in carts with a canvas flap over them, to shield their contents from passersby. The files have long been the subject of persistent public interest, criticism and speculation.

No one really knows what is in them, not even Hoover. Periodically someone raises a nervous question about what will be done with all that indexed dynamite—ranging from details of the nation's darkest secrets to a vast amount of scandal, rumor, and unevaluated accusations—when Hoover steps down. "There is no question but what the files could do great damage if they fell into the wrong hands," says one of Hoover's top aides. The question of how to defuse them, and still keep the FBI in business, remains unanswered—while the files continue to grow.

The man in charge of that vast anthology of violence, treason, lust, theft, and murder most foul approaches his 71st birthday seemingly as full of zest for the pursuit of criminals as ever. By an act of Congress he could step down with his full $30,000-a-year salary at any time. Since his retirement pay would be tax-free, whereas he is taxed on his salary now, staying on costs him a substantial sum. But it is not money that interests him; he could have moved into private industry decades ago at four or five times his federal pay.

He is bound up inextricably in his huge, efficient, disciplined and incorruptible Company A. It has been his whole life, and he identifies himself with it totally. Not long ago he told one visitor a story that probably reveals as much of the real Hoover as anyone will ever know. In November, Chicago's Loyola University awarded him yet another honor to go with the 114 plaques of The Fortieth, his 19 honorary college degrees, and his many other medals, awards, and tributes. He was presented with the Sword of Loyola at a dinner in Chicago. It was at the height of the uproar over his scatter-gun press conference, and the whole country was arguing about him. The dinner drew a turnout of more than 1,000, and many in the audience doubtless wondered what was on his mind as he rose to speak.

Although it has been almost a quarter of a century since Hoover buckled on a gun, he was concerned that night about a call to duty. "You know," J. Edgar Hoover explained later, "we have a rule at the Bureau that the senior agent on hand must lead any armed raid. When I spoke at Loyola, the thought suddenly struck me—I hope we don't have any FBI raids in town tonight, because I'd hate to walk out on all those people." □



Hoover is driven part of the way to work each day, but he usually gets out in time to walk the last mile or so with the FBI's associate director, Clyde Tolson.

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Body English is applied by Marilynn Smith (above), a 16-year veteran of the tour, as her putt heads for cup at Pensacola tournament. Makeup is applied by Patty Berg (right), a legendary player who was winning titles before many of the current pros were born and is now a part-time competitor. Clad in Bermuda shorts that are almost a tour uniform, Ruth Jessen (far right) putts from a spraddle-legged stance.

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

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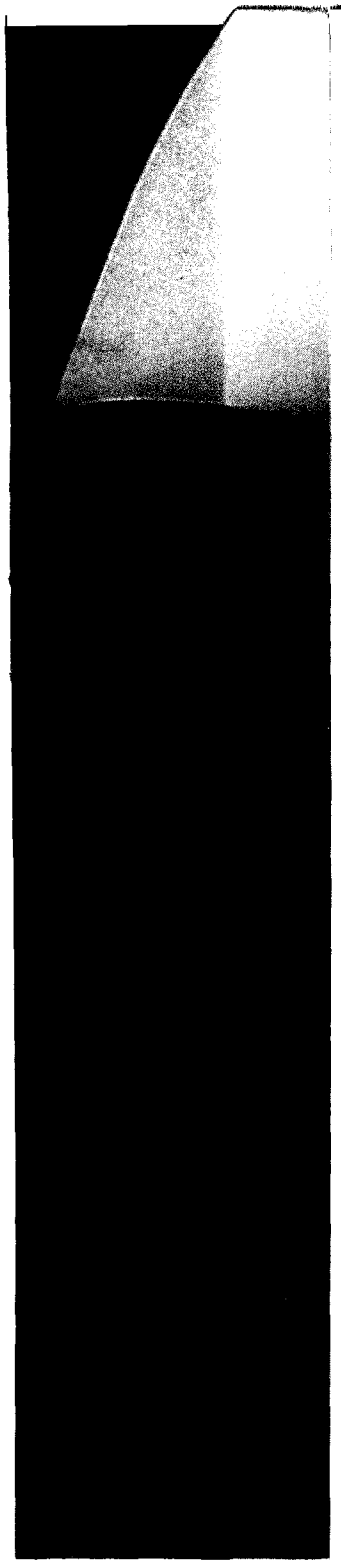
CAN A GIRL FIND HAPPINESS UNDER 80?

By BIL GILBERT

Unpack the wardrobe, whack the ball, sink the putt, pack up and move on. The ladies' pro golf tour beats slaving over hot stoves, but not always by very much.



The Tour—that is how the girls say it, as if it were capitalized. From March to November, 30-odd lady professional golfers shuttle across the country trying each week to win a piece of $350,000, the total of the 33 weekly purses. The whole operation is called the Tour, and I joined it recently, following the girls as they played golf in Pensacola, Fla., one week, traveled 600 miles, then played golf the next week in Spartanburg, S.C. Fifteen days is not long compared to 33 weeks, but it was enough to see why the girls think of the Tour in big letters. It is both a way to make a living and a way of life.

It is also a strip of movie film, the ends spliced together, running through a projector in an endless circle. The girls log about 30,000 miles a year by car to make their 33 golfing dates, driving as though the devils of hell were after them. Strangely, however, there is a feeling that they are always in the same place. The motel room in Pensacola is very much like the one they will have in Spartanburg or Shreveport. The same scenes—win, lose, laugh, cry, brood, swing—keep repeating, but with different actresses. A girl who wins $1,000 in Muskogee, Okla., may get paid nothing in Beaumont, Tex., although she puts in as many hours of work. Each week is a new season, with its moments of crisis and disaster, which may be why the Tour regulars include four ulcer cases and, according to one participant, "twenty-six nervous stomachs trying to become ulcers." Since the cast is interchangeable, the Tour is best described in terms of recurring scenes.

The scene-setter is a man—Lennie Wirtz, the one jack among a double handful of golfing queens. Except in inches (he has only 64 of them) Wirtz is one of the big, bold men of sports. In the winter, as a top college basketball official, he crisscrosses the country keeping the peace among court giants. In March he trades his striped shirt for a Madras jacket on which his 30 girls cling, lean, and occasionally cry. Officially he is Tournament Director of the Ladies' Professional Golf Association, booking the show, bargaining for better prizes. Unofficially he is social arbiter, fashion consultant, father substitute and communal escort for the lady golfers. ("Lennie, I got red spots on my tummy." "Lennie, come to our room, we're cooking chicken." "Lennie, I met this boy. Do you like him?" "Lennie, should I wear a wig?")

"The one thing you have got to remember," says Wirtz, "is that this is girls' golf. *Girls.*"

What Lennie Wirtz is talking about becomes apparent when you first meet his troupe, say, as they arrive at a motel in Pensacola. The girls usually wear shorts—this is their working uniform. They tend to be rangy, very tanned and very, very blond. They immediately and persistently ask questions like, "How do we look?" "We're not so bad, are we?" They seem very anxious to be told that they (the whole Tour) look nice and look like girls. Fortunately it is not necessary to commit perjury to reassure them. A couple are real dishes, and almost all are meticulously groomed, handsome women.

"People have the idea that a woman athlete is a big sloppy Amazon with whiskers," says Ruth Jessen, who at 28 is good enough to have won nearly $25,000 last year. She is one of the Tour's real beauties, a tall, Scandinavian-looking girl with a tender, haunting face.

One of the repeating scenes is of a motel roomful of girls having at

Tour regular Judy Torluemke at work.

Kathy Whitworth (left) and No. 1 player Mickey Wright wait out shower.

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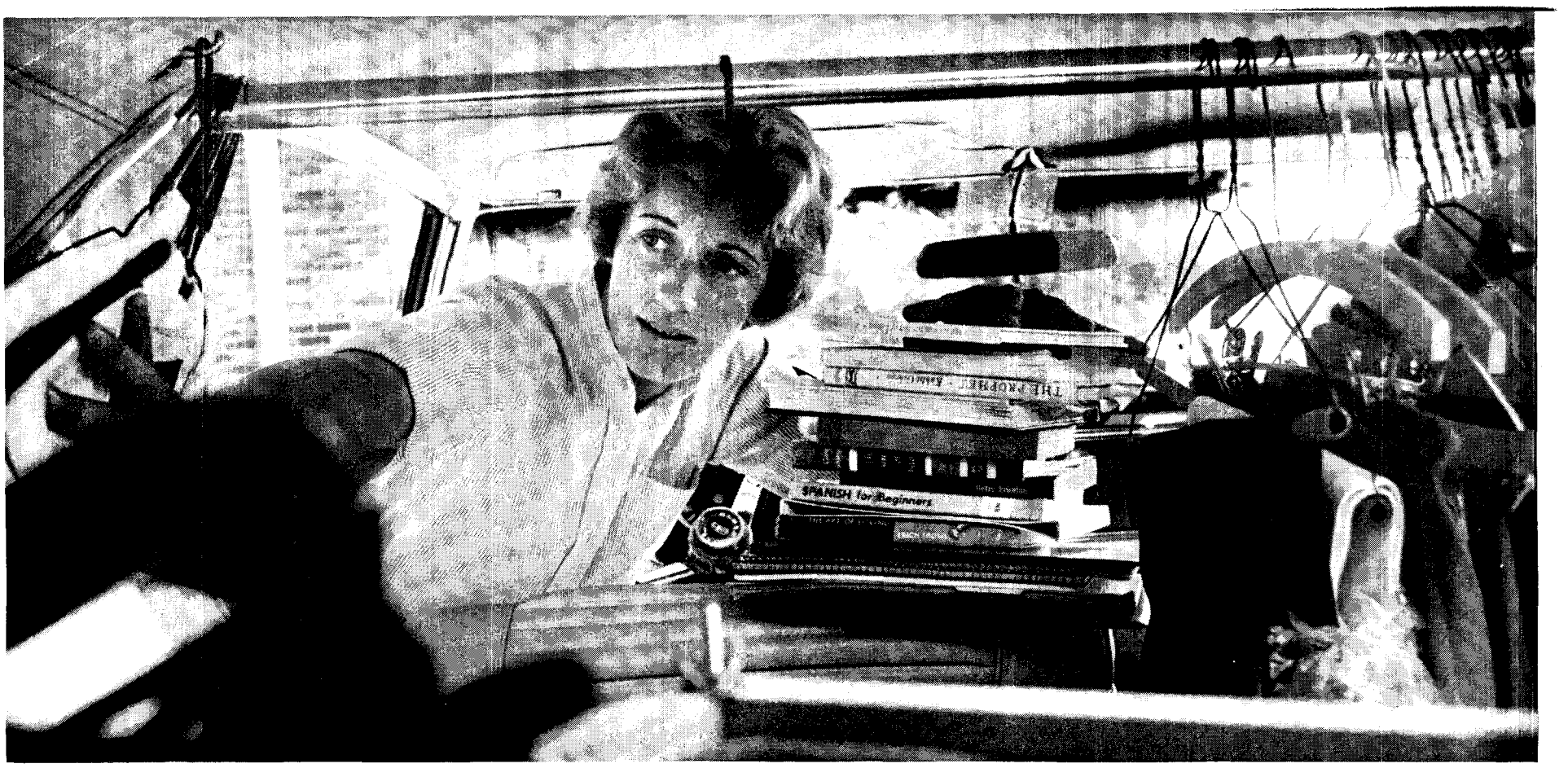

The Tour is always in motion. With Pensacola tournament just over, Carol Mann loads her car for drive to the next stop at Spartanburg.

each other with combs, tweezers and jars of ointment. They are always at each other to look sharper, be sharper, not to put one another down, but to uplift their collective image. "If you're not going to do something about that hair," says Marlene Hagge, a torchbearer of Tour glamour for 15 years, to Peggy Wilson, one of the few remaining brunettes, "you might as well shave it off."

The girls are not professional beauties, however, but professional golfers, and the one image that sticks longest in the mind is of the players at work on the practice tee. They settle on a piece of meadow, say the Scenic Hills Country Club in Pensacola, like a flock of migratory birds, arriving early in the morning. There they stay most of the day, a long line of tanned young things bobbing and weaving like graceful, pastel-plumed herons. "Thwak, thwak, thwak," the sound of club striking ball, is the call of this flock. They are silent, grim-faced, preoccupied.

They play golf better than any other women in the world, and better than most men. Their boosters feel they could even beat some male professionals some of the time in a tournament open to both sexes, but the men's Professional Golfers' Association has warned that any of its members who participated in a coed match would be barred from P.G.A. tournaments. If you beat a 110-pound girl, you merely prove you are a bully. If she beats you, who is going to buy your golf clubs?

Tour girls get that good by starting young (most are in their 20's), and many owe their precocious swings to an extraordinarily ambitious parent, usually a golf pro or golf-addicted father. Harry Caponi is the pro at a public course in California and the father of 20-year-old Donna, a Tour rookie. Because Donna was homesick, and because she had a sore throat and the shanks (a serious infirmity of the golf swing), Harry Caponi flew to Pensacola.

"We started Donna playing when she was eight," says her father. "I'd always wanted to play on the men's tour, but what with the kids and some bad breaks, I never made it. I get a thrill just thinking of Donna being here. But she wasn't pushed," says Harry Caponi firmly. "When she was seventeen I asked her did she want college or the Tour. She wanted golf, so we started to work hard on her game, save up money. This is a big tournament for Donna. She can get her player's card here."

"I've got to get it," says Donna, her big brown eyes turning fierce.

A rookie pays a $50-per-tournament assessment until she beats 20 percent of the field in three out of four consecutive tournaments. If she does, she gets a player's card which lets her play without fee. Donna is two legs up in three tournaments, and if she is in the top 26 at Pensacola, she's home free.

Before Donna and the others get down to business, they must play in the "Pro-Am," a fixture at every stop on the Tour, which teams the girls with local amateurs in best-ball foursomes. The winning girl makes only $100 or so, but the Pro-Am and accompanying cocktail party, held the day before the tournament, are supposed to give the girls a chance to meet the patrons—who put up the prize money—and show their appreciation.

Sometimes a man who has put up $100 gets the notion that he has bought something other than a spot on the sponsors' roll. He is "the pincher, the patter, the kind that hangs on your shoulder and tells you cute little dirty jokes he wouldn't tell his wife," says Andrea (Andy) Cohn, a brisk, articulate girl not long out of Northwestern University. One such was much in evidence at Scenic Hills, flushed and feverish from too much party and the presence of too many pretty girls.

"You know, 'I'm a very important guy. I put up a few lousy bucks for you girls,'" says Alice Hovey contemptuously. "If I'd been home, I'd have cracked him one, but here you've got to be nice, for the Tour." Alice, who burst on the golfing scene 15 years ago as the elder of the two "fabulous Bauer sisters," is a vivid, theatrical blonde who one suspects has considerable experience in putting down semi-sober country-club V.I.P.s. The Pensacola charmer only annoyed her, but he left a more sheltered girl in tears.

"So don't dance wimmee," the masher mumbled. "That money we're gonna put up next year, we could change our minds, baby. You gotta be friendly."

Every Friday the girls pack away their practice balls and their cocktail dresses, and start playing for real—real money. The Pensacola purse of $8,500 is to be sliced 22 ways among 34 girls. First place is worth $1,250; 22nd earns $102, and the last 12 places are worth nothing. This is small change in comparison with what touring men pros get paid, but there is enough so that 11 girls were able to win more than $10,000 last year. The best players also get fringe benefits: promotional contracts, equipment, and clothes from sporting-goods firms; affiliations with country clubs. It adds up—up to better than a $50,000 income for Mary Kathryn (Mickey) Wright, the No. 1 girl in 1964.

But there are also the losers. Last year 15 regulars won less than $5,000, and their expenses for car payments, caddy fees, food, clothes and motel bills were the same as the winners'—about $150 a week. For them, $102 prizes merely slow the drain on the pile borrowed or saved from teaching or typing jobs—delaying the day when they will have to abandon the Tour dream (as six or seven girls do each season).

Carol Mann is a willowy girl who, if she were half a foot shorter, would be five feet eight and anyone's prom queen. She has hung on the edges of the Tour for four years and knows all about "playing" golf for money. (Later in the summer, Carol won the National Open, the biggest purse on the Tour, but at Pensacola her ambition was less exalted.) "I've got to win $350 here," Carol says nervously, waiting to tee off at Scenic Hills. "I've got car payments, dentist bills, all that stuff. I could concentrate on my golf better if I wasn't concentrating on not throwing up."

Saturday is the midpoint in the tournament, and by and large the girls spend their Saturday nights in the same place they spend Friday, Wednesday and Monday nights—in a motel.

"Mamma will play better tomorrow. Mamma is going to win some money." Alice Hovey, hair up, grease on her face, exhaustion in her eyes, is reassuring her children during a Saturday-night telephone call home. Alice, now an irregular on the Tour, is the only girl at Pensacola who can make that kind of a call—home to the kids. She is the only one who is currently married.

"I tell my girls, if they want to get hitched, get away from the game," says Lennie Wirtz. "If a husband follows his wife on tour, everybody's going to say what kind of a bum is this? If she's married and alone—they're going to say what kind of a marriage is that?"

Susie Maxwell, a flaming redhead of 24, has a theory: "You never meet a nice guy until Saturday night—then it's too late, you're leaving town on Sunday." It holds true here. Susie meets her nice man, a transient, single advertising salesman, in the eminently respectable motel dining room. They have a drink in the lounge with Lennie Wirtz, the housefather of the Tour. At 11 o'clock Susie is off to bed.

Though they talk a lot about their independence, the girls lead a restricted social life. Partly it is because they are strangers wherever they are. Partly it is because of the golf they must play ("You can't sink putts if you're thinking moonlight and roses," says Beth

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Stone, blondest of the blondes). Partly it is because, for a traveling girl in the public eye, the double standard did not go out with high-button shoes.

So, comparatively speaking, Alice Hovey with her phone call and Susie Maxwell with her 11 o'clock gentleman have a big Saturday night. Some of the others go to Mickey Wright's room to play guitars. Marlene Hagge deals blackjack ("Vegas rules. You ought to see us when we get to Vegas. There's a real week"). Donna Caponi has supper with her father and goes to bed very early. She stands 24th and is only one round away from the player's card. Carol Mann baby-sits for a couple she has met at the motel. "Big deal, the glamorous life of the Tour," Carol says. "What I really want is what everybody wants, to love and be loved."

Sunday is payoff day and Pressure Day, and at Pensacola the heat is on Clifford Ann Creed. A sharp-faced little girl (she normally weighs 110; in November when she finished the Tour, she weighed 89), she is the only player with much chance to catch Betsy Rawls, who starts the day with a five-stroke lead. Clifford Ann is known as the Swamp Fox, the Tour's most ferocious competitor. "I am out here for fame and fortune, both of which you do not find teaching school, which is what I did before," she says unabashedly.

In pursuit of fame and fortune the Swamp Fox stalks down the 15th fairway, alternately gnawing her knuckles and biting her lower lip until a dead-white ring shows through her deep golfer's tan. She finds her ball just off the green and stares at it hard. Finally she gives it a brisk little whack. Dribble, dribble, plop—the chip shot drops into the hole 40 feet away for a birdie three, and the gallery hoots and hollers. Clifford Ann, dressed in pink Bermudas and a pink blouse, bows and makes a face which from a distance must look like a demure little girl's smile. Up close Clifford Ann looks like someone who has just been through a bad accident.

But all the gnawing is to no avail. Betsy Rawls hangs on to win. Carol Mann shoots a 72 worth $420—$70 more than she needs for bills. Donna Caponi, in some ways the biggest winner, finishes with a 77, good for 22nd place. She gets her player's card, $102, and sends her father home happy.

Sunday is when tears flow and the Tour temporarily comes apart at the seams. Alice Hovey and Marlene Hagge, "the fabulous Bauer sisters," are sitting in a locker room crying. "We both shot in the 80's," says Marlene, "but I'm crying because my ulcer is terrible, and Alice is crying because she's my sister."

It is a bad day for Alice. Mamma was out of the money and had an argument with her playing partner about who should stand where in a sand trap. More or less in a huff, she leaves the Tour and goes home to her family.

Late that night Carol Mann comes loping across the motel patio. The 72 has apparently not fully satisfied her. Carol reaches up and easily takes hold of the crosspiece on a jungle gym in the motel playground. She swings back and forth, long legs doubled up, and cuts loose with a ladylike Tarzan yell.

A few hours after Carol drops from the swing, at about dawn, girls are getting into cars to start for Spartanburg. The Tour is always in motion.

"The packing is terrible," says Andy Cohn, stuffing a small pro shop-full of clubs, balls, shoes, shorts and rain gear into her car along with all the things a nongolfing girl needs, "but the travel is sort of fun. Eventually I'm going to be a stockbroker, and I suppose I'll look back on this as an adventure."

"Adventure," says Sandra Spuzich, an Indianapolis girl with a spade-is-a-spade Hoosier manner. "On the golf course you stay on the fairway. On the road you stay on the turnpike. You stick around the motel. That is not my idea of adventure. If you work hard and get some breaks, it can pay well, but when you say that, you've said it all."

To Gloria Armstrong, the Tour is something more (or perhaps less) than either money or adventure. Gloria is 35, and has spent 10 years just making it as a pro. "The Tour is my family now," says Gloria. "I've drifted away from the outside. This is all I can do now, play a little golf ($4,000 won last year), teach golf in the winter. It's sad, I suppose, but it's one way to live."

There are some blues on the Tour, but there is also one fairy tale which might be called "Goldilocks, The Girl Who Had Her Tour and Baked Cakes Too." All the girls want to be Goldilocks, make it big and then quit while they still can live happily ever after.

One reason they believe in this story is that one of them has more or less become Goldilocks. The living legend is Mickey Wright, the Queen Bee, the one the other girls buzz around, imitate, and are very proud of. Mickey, at 30, holds most of the financial and competitive records worth having. Last year she was named Woman Athlete of the Year. After this season she is quitting with all her money and marbles, to complete college in Texas.

Mickey's car and motel room are stacked with self-improvement books, and she has a habit of asking Socratic-psychiatric questions. "Why are people insensitive?" "I'm afraid of snakes. Did you know phobias are a displacement?" "Would you rather have a friend who was intelligent or perceptive?" You can see her looking through a you-can-be-better book for the chapter on "How to Like Reporters Who Ask How Much Money You Make."

She loves the life, she is the best, the richest, the most. "Why in God's name, Mick, are you quitting?"

"It sounds pompous, but I want to quit on top so people will remember me as a champion. Don't you think people need heroes or heroines who they don't have to make excuses for, pure?"

"But that's all—retire to be a pure heroine in the record book?"

"Certainly not. It's getting on top that makes you something, not being there. I've got a wild notion I'd like to be a writer. You work by yourself, don't you? You can go as far as you want? You can always be better?"

This girl is not pompous. She is a character out of an old-fashioned book—Frankie Merriwell in Bermuda shorts, Dinkie Stover on the Ladies' Golf Tour.

Myths aside, the realities of the Tour continued in their appointed round, round after round. There is the practice tee at Spartanburg, the Pro-Am, the cocktail party, the tournament starting on Friday. You can't prove that Saturday night in Spartanburg is not Saturday night in Pensacola. At least you can't prove it by Betsy Cullen, a very pretty Tour rookie who is good enough to have been only one over par in the afternoon and thereby put herself in a strong money position for Sunday. On Saturday night, she is prowling back and forth on the motel balcony, swinging a putter, replaying her 73.

Andy Cohn is making a graph of A.T.&T. dividends. "For Pete's sake, Bets, go do something, stop stomping," she yells.

"Do what?" Betsy asks. "What I really want to do is go out and shoot another 73, but it's too dark. So what I want to do is party, party, party."

"Go read a book."

"What's all this independence jazz? I wish I was depending on some guy right now to take me out to dinner." Betsy lines up an imaginary ball and sinks a putt, 40 feet to the motel Coke machine.

The leader going into the final round at Spartanburg is again Betsy Rawls. What does she do, play 16 holes to the others' 18? "It's simple—this game takes total commitment," says Betsy, winner of 50 tournaments and committed 13 years to the Tour. But then, on Sunday afternoon, Marilynn Smith (committed 16 years to the Tour) scores an eagle on the 17th hole and wins the Peach Blossom Open from Betsy by one stroke. While Marilynn is getting her check in front of the crowd, the Tour's weekly unwinding scene begins once again behind the bleachers.

"I'll never go to church again," somebody says. "I sat there an hour and had five bogies on the back nine."

"I played real good," says Peggy Wilson, "considering I got the perfect swing for digging out stumps."

"You can learn everything about this game but how not to choke," says Donna Caponi, near tears. Donna, starting the morning only five strokes out of the lead, had blown her first chance to get into the real money with a weak 80. Even so, she had tied Betsy Cullen for 14th place and won $170.

Presumably Donna added something to her education the next week in Shreveport and the next month in Atlantic City. You're bound to learn if you can hang on long enough to something that spins as fast as the Tour. □

...urday night for the "fabulous Bauer sisters." Marlene reads while Alice calls home.

At a Pro-Am party, 6'2" Carol Mann dances with 5'4" tour director Lennie Wirtz.

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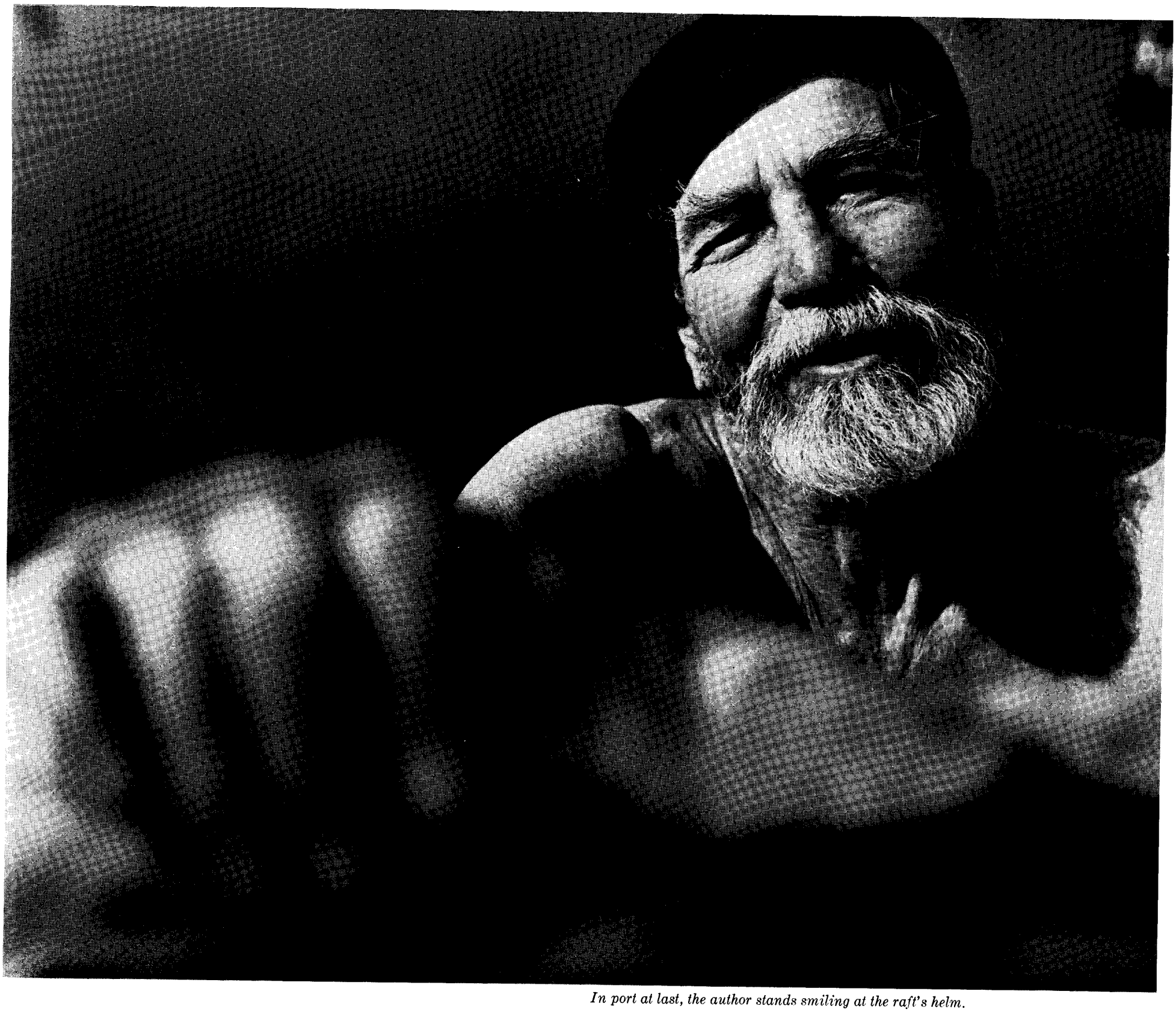

In port at last, the author stands smiling at the raft's helm.

By WILLIAM WILLIS

ALONE AGAINST THE SEA

A 71-year-old mariner who mastered the Pacific gives a gripping account of his solitary 3,000-mile voyage from Samoa to Australia on a raft.

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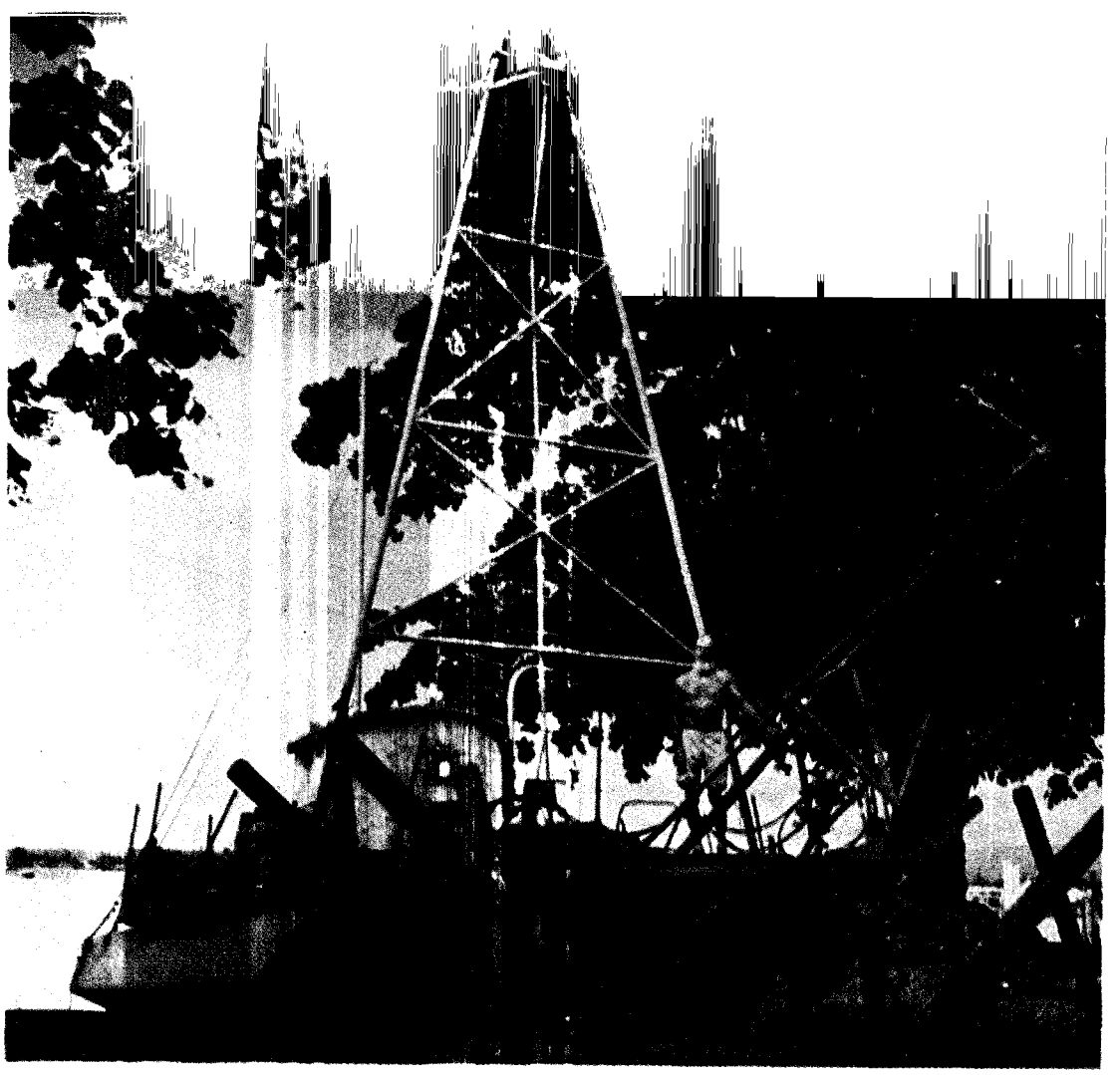
In July, 1963, William Willis, then 69 years old, set out on a voyage from Peru to Australia, alone, on a raft. After 7,450 miles and 130 days, his rudders—which had plagued him since he set out—broke completely, and he was forced to put ashore on Upolu, one of the Samoa Islands, near the town of Apia. He recounted his adventures in The Post, *April 18, 1964 and concluded the report: "I set out for Australia, and I will sail to Australia. . . . I am delayed, but I will not be defeated." Last summer he did return to Apia, had his raft repaired, and set out again. Here he tells of this incredible journey, a saga of determined courage carried out under the name that Willis gave to his expedition and his raft:* Age Unlimited.

I set out at three o'clock in the morning on June 26, 1964, heading due north at the end of a tug's towline. It was black, stormy, rainy, and my pontoons thundered and trembled as we pitched past Apia's coral reef and into the open sea, but I had picked this as the time to sail, and on the sea one goes through with a plan, for who can guarantee that the morning will not be calm or the next night will be less fierce? As the newspaper *Samoa Bulletin* later reported: "There were very few people on the rainswept wharf when the raft hitched up to the harbor-project tug. Captain Willis had let it be known that he was merely shifting his anchorage, but under cover of darkness he headed out to sea." So I went off like a fugitive, for a reason I find both real and absurd.

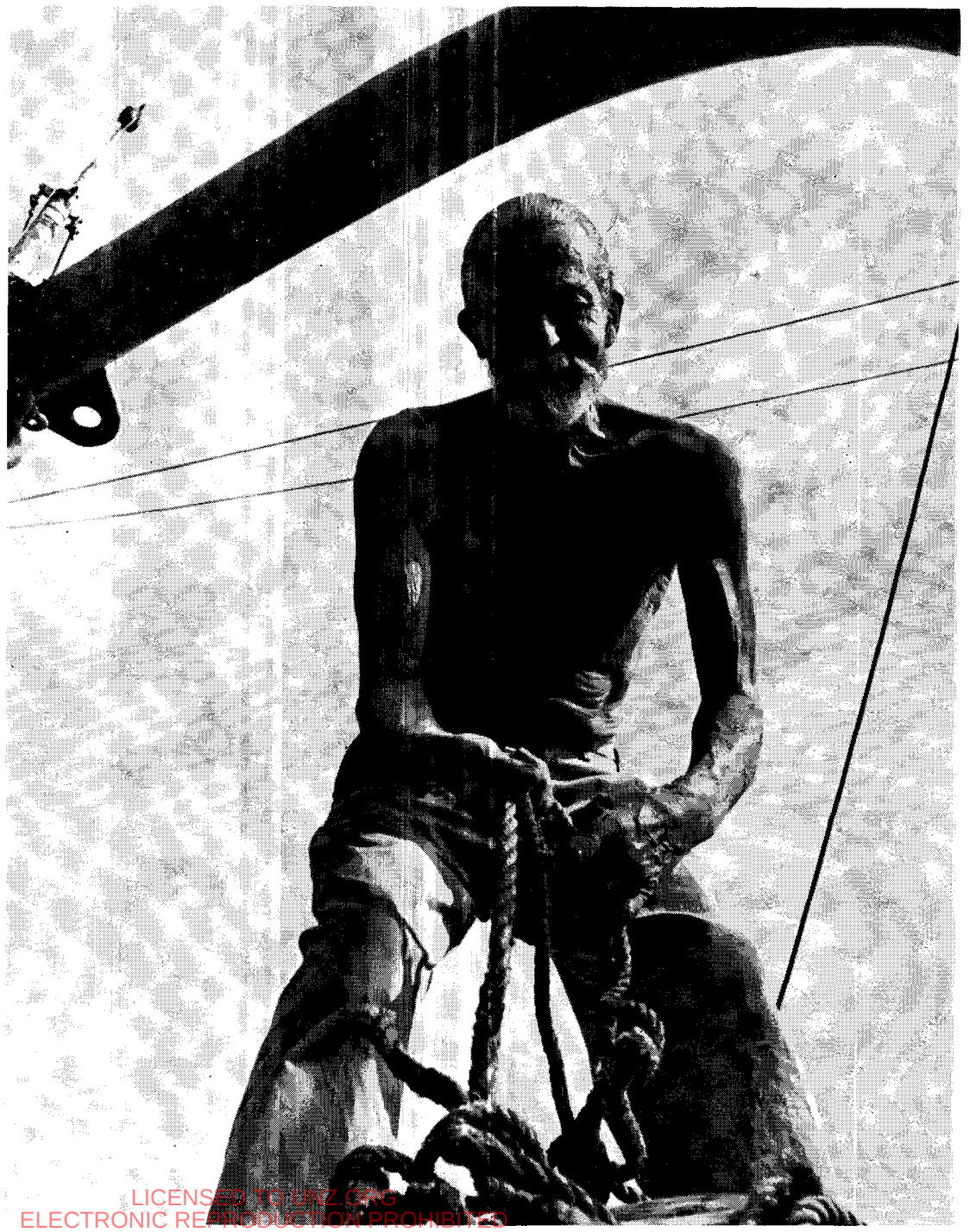
The story was all over Apia—an American yachtsman, visiting the island, was planning to follow me, take pictures, and even try to sell them. Such an idea was too incredible, too foreign for me to accept, and yet my Apia friends—the schoolteacher Pedro de Treend, Harbormaster Jones and Andy Collins, the American chief engineer of a harbor-enlargement project—were determined that I should escape the yachtsman, to whom they gave the fascinating title of "celluloid pirate." I must say I did not relish playing the role of yachtsman's prey, spied on by a man with a Diesel and telescopic camera and fancy peaked cap. So I escaped by night. They cut me loose at eight o'clock in the morning, 50 miles north of Upolu, and my friends waved, and the tug turned and shrank and went over the horizon.

I had waited for this moment. For me, alone, sailing *Age Unlimited* was constant work—it is 34 feet long and 20 feet wide and square-rigged—especially in a storm like the one which still raged. Yet inside the little deckhouse and lashed to the deck was all that a man needs: compass, sextant, stove, food, water, fishing equipment, rifle, a kayak and a native canoe, a few tools, spare sails, a receiver to get the navigational time signals, a hand-operated sender to flash an SOS. And most important, I was sailing and free. Worries seemed to lift, and Australia was ahead of me, only 75 to 90 days, according to my estimates.

For a day I kept as westerly as possible, demanding my way against a wind that kept following me from the south-southeast. My plan was to clear the hundreds of islands to the northwest of Samoa, to pass to the north of the Fijis, then veer southwest so as to move south of the Loyalties and New Hebrides and New Caledonia, and then straight on to Sydney. For the first day, as I say, I pushed along steadily, getting the feel of the new rudders. But then the wind died altogether. A raft—any sailing vessel—rocks sickeningly in the calms so that it seems the mast must snap off and the ropes tear apart. In this particular place and time of year the current from the north is extremely strong. Only a few weeks before, a Japanese fishing boat, becalmed as I was, had drifted for three or four hundred miles until it was smashed to pieces on the shores of Savaii, an island near Upolu. As the hours passed, as the



Leaning against the jibboom of his 34-foot, steel-pontoon raft (above), Willis is dwarfed by the towering A-frame mast. Below, he perches atop the deckhouse to grasp a manila halyard in his sinewy hands.



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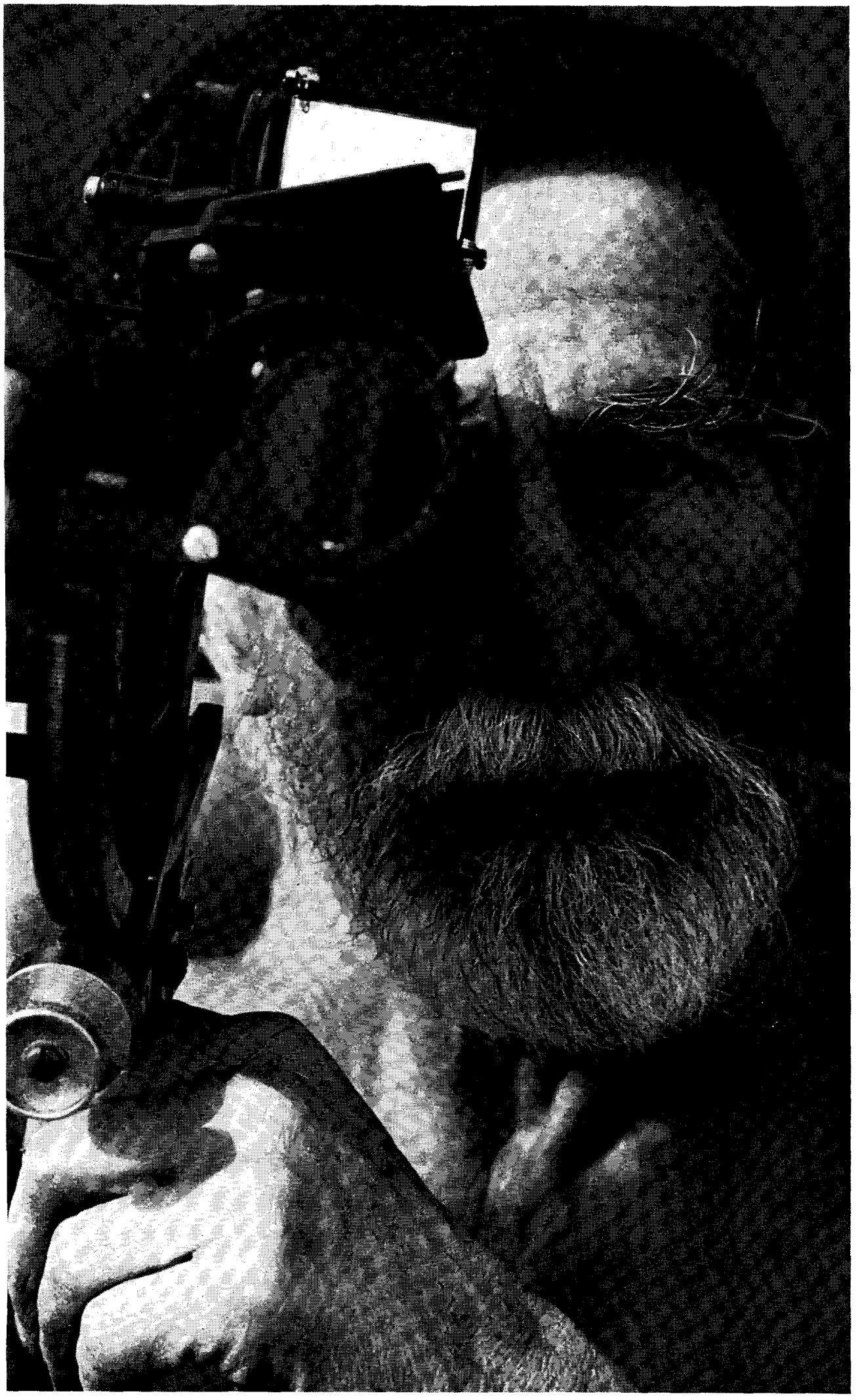

Taking a sight of the sun, Willis manipulates the sextant with which he measured his raft's progress across the unmarked sea. He navigated, completely alone, for 76 days.

mast creaked and the rigging groaned, I drifted south until, two days out of Apia, I could see Savaii's 6,000-foot mountains. They were 40 or 50 miles away. It was a sour start for a long voyage, the kind that might trouble a superstitious man. I rigged a little canvas to keep the sun off my face and waited eagerly for the wind, and took advantage of the lull to test all my gear.

My mistake was to forget that for several months, while waiting back in New York for the raft to be repaired, I had not done any work. Hauling on a rope, I felt a sharp pain. An abdominal rupture—suffered while struggling to fix the rudders on the first leg of the voyage—was opening up again, and the intestine was herniating through. This one was a small tear, but this can be at least as dangerous as a big one. At such a time you feel intense pain, and perhaps you howl, although this feels foolish since there is no one to hear you, and you try to fix yourself, to put the strangulated intestine back in, acting very systematically and methodically. If you can't eliminate the hernia, you know the trouble is serious, and it might come to be a matter of life or death.

I tried every trick I had used before—exercises, massages, muscle movements, pressing and relaxing and pushing. I worked like this for hours. But everything failed. I heated water, applying hot packs in order to soften the muscles and make them flexible. This failed too.

The next morning I was beginning to get feverish and desperate. In two voyages I had sailed over 14,000 miles alone and never encountered such difficulty with my body. And this voyage had hardly begun. The current kept pushing south and the shore of Savaii was looming nearer. I lay very still and made my mind attack the problem, made it think in terms of the way the body is made. For a while I tried propping my legs up over my head, leaning them against the cabin to lessen the strain on the abdomen. This seemed to help, but it didn't solve anything, and the fever was becoming more intense. I made my mind work more. I calculated. Very carefully. Finally I thought: I must take all the strain off those muscles. I'll tie a strap around my feet, reeve a rope through a block overhead and then down through a block on the deck, so that I can raise my feet high in the air. That way, little by little, I was able to raise my legs higher and higher until all my weight was on my shoulders. I found that in that position I could rest sometimes and then continue with the hot packs and massages. For hours I did this. Then, all at once, the strangulated intestine went back inside.

By now I had drifted to within 20 miles of Savaii. Still the wind failed. To the east I could see, vague and misty, the outline of Upolu. For a sailor this is a time for swearing or weeping: barely at sea, and driven back toward the island from which I had embarked. How much I would have given for another tow, enough so I could clear the western tip of Savaii and be in open water again. Time after time, perhaps 20 times in all, I sent an S O S, pushing down the lever which automatically sends the signal, and grinding on the generator to supply the power. Nobody came. It was noontime, warm, moist, tropical. In the haze Savaii was a huge, lumpy smudge protruding out of the sea. Finally the sails made a rustling sound, a beautiful sound to hear: A wind had come up, increasing quickly. One moment I had been drifting on glass, and the next I was being tossed about and fighting with the sails and taking spray in the face. It was pleasant to be drenched again.

For about three weeks I sailed west and then southwest with little to do except contest with the incessant squalls and make sure I kept far enough away from the Fijis—50 miles and more—in case the wind should fail me again and surrender me

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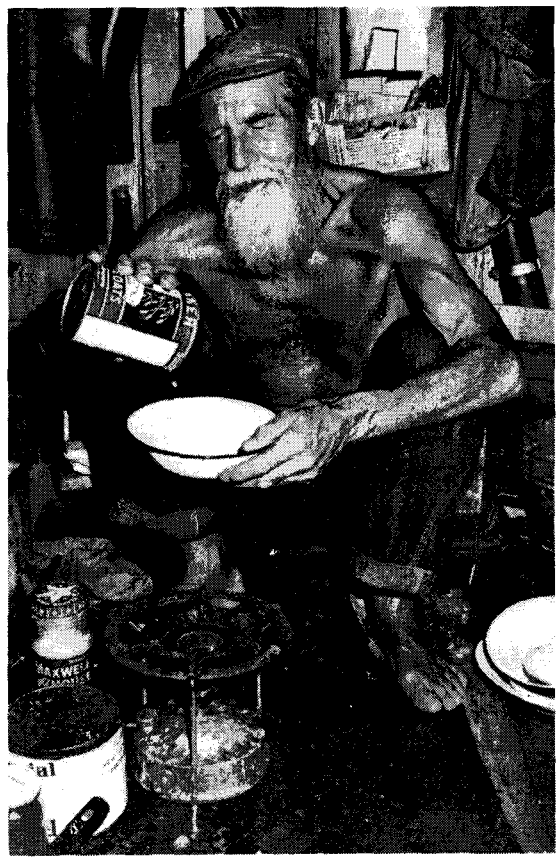
to a southerly current. But then in mid-July the wind began to get worse and worse, until it developed into an unrelenting gale, so that it took all my strength to keep anywhere near my intended course. As the storm built slowly, the waves rose around me like foothills, and then hills, and then white-topped mountains. The wind roared at the canvas; the raft pitched like a toy. The spray pelted my face, blew over the top of the mast. Night and day I struggled with the wheel and the sails, and still I lost ground. Piece by piece the wind tattered my plans and blew them into the sea. The plan to pass New Caledonia to the south went first, of course. So I set out to try to slip through the passage between New Caledonia and the New Hebrides; that way, even though many miles off my course and getting into reef-dotted waters, I still hoped to have a chance to keep heading for Sydney. The wind continued from the south and south-southeast, and one morning about a month out of Apia my hernia bulged out again, and I couldn't get it back in. In the heavy seaway it was harder to fix, but this time I knew what to do. Working with my feet hauled high in the air and my shoulders on the pitching deck, I finally succeeded. But for hours I had drifted north, and now my last hope of holding my course was gone, and I was in danger of being driven onto the New Hebrides.

In this part of the world all the east coasts, facing the prevailing wind as they do, are deadly. The soil has been stripped away, and bare, steep mountains drop down to boulder-strewn beaches where no vessel can survive. The wind had become even stronger, from the south-southeast. I had to run north and escape while I still had a chance.

As the hours went by, it seemed that I had waited too long to turn north, that I would smash up on the rocks no matter what I did. For the second time on this voyage I sent an S O S. Sending the message was like howling into the wind, hoping the sound might be heard somewhere.

The South Pacific is like few other places on earth. It is so huge, so abandoned, so full of reefs. And fragments of stone rise like spires thousands of feet from the ocean floor to catch a sailor and give his bones a place to bleach. An S O S sent by a man off the New Hebrides is like a stone tossed in the air on the chance it will hit the moon. I think now, why did I bother? I would have liked a tow, of course, but there was no one to tow me. And I would have been pleased to have someone know my position, so they would know where to search later on. But above all I would have wanted my wife Teddy, back in New York, to know, if I was driven on the rocks, where it had happened. In any case after about 15 minutes the transmitter broke down.

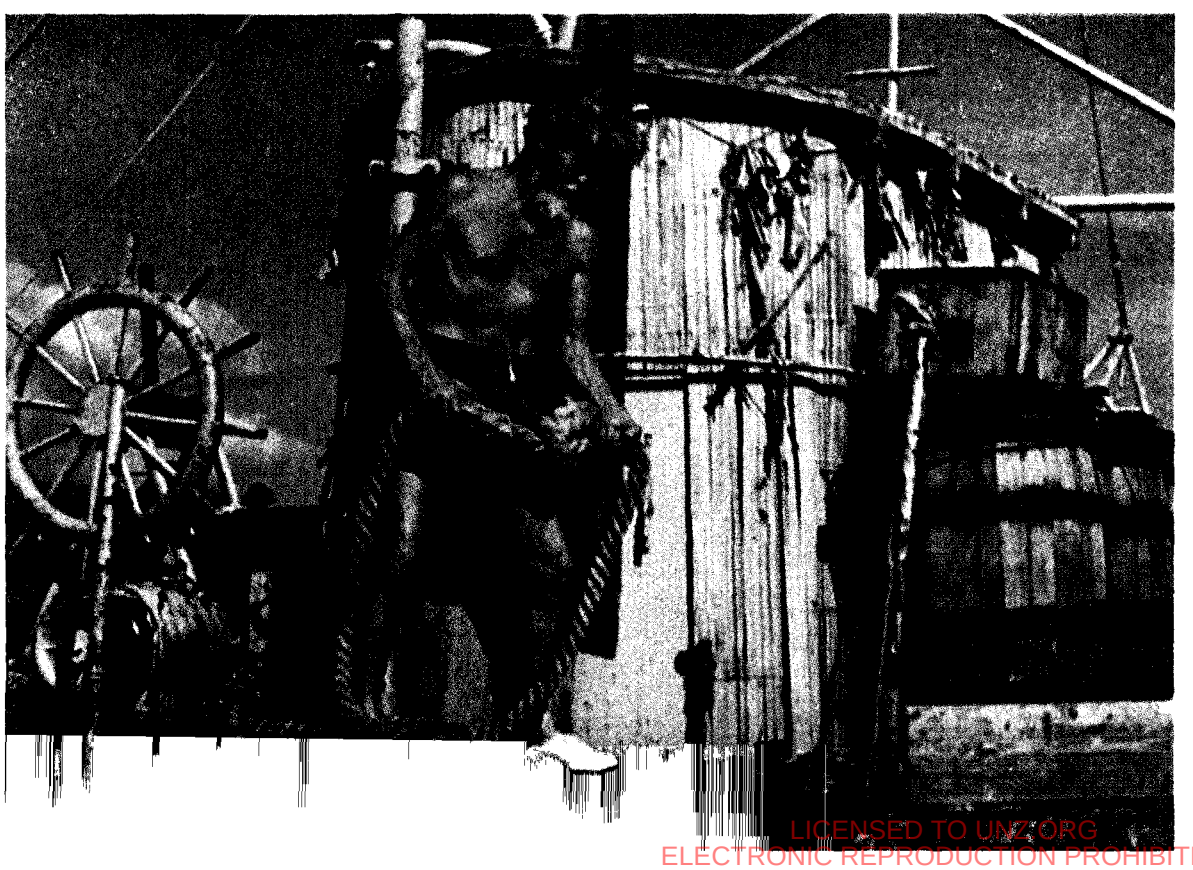


Squatting to fix breakfast, sleeping in the shade of the cabin, and checking a hawser on deck, Willis goes about his shipboard routine. During the voyage he caught no fish, and because of his unexpectedly hurried departure, he left behind all his fresh fruit and vegetables. At the right in the color photograph below can be seen the barrels that held Willis's water supply, and resting on them is the chest that thrashed about the deck when the raft grounded on a reef during a storm. The raft was built for Willis by a machine shop in New Jersey.

My mood was far from grim, however. My raft was seaworthy, though the mainsail tore repeatedly. My body was strong though worn down by the long spells of work, and my diet was meager for lack of the fish I'd counted on catching. Though I trailed a line constantly, I did not catch one fish, not even a shark—the weather was that foul.

The New Hebrides with their sheer rocks and polyglot names—Ambrym, Pentecost, Maewo—kept looking over my shoulder from the west. For now I was running for my life, running as near to dead north as I could—running away from my destination. Twice I saw mountaintops through holes in the storm—I was that close to the islands. Then finally a sight with my sextant showed me I was as far north as I needed to go—north of Maewo and of Espiritu Santo Island, the main island of the group. I turned west now, for the wind had dropped almost to a calm. Utterly exhausted, I slept for the first time in days. I did not count the sleepless days, but I could feel in my bones that there had been many of them.

Ordinarily I could nap by the wheel and count on my senses to awaken me if the sails flapped or the rigging creaked in some unusual way. But now I fell deep into sleep, lying on the deck with the wind pressing my raft forward, slept and then awoke abruptly at two in the morning, feeling strange for no reason I could name. For a few moments I lay still and listened to the water beat on the pontoons and to the sounds of the rigging—and they were all right. I rose and looked about. I was on a port tack, with the boom to starboard, and I looked left and behind me, and at first my eyes seemed to say that I was moving through a shadow. A black shape, like an enormous monster, seemed to look over me. It was an island, perhaps two miles away, smoothed by the darkness into an



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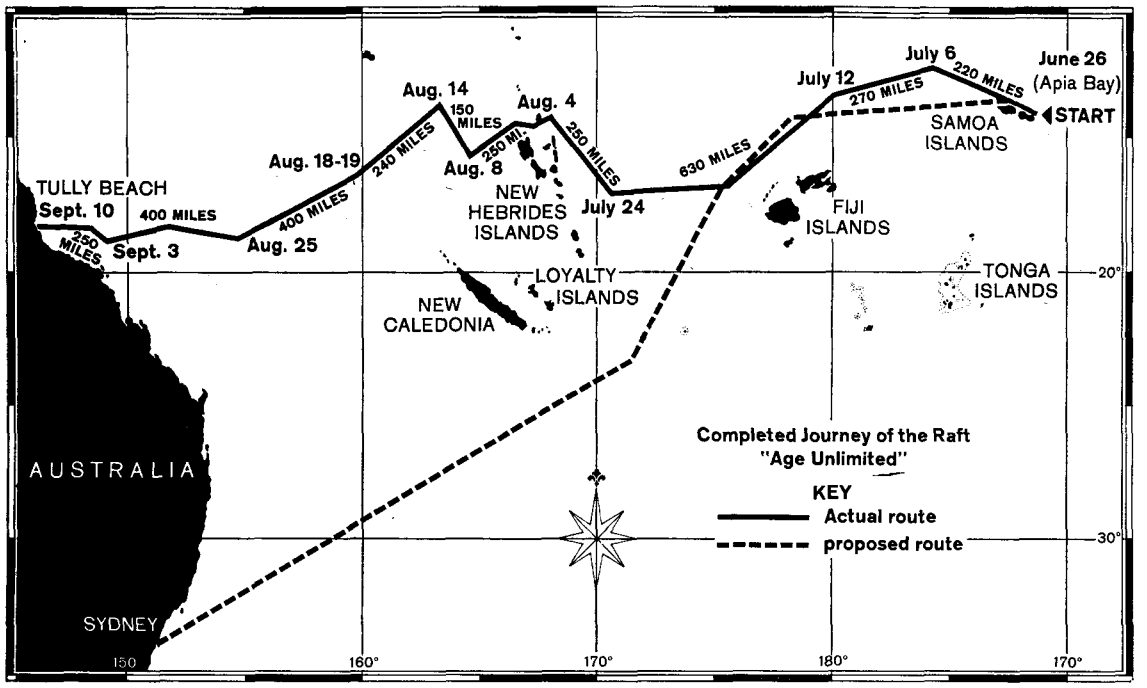

Map shows how contrary winds and currents swept Willis progressively north, making his intended goal unattainable.

ominous hump, a monster's back sticking out of the sea. I watched the black creature slip by, and I seemed to come out of its shadow at last, and I felt a certain strangeness. I cannot be sure to this day what island it was, but I think it was Mera Lava, the easternmost of the Banks Islands. I can only be sure that its shore would have wrecked me, and that I did not sleep so deeply on any night thereafter until the voyage was over.

It all fitted into the voyage's hardening, developing pattern. On the previous trips, even with the rudders smashed, even in the worst storms, I faced no great danger to my life so long as I could stay clear of reefs—and in the eastern Pacific there is much water and few stones. But this time was different—this time death was plainly possible, and a sense of this came to life in the gloom of the island which cast a shadow even at night. The sense took shape there, and in time it grew, and I had the feeling of a man sitting on a mountaintop and watching a car racing toward danger in the valley. I was both on the mountain and in the car. That was the way it came to seem.

Around the New Hebrides at last, and north of them, I made a course that was southwest, as close to a straight line to Sydney as I could manage. Then the weather became bad again, but by now I accepted such things with equanimity, and observed with interest the way the mind adjusts to the conditions in which it finds itself, no matter how unpleasant. In time it can even come to welcome and enjoy what would seem harsh and hostile in another circumstance. For instance, a lashing storm that drove me in the direction I wanted to go was a splendid event to me now. An uninterrupted half hour of napping, with no need to work the raft, was worthy of a celebration.

So I came south and west, passing to the west of Espiritu Santo, on a diagonal crossing of the Coral Sea, through crashing water that reached to a floor 2,000 fathoms and more beneath my feet. For some days all went well, and I pieced together the fabric of a new plan. Now it would have to be north of New Caledonia, then weave through many shoals and reefs and finally down to Brisbane, where I would catch the coastal current to Sydney, altogether a journey of about 1,500 miles. I remember in great detail the moment this plan was tattered as the previous plans had been. I remember because, the way it happened, I had reason to observe every detail as closely as if a great light had been shone on them and me.

I had a block made fast to the deck with six strands of half-inch rope, at the edge of the raft on the port side in the wash of the sea. The rope in the block pulled the jib over when the tack needed changing—heavy work in a strong wind.

That night the wind was near gale force, and when it veered, I thought the raft would lie easier on the other tack. Slackening off to starboard, I began pulling the jib over to port. I hauled on the rope with all my strength, my rubber-soled shoes barely keeping traction on the planks of the deck. It was a routine maneuver, one I had performed many hundreds of times, though a great strain on my body. For a while it seemed the wind was too much. The jib simply would not come over, and I saw that I would have to get to the wheel. I braced myself once more and pulled with all my strength—once, twice, and again and again. Without warning the block on the deck gave way, its rope lashings eaten up by the bite of sea water. As I was falling, I thought, *if I hit the jibboom*—the iron girders anchored to the deck—*I will be hurt.*

My back struck the iron, and I crumpled to the deck, not feeling any pain, for my nerves were stunned. As I lay on the deck, I felt nothing, but I realized that my legs would not move, that they seemed lifeless. I used my arms to pull myself to the cabin, and I lay beside it for a long while. It was the middle of the night and very dark. I lay still and analyzed my situation—that is my way at such a time. I had to reckon with the possibility that I would not get over this injury at all.

In my mind, as the days passed, I examined the pattern of the voyage and the possibility of death and the pain which slowly emerged as if from inside me and slowly spread over my lower back and hips. From time to time I pulled myself into the cabin and opened a can of beans and ate it. And I drifted, and the wind drove me north.

I drifted and thought of the possibilities, and that the Solomons were ahead. I thought of the chances that I would come ashore at a mission station, and decided that that was unlikely, and that the natives might have a pot for stewing a broken-down old man whom the Pacific tossed up to them. I thought of the chances of my getting back to my feet, and decided that I could only wait and see. In all I drifted helplessly under jib and mizzen for six days and nights, until I was little more than 200 miles from the Solomons, many miles off the course toward Brisbane.

Then one afternoon I felt something in a toe—found I could feel my toes. Soon afterward I could move my legs a little. The feeling came up to my knees. I massaged furiously and exercised, though at first this meant merely moving an ankle.

After the sixth day I could manage to stand if I lifted myself to my feet with my arms, and then I could make some sort of course. The pain began to bloom. An X ray later showed, the doctors told me, that the lower spine, the sacrum, had been fractured, and that somehow it had managed to fuse itself at least partly. But I have my own view—I believe that the damage had been done to the spinal cord by a damaged vertebra. Only this could explain the paralysis. Whatever the fact, the pain did not let me alone again. I am not one to make much of pain, but there were many times after this when I was ready to shout out loud for the mere fear that I would bang my back against a rail or the deckhouse or perhaps the water barrels. I could not sleep much at all after that. I could not lie down except on my belly. I did not manage

Safe in Australia, Willis talks with Hank Penning, who found him about to plunge into crocodile-infested lagoon.

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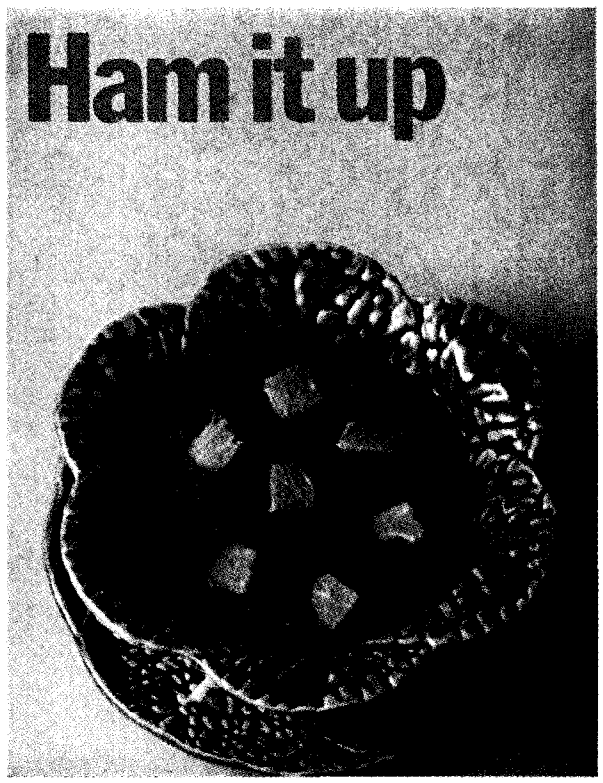

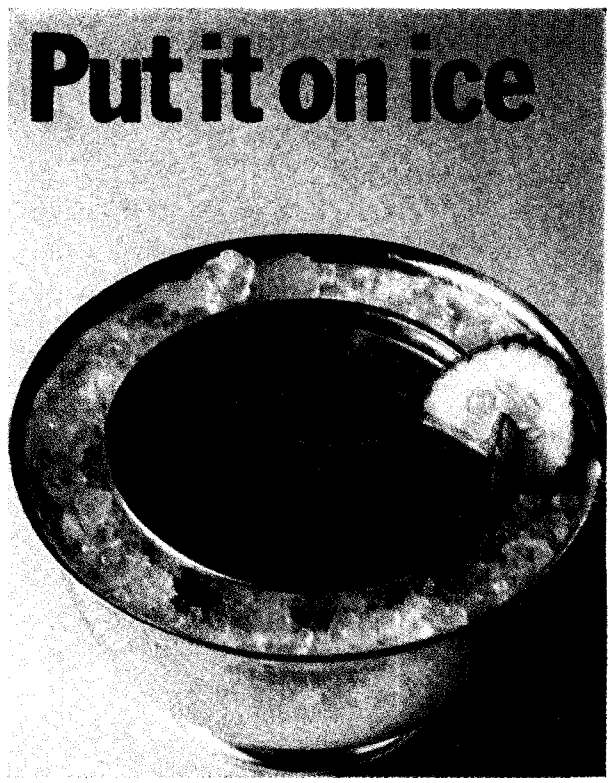

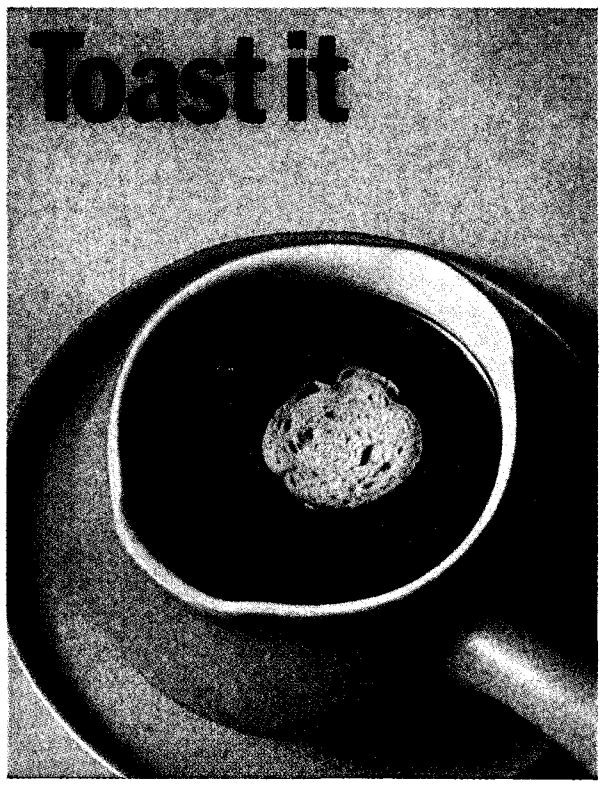

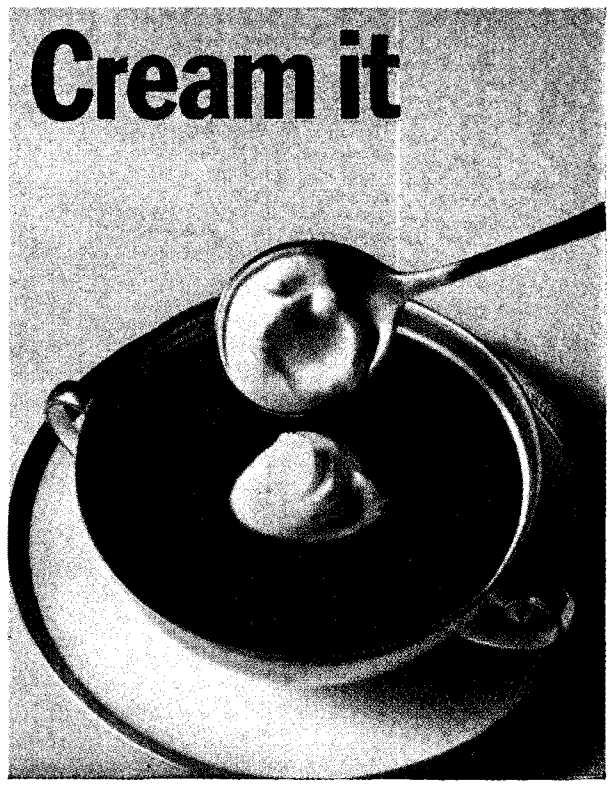

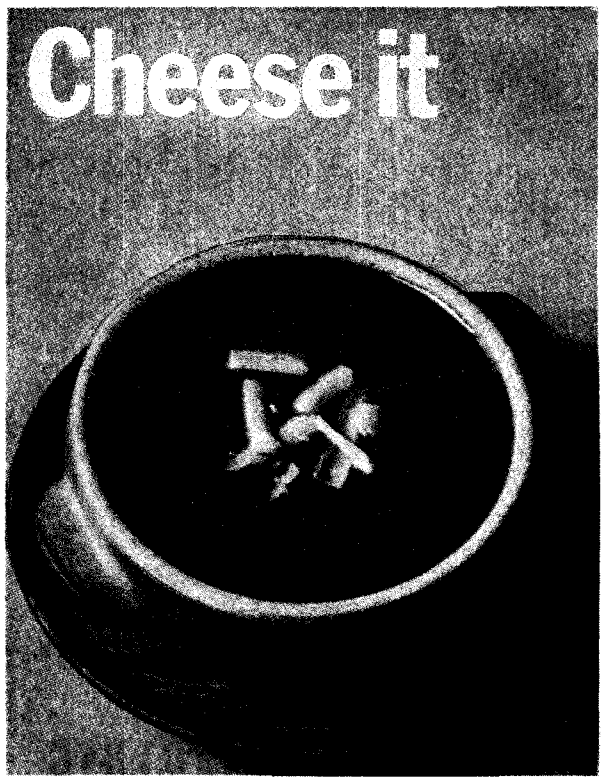

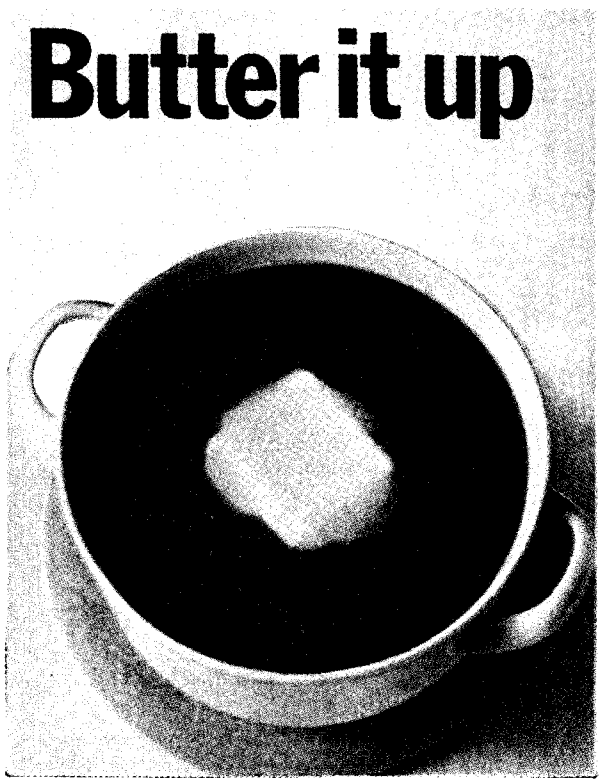

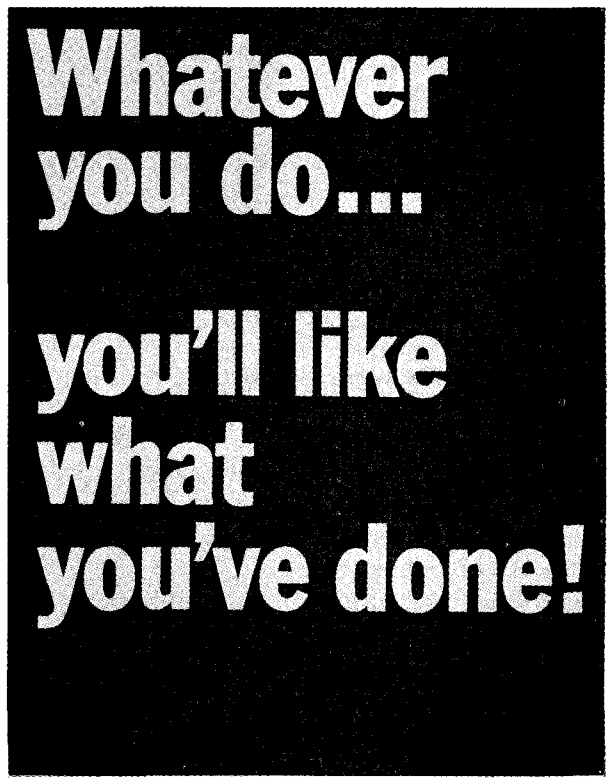

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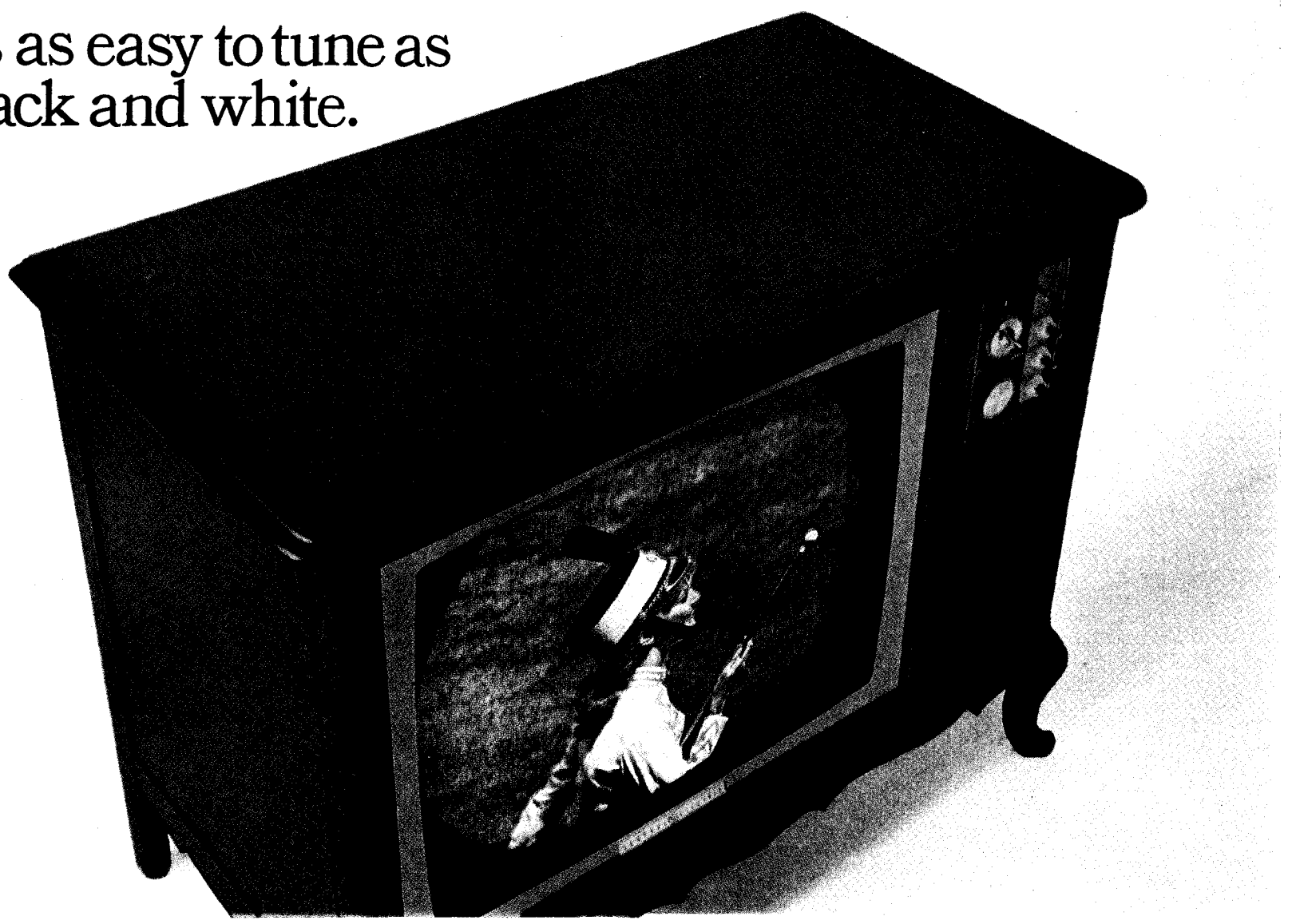
Finally, Perfected Color Television.

It's as easy to tune as black and white.



Up to now, there were two problems with color television sets.

One, they were hard to tune.

And two, once they were tuned almost any outside interference (airplanes, cars, electric shavers, even aluminum siding) threw the picture out of whack.

General Electric has taken care of both.

New Magic-Memory tuning.

We developed a new kind of tuning system called Magic-Memory tuning.

What's magic about it is that it's ridiculously easy to tune. All you do is turn all the dials until their pointers point straight up.

That's it.

Some people say they can get a perfect color picture in less than 10 seconds.

New color coaxial cable.

Then we tracked down what was picking up all the outside interference.

It was the old flat lead-in wire that connected the set to the antenna.

So we redesigned our sets and added a coaxial cable lead-in.

(Coaxial cable is what TV studios use because it has two layers of plastic and one layer of woven metal to shield against outside interference.)

What we had when we finished was the first really Perfected Color Television set. Bright, clear, natural color with no more fuss than black and white.

And that's what a lot of people tell us they've been waiting for.

If you're one of them, see your G-E dealer.

Television Receiver Department, Syracuse, N.Y.

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to recover thoroughly from that accident, not through the rest of the voyage.

But that was not important. What counted was that I could sail again, and the wind permitted me at least to make a course to the west and sometimes the southwest. My plans, made so recently, had washed away. I would now have little chance of making Brisbane, though of course I would try. But it seemed too far, the wind was too wrong, and I had come too far west by now. I could head due west, but that way lay the Great Barrier Reef. I had no charts of the north section of the reef and northeast Australia, nothing to show passages through that formidable barrier—if there were passages that a raft could cross.

At last I made the new plan. I would set my course toward a little group of islands called the Chesterfields, in latitude 20 south and longitude 159 east, approximately 650 miles from Brisbane. If I could clear the Chesterfields, I hoped to get past the reefs to the south, then head for shore and land on Australia wherever it would have me. I came southwest, carrying my pain and making my way yard by yard. The weather had taken on a pattern that had first developed near the Banks Islands: four or five days of heavy winds, then a brief period of moderation, then another extended attack by a storm.

On the night of August 18, in latitude 16°4′ south and longitude 160°6′ east, a most extraordinary thing happened. I was steering southwest, having an easterly wind for once and in the center of the Coral Sea. It was a quarter to twelve. I have reason to remember the time and date very well. I had celebrated my 70th birthday rather quietly while sailing my raft between Peru and Samoa. Now, in 15 minutes, I would celebrate my 71st. I was at the wheel, and I happened to look toward the stern, and there, a good distance off, were the lights of a ship. It was coming toward me.

I took my flashlight and shined it on my mainsail so they could see me. I imagine that to the people on shipboard the sight was quite a surprise. The ship was bearing straight at me, and when it came closer, I used the flashlight to signal an S O S. They blinked an answer.

The ship came closer and closer, coming so fast I had to scramble to get the American flag up, and they caught it with their searchlights, flooding the raft with illumination. They came within 50 feet of me, and I saw it was a good-sized steamer, the British freighter *Baron Jedburgh*, on the Hong-Kong-to-Sydney run, and I saw men on the bridge leaning over the side toward me. One called out:

"What do you want? Who are you?"

"I'm Willis, Captain Willis, bound from Apia to Sydney," I replied.

"What do you want?" the voice insisted.

"I want you to report me." I remember my precise thought of the moment—and who can predict what details will cling to the mind, and which will slip away? On the wall of our apartment in New York, Teddy kept a chart on which I had drawn the course I planned to follow. The freighter would report me hundreds of miles off that course, and Teddy would not believe the report at first, but I wanted her to know where I was, all the same. For that reason alone I had signaled the ship.

By this time the ship was so close it took the wind out of my sails, and it still drifted down on me, and it looked as if it would run me down and wreck me right there. I bellowed, "Get away! Get away! You're smashing my raft!" She swung around heavily, leaving hardly 20 feet of water between us, and sailed off into the night.

But of course it was not precisely like that, there was more to it. I did not have much time to think, but I had to think hard in the time I had—

'Seas swept solid over the deck and flooded the cabin. I prepared to jump.'

think about whether I should go aboard the freighter and sail to Sydney in comfort. I thought, I would not have to be ashamed if I asked for assistance. I thought, they would probably tell me that the raft would have to be left where it lay, to be driven to pieces on some reef. That influenced me somewhat, as a sailor will understand. I thought, I must judge whether my body will hold together against the acids of exhaustion, and the pain along the spine, and the rent in my abdomen, and most of all, against the storms that seemed unwilling to permit me any respite. I thought all this very quickly, and also that I was on my feet, and strong enough still, and most of all, sailing. Then I knew that I couldn't abandon the voyage and comfortably face the world or myself afterward. Any old sailor or mountaineer or explorer will see this point immediately. Having thought all that, I watched the steamer's lights vanish, and wondered whether anyone can be sure whether such a grave and difficult decision is the proper one, and then I celebrated my birthday as quietly as I had the one before.

After a few days of fierce southerly winds it became clear that the new plan would have to go the way of the old plans. The current and winds made it impossible to get south to the Chesterfields and pick up the current that might take me through to the coast. Now I had to steer west through a maze of reefs and then tackle the Great Barrier Reef itself. I could not really expect to get my raft through the Great Barrier, but I might get through myself, lashing my kayak and canoe into a catamaran. Without detailed charts of the reef, I would have to go about this venture almost as if I were a 15th-century sailor for whom the known world reached only to the horizon. To go to the reef was the kind of decision one must hope he will never be obliged to make. But once made, or so it is my nature to think, such a decision must be carried out very calmly and with as much care as possible.

I have since read about the reef. It is 1,250 miles long and 10 to 35 miles wide. It is quite incredible. At low tide it mostly sticks a little way out of the water, and at high tide it is barely awash, built to that height by tiny creatures called polyps which live and die on the shells of their ancestors.

But then I knew nothing about the reef except that it was to the west. I headed toward it, with little I could do except keep very alert and listen for breaking waves and watch for a white line on the face of the sea. I spent much time on the mast, using my binoculars, and at night I always took down the mainsail, sailing with only jib and mizzen set, so that I would not crash too hard on the barrier in the dark.

For 12 days I sailed west. I put stores in my canoe and planned exactly how I would lash it to the kayak, and how, if necessary, I would drag the catamaran, or at least the canoe, over much of the reef, as if it were a portage, and paddle over the deep water—20 or 30 miles of it, I calculated—that separated the reef from the inner passage which runs along the Australian coast.

It was evening when I sighted a white line of breakers, stretching away about 10 miles on my port bow. I knew it would have to be the reef. I reckoned it carefully: I might sail north or south of this reef, and then perhaps into reefs even more formidable, and find myself trapped and unable to escape. That's how a reef always is. You may find deep water for a little way, and think you have found a passage, and then discover you have been led into a trap. If I had any chance with the barrier, it would have to be taken with a whole day ahead of me, when I would not be overtaken by darkness. At least I knew the general outline of the barrier, which extends on a southeast-northwest line paralleling the Australian coast. I knew that I had to head due north during the night, keeping well clear of the coral, and then sail west and look for the reef in the morning.

From that evening on I had to give up sleep almost entirely and settle for a little nap now and then. It was about this time that I ran out of charts I could use for navigation. The ones I carried showed the Admiralties, more than 1,000 miles to the north, and even a place, several hundred miles north of me, called Willis Island. But they stopped short of the region I was now entering. Quite literally I was sailing off the edge.

The weather pattern of the area had by now asserted itself—in evening, the wind subsided, and morning, about nine o'clock, brought winds of near gale force—and so I had had a night that was easy enough. At first light I turned west again, climbed my mast and reconnoitered with my binoculars but saw no reef. I sailed west all day and found no reef.

Once more in the evening I reduced my sails to the mizzen and jib, taking no chances that I would pile on the reef in the darkness, and again I headed north and sailed that way all night long.

The morning came and I turned west and sailed all day, feeling now that it was I who was stalking the reef, but I found no reef.

That night it was the same, and the next day it was the same, and by the end of the third day I realized I would need a new plan. Going west for a while, then north for a while, I was making steps up the coastline, without ever nearing it. With this system I risked running through the narrow strait between Cape York, Australia's northeast tip, and New Guinea, and thus emerging into another part of the world altogether. The next morning I raised all my sails and pushed west as fast as the raft would go, and when night came I reduced the sails to the jib and mizzen but kept due west. I spent most of the night on the mast.

All that night I sailed west and a little northwest too, and when morning came I kept right on. Perhaps an hour after dawn I saw what I had been hunting, my quarry: a line of breakers that reached to the horizon both to the north and south. I edged toward it. Or it seemed that way, though one cannot be too delicate with a square-rigged raft. I steered with the greatest care, moving along the reef, looking for an opening of some kind. Time after time I saw a place that seemed to promise a passage, and I moved toward it, only to see that I was sailing into a trap with one wall of breaking seas behind another one.

But I could not reconnoiter forever. The west, at least, was the direction in which I wished to go. I slipped toward the reef, moving toward it and yet reluctant to close with it; as long as I was sailing, I would have a chance, and I was slow to give up that chance. I moved toward the white wall, staring for a passage. And then I looked around, thinking I had an opening behind, but now there was a white wall of boiling reef behind.

Now the reef was just ahead of me. The raft hit it hard, shaking as if coming apart. Then the pontoons slid up on it a little way, grinding over coral boulders. It had happened. I was on the reef and pounded by the seas breaking over it. All I could

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Banana tree is backdrop for sailor and Australian tracker.

do was sit there, a tiny speck in a huge and desolate sea—sit there and look about me as if I were some sort of misguided tourist, look about me and watch the seas break over me, and just wait. Seas broke solid over the deck, and spray swept over into the cabin with such force it was flooded inside. How long could raft and cabin hold together? The pontoons were grinding on the coral, and I had my kayak and canoe ready. . . .

And then the tide came in. It *had* been low tide; I had thought so, but I could hardly be sure. The raft began to wobble, to shift, and finally I was floating. It was about midday. I went back to the wheel, and found I could make headway westward.

I sailed over the reef with a sense of incredulity. Only a foot or two beneath my feet was a fantastic array of reds and yellows and purples, with many "foul patches" of green marking shallow water. Here and there narrow channels of deep water would appear, and the currents rushed in every direction as the tide forced its way through.

I sailed half the day like this, through this incredible place, different from anything I had ever seen in all the years since I first went to sea as a boy, around Cape Horn on a square-rigger.

Then all at once I was in deep water again. I was clear of the reef, I felt sure. It was just starting to get dark. By my reckoning I was in the inner passage, and I steered northwest, thinking to take my chances with crossing the passage to the coast in the morning. I knew a little of the passage, for Captain Cook had banged a hole in the hull of his ship when he hit a huge rock there. The passage has deep water but is a nightmare of rocks.

During the night a storm came up out of the south, and I had to struggle to keep westward at all. The wind flailed so that it seemed my arms must be torn out by the wheel. But by now that was routine. As I calculated it, I was no more than 30 miles from Australia, and could reach there the next day. I did not say to myself that I *would* reach there. One does not use such definite words so long as even one stretch of water separates your vessel from your destination.

I was at the wheel, at about midnight, when I heard breakers. I tried to turn a little away from the sound, but this could have little effect in such a storm. A moment later the waves were dead ahead of me, and the raft drove up on the reef and stuck there. It was coral again. The roaring of the wind was tremendous, and the seas have little pity on a craft that does not move with them. I cut the lashing to the kayak and canoe so that I could take them into the water with me and thus keep afloat. The raft was raked continuously; it seemed I must lose everything on board. Compared to this, my previous hardships seemed small.

I think I stuck there two hours, or perhaps three. It was near daybreak when the raft floated off, and by then the wind was beginning to let up, and I moved north and northwest. When dawn came it showed me I was over deep water, without any bottom. Surely I was in the inner passage *now*, and yet I was still making no bets. I sailed for a while, keeping mostly to the west, and then there it was again—a line of white marking a reef. This time I made straight for it as if I were an old Barrier Reef hand, but just before I reached the white line, I thought I saw a passage to the left, and I tried for it and found there was no passage, and I tried to escape and couldn't, and so went straight ahead and struck and went over the initial barrier. I cleared it, and bumped ahead, and struck again and stuck for a few moments and lurched ahead again, steering and struggling that way for hours. By nightfall I was in deep water again, and felt I had to be in the inner passage now, after wandering so long on the desert of the Barrier. It seemed to me certain that I had entered the passage once before, and perhaps twice, and been driven back onto the reef by the storm's southerly winds.

It was about six o'clock, and getting dark, when I came clear of the reef for the last time. Heavy weather was coming up from the south. The wind kept rising as the darkness came down, and I thought carefully about everything I had heard of the inner passage. The stories of huge rocks kept coming to my mind. The next morning I thought I would have a clear view of the coast, and I would run in, and that would be the end of it. I am not one to cheer and throw my hat into the air, but I looked forward to the next morning.

I dozed, at ease in the deep water and not paying undue attention to the storm. I had long since learned to rig this raft in a storm so that it would take care of itself unless there was a great emergency. I leaned against the cabin and felt the special powerful movement that deep water gives a sailing vessel, and let consciousness slip away.

Suddenly it was as if someone spoke to me, spoke of lights. A wheel in my mind took a small turn of its own accord, and the interpretation was that ships used this inner passage, that a light might well be there. Then I woke up, and knew, without realizing that I knew, that I was heading northwest, that the raft sailed handsomely despite the storm, and I rose to my feet and looked for lights—not knowing why I looked—and on the port bow there was the light.

It was there for an instant, and then it disappeared. It sank behind a wave and then appeared again, and again vanished. At first I thought it was a ship underway, but when I had sailed toward it for an hour, I saw it did not bob—it disappeared when the raft sank and appeared again when the raft rose—and it did not move at all.

I sailed toward the light but kept away from it. A light, whether on a rock or an anchored ship, was a haven and a destroyer, and it could not see me, so the duty of defense was entirely mine, and too hard to consider survival a serious possibility if I made the wrong choice.

I set out to pass the light to port, and then something seemed to warn me to change course, and I changed it, and went toward the other side. It was pure guesswork. One side, then the other—I knew nothing about either side. By now the light, as best I could judge from the pitching raft, was about five miles off, not a great distance in this wind and current that were sweeping northward around me. At two miles' distance I could see glints from the light reflecting off a gray, sleek, hard surface, and see that the light was quite high over the water. It was a lighthouse atop an island or an enormous reef. I steered to the left and saw that, as the light turned, its bottom rays came over the top of rocks. I could not turn northeast now, for the wind would not let me, nor due north, for then I would be on the light itself, and smashed on the rocks that supported it. Then without warning the light went out altogether. A light goes round, and it throws its beams in all directions except where there are rocks. In that direction the light is cut off. When the light goes out the sailor knows.

I flung the wheel over and lashed it and leaped forward to bring the jib over, and I was working at that when the raft crashed with an enormous sound. The water churned among the rocks and came upward like many cataracts. Over the side I could see nothing but rocks, huge ones. I was stuck on them, and the raft sat there and shook violently as the sail continued to pull, and then it began to heel over to starboard. The big crate that held my tools and rope and spare canvas tore loose from its lashings and went against the mast. The raft continued to go over into the rocks. It was as if I were being pounded by sledges. I got ready to jump, to get clear before the raft fell over on top of me, though there were only rocks to leap on. The port side was up now until it was almost straight overhead. The forces were tremendous. I held on to a line and braced my feet against the edge of the deck. Then she slipped down, stayed level on the rocks for a little while, and then began to heel over the other way. She went over until she was almost vertical, and I counted the seconds when I would have to take the canoe and go overboard with it. I did not seriously think I would last more than a minute among those rocks, in that water.

I thought it was the end of the raft, and then she

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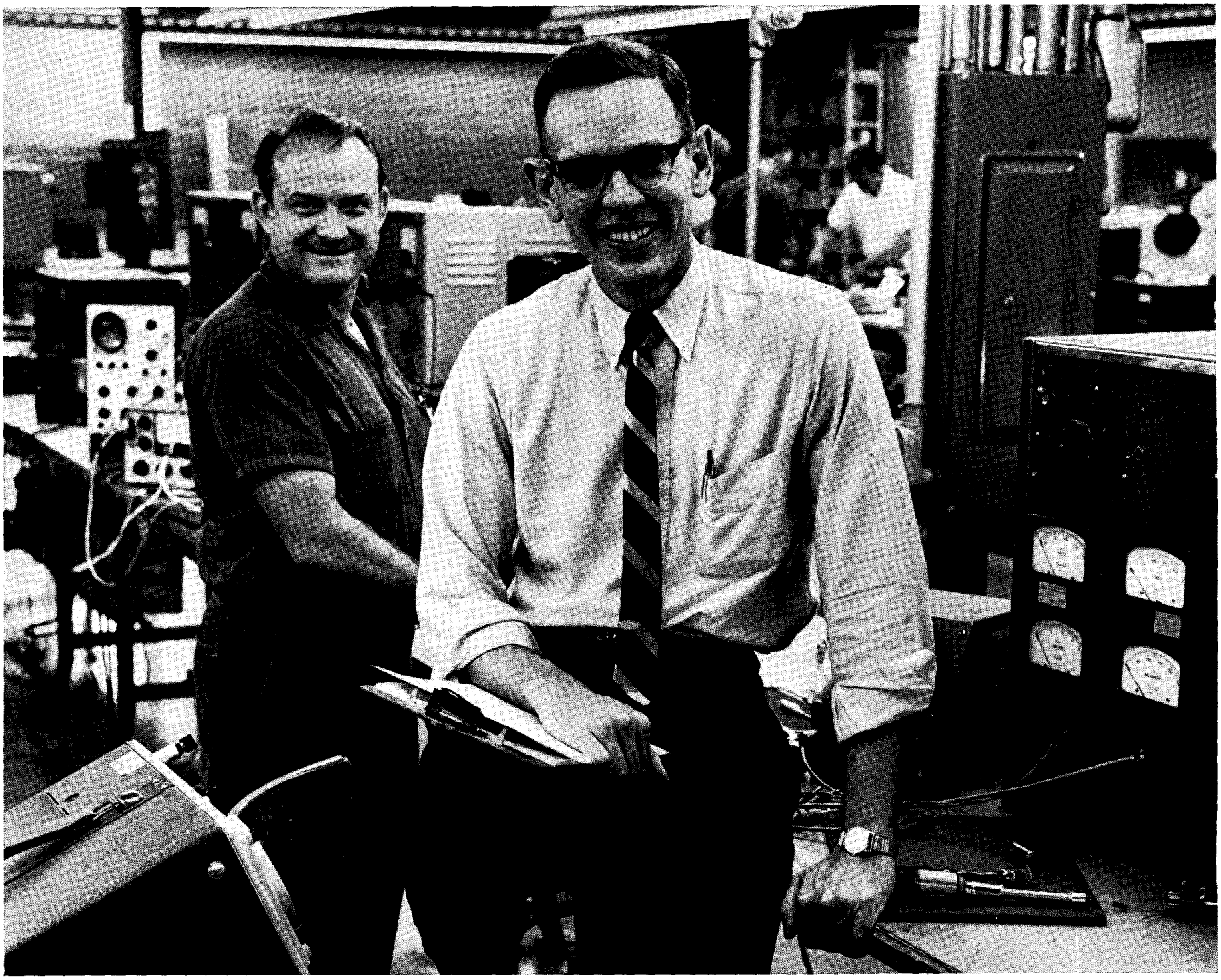
Why Sentry is happy to insure a "small" business like ACDC Electronics

but might have to pass up GE



"Small" business? Lewis List knows what that means. Smaller than General Electric.

Lew is Executive VP of ACDC Electronics, Burbank, California. 165 employees, specializing in magnetic components.

Lew says, "Sentry *understands* our business. I think that's one reason why they're happy to insure us."

Sentry agrees. Our company was started by small businessmen. To insure small businesses—specifically. So naturally, we feel we know *more* about small business. And can do better by it than anyone else in our field.

True, we sell all kinds of insurance: fire, auto, life, homeowners—but our particular cup of tea is planning insurance for businesses like ACDC.

Complicated insurance problem. ACDC once had as many as 10 different policies. And 5 insurance companies. Then they called in Sentry.

Now: everything all wrapped up with one organization—Sentry. Tailored to fit the ACDC situation. Simple. Money-saving.

Now what about General Electric? That's big business. Fine business. But too big for us. Even though we do over $135,000,000 a year now.

Suppose we took on General Electric—and other giants like that—we just wouldn't have the people to give men like Lewis List (and you) the proper attention.

If you have a "small" business—the Sentry man would be proud to talk with you. Why don't you give him a ring? He's in the book. Probably a neighbor of yours, too.

SENTRY INSURANCE

the "small" business that got big serving "small" business

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How the scallop shell expresses a company's dedica

The ancients, exploring beyo known horizons, chose the sc to symbolize their quest. Toc Shell scientists and engineers pursue this challenging conc of the unknown to bring tom closer. Wherever you see the sign, it represents this consta search, this pursuit of excelle of new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you bette

Shell...dedicated to the pursuit of excellence

Silver basket, 18th Century, designed by P
Brooklyn Museum, collection of Donald S

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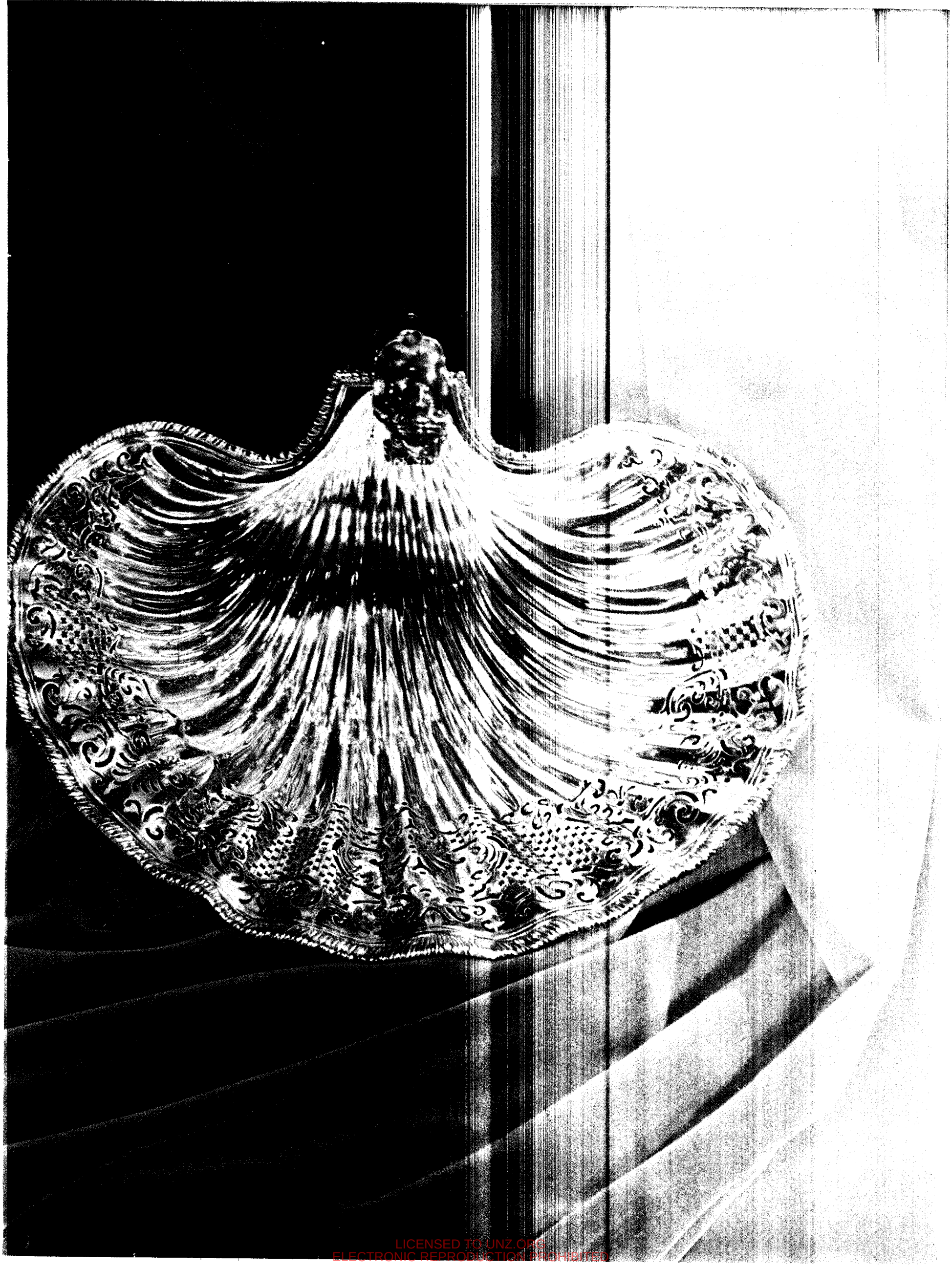

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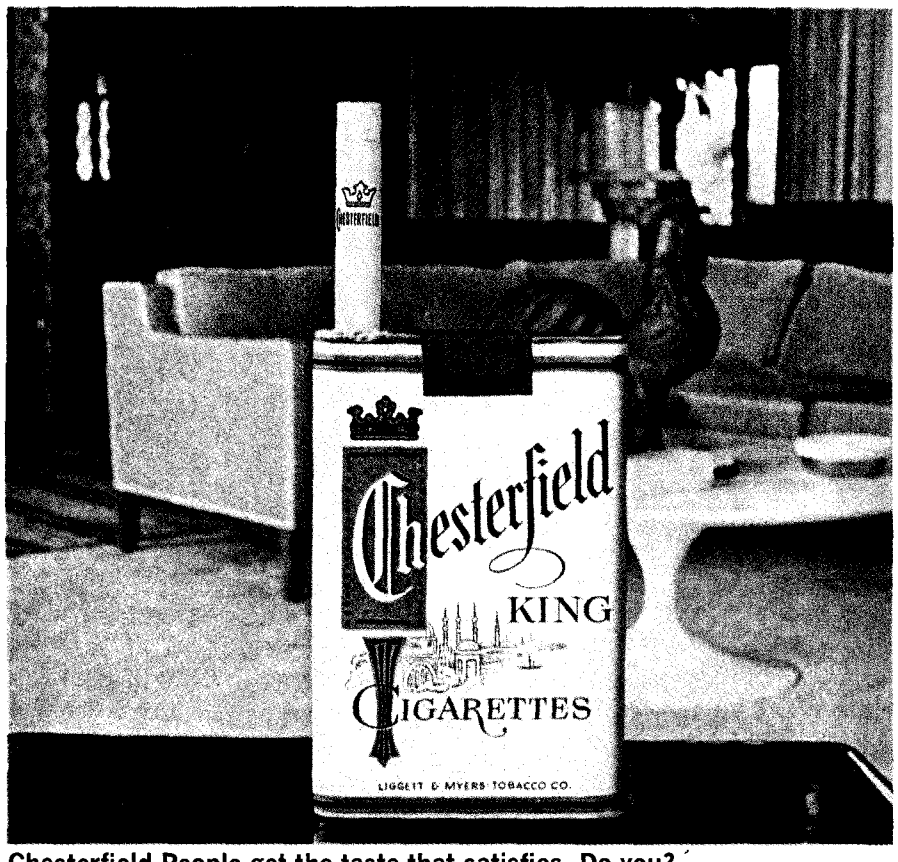
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Dale McRoberts, Sr. is a building security guard in California

Tami Apt operates an art gallery in New York



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?

Floyd Cummins is a commercial fisherman in Washington

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 53 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

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straightened up again, the jib standing like a stone wall in the wind, and all at once she slid clear off and into deep water again. I am trying to describe what my mind will permit me. At such a time as that, you see the water rushing past, and hear the gale, and feel the pounding, but your mind is too bludgeoned to observe much more than what the instinct for survival demands. It is like a combat in which you cannot make any countermoves or maneuvers. There is helplessness.

Now I was sailing and keeping to the left as far as I could, and I could see the light again. I saw that mass of rocks later—actually it was an island, Brook Island—from a speedboat in daylight, and how I found my way among the rocks, I cannot even conjecture. That night the islands, of which the one with the light is the highest, seemed to be all around me, black and menacing. In daylight there did not seem to be a course among them at all.

I sailed in the open places. I thought I saw mountains as daylight came. I saw something that seemed to be one tremendous island, but the angle had deceived me, for there were five separate islands. I learned later that Cook had given them their name—The Family Group. About nine in the morning I saw a straight, low, level line—a line of trees, I thought—without a hill or promontory of any kind. I knew it had to be Australia.

I sailed toward the line for two hours, keeping as close to the wind as I could. I might, I kept reminding my mind, be wrecked 10 feet from the beach. Gradually the scene became clearer. I went up the mast with my binoculars and saw it was a sandy coast, with a short, steep beach—no rocks, no reef, no coral in the way at all. At about 11 o'clock I sailed up on the beach. I dropped my anchor and the jib and mizzen, then jumped overboard into waist-deep water and made sure my anchor was holding. The raft had swung broadside to. I saw I was about at the center of a long, very shallow bay girdled by a dense tropical forest. I had come a long way, 10,500 miles, and now I had reached this place. There had been times, both before and during this voyage, when I had thought that I would swing into Sydney Harbor with a naval escort, and bands, and planes, and crowds, and perhaps it would be a holiday too. It had not turned out exactly that way. I was on this coast, hemmed in by the jungle, with the sea at my feet and my raft rolling fiercely. I had reached Australia, but there were no crowds, no ships, not even a footprint. Indeed, I did not have the faintest idea in the world where I was.

I took my ship's papers in a little handbag, and a couple of flares, and walked a mile or two south to the end of the beach, and there was a river with a lagoon, and impenetrable mangroves all around, hemming it in. I turned about and trudged back past the raft and to the north, and again there was a river with a lagoon where it entered the ocean. As I approached the river, I saw the roofs of a few houses on the far side, but not a single person. At first I tried to walk around the lagoon, or to find a narrow place in the river, but there was no way. This was tropical, dense jungle. I began to strip to my shorts, planning to swim the 100 yards across the lagoon. Just as I was about ready, I saw a woman and a man.

I shouted, and they stared, but I couldn't tell if they understood what I said, and I was very eager to make contact, to make them understand. I fired a distress flare. It flew into the air and arched down. To the couple it must have been an eerie sight. The man came to the water's edge, and I shouted that he should send a boat if he had one. All right, I heard him say, I'll get the boat. He walked toward the houses and disappeared, and then I saw him coming back with a car and a boat on a trailer. The outboard motor churned, and the couple came toward me. I could not help but speculate what it was like through their eyes, and how they must wonder who this strange old man could be with his beard to his chest and the marks of the sea and the weather all over him.

The man was Hank Penning, a schoolteacher, a Dutchman from New Guinea, a heavyset man about 45. The woman was his wife, a nurse. "I'm Willis from New York," I said. It was all that occurred to me to say, it seemed the sensible, simple thing, all that I should say to this man and woman I did not even know. The Pennings came to me, and I got in their boat, and they told me, as kind people would do, about what I wanted to know. This was Queensland, the northeastern Australian province. The nearest town was called Tully. It was a good thing I hadn't gone swimming, because crocodiles infest the lagoon. Tully is a small sugar-refining town, with the plantations all around—a frontier town with a main street and friendly people.

We went to police headquarters, and I showed my papers and passport, and one of the officers came and looked at me quite severely and shrugged at all the answers I gave. I must be an escaped convict, he thought. I did look ragged and soggy, scorched by the sun, bearded, worn to tatters. He checked my papers again and again, and looked at me so carefully that I felt like a show horse, and he made it clear that within his analytical mind he could see through my ridiculous pretense. The joke was all over Tully soon afterward: I was a fugitive convict, and I had escaped in the days when Australia was England's penal colony, and I had been hiding out in the bush for the last century or so. Now I had been captured at last, and it was only fitting that a Tully police officer had been the one to bring me to account. An ordinary man could never have succeeded in doing something like that.

After that, there was little to do but wait until a ship could take the raft to Sydney, and then to New York. It will soon be transported to the Mariners Museum in Newport News, Va., where it and its equipment are to be put on permanent exhibition. Reviewing the account of what happened on this voyage, I have been told by many people, including editors, that it is "too much" (an expression I have heard repeatedly though I do not understand it precisely), too far beyond the bounds of ordinary experience to be understandable, and that I should "tone it down."

Well, that is simply not possible. I have already left out enough details—for instance, the time I was knocked overboard by the ballooning mainsail as I tried to lash it down after lowering it; and the problems of undertaking the exact science of navigation when my body and mind were too fatigued to obey me, until *I* put *them* on the defensive under the most extreme duress. I do not ask others why they do what they do—why, for instance, they pretend to be ancient when they are only 50 or 60. If I be different in any way from any other man, then let it be accepted or ignored. I have never been, or sought to be, a person whose activities and thoughts would be agreeable to everyone else. I am sure that those with an ambition for popularity know many things I will never understand. I am sure they make peace with themselves, as I do with my friend Smith, when he asks, "Why did you do all that, Willis?" I can only smile, for there would not be much point in asking what he thinks he's up to in his life. Or remark that most of us have dreams, and only a few act on them, after all. I am momentarily content with the knowledge that the Pacific is mine. And I am sure that soon I will find the concept of another voyage which I will have to make or find no peace with myself. □

With his wife Teddy beside him, Willis stands at the helm of Age Unlimited, *moored in New York with South Sea palm frond still firmly in place on cabin bulkhead.*

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To be a hero By Richard Yates

Would they think
he was a coward if he quit
on the eve of battle? He didn't realize when
he made his choice that it involved
another man's life.

Because of the alphabetical proximity of their names, Privates Robert J. Prentice and John R. Quint had stayed together after basic training. They had been in the same replacement draft from Virginia to New York to England to France, and now in January, 1945, they'd been assigned to the same rifle company.

Prentice was enormously glad of this, though he might not have cared to admit it and probably couldn't have said why. He and Quint had become as close as members of the same unhappy family, but they were by no means compatible enough to be described as "buddies." They didn't even look right together: Prentice was at least nine inches too tall, an underweight eighteen-year-old whose small, large-eyed head was all but lost under the wide steel dome of his helmet; Quint was short and solid at twenty-four, with a settled, bespectacled, exasperated face. Still, it couldn't be denied that Prentice had grown almost wholly dependent on Quint for leadership and counsel; without him, he knew he would be lost.

And they had one miserable thing in common: for weeks, ever since before leaving the States, they had both been sick with heavy chest colds that seemed to get worse each day. "How you feeling?" one of them would ask, at times when no other conversation was possible, and the answer was always, "Not so good," or "About the same."

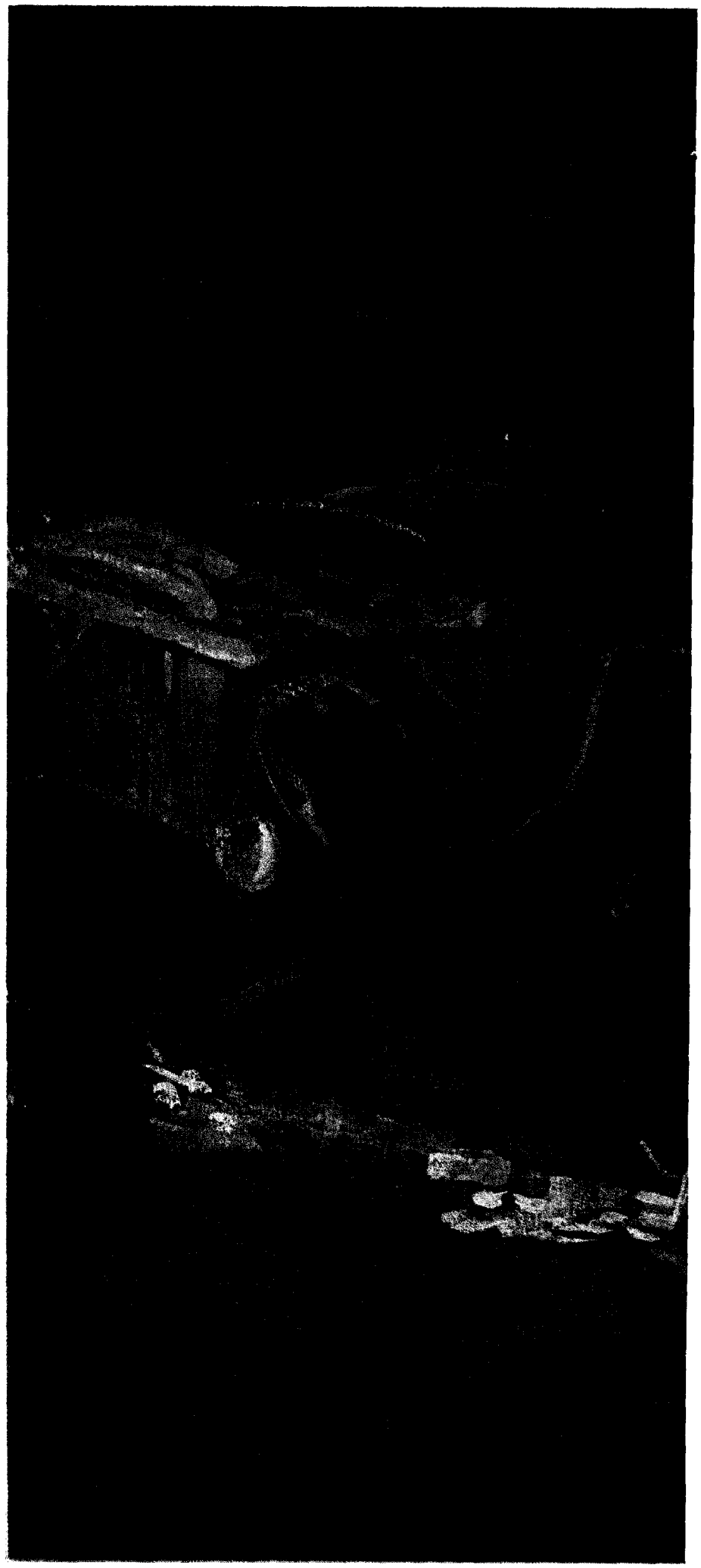
They joined "A" Company in a field of wet snow where it was preparing to make an attack on a town called Horbourg, which was said to be part of something called the Colmar Pocket. At first there was nothing for the little group of replacements to do but huddle together in the wind and try to avoid the eyes of the veterans, who looked very grim and tired in their dirty clothes. Then one of the veterans came striding forward and began to address them in a rasping voice.

"All right, all you new men," he said. "My name's Lieutenant Agate, and you won't have any trouble remembering that because I'm the only officer left in this company." He said a number of other things too, including "I'll give you a little advice; I'll advise you to keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut for the first week." Then he got down to the business of assigning them to platoons.

And that was when Prentice and Quint were separated. Prentice was appointed the Second Platoon runner, and Quint became a machine gunner in Weapons Platoon. It meant that from now on they would see each other only rarely, if at all, and it left Prentice feeling lonelier than ever before in his life.

As a runner, he was expected to travel with the Headquarters Platoon, which was composed of other runners, a couple of communications men, and several other specialists whose jobs he didn't understand. He knew none of them, and by the end of the first day he was on speaking terms with only one: a taciturn, bearded man named Owens who was a runner for one of the other platoons. It was with Owens that he dug and slept in a two-man foxhole that night; it was Owens who marched beside him the next day on the way to the jumping-off point, and it was in trying to speak to Owens that he discovered he had lost his voice.

"Hey, Owens?" he tried to say. "Listen, I've lost my voice." And he managed enough of a squeak to make Owens look at him.



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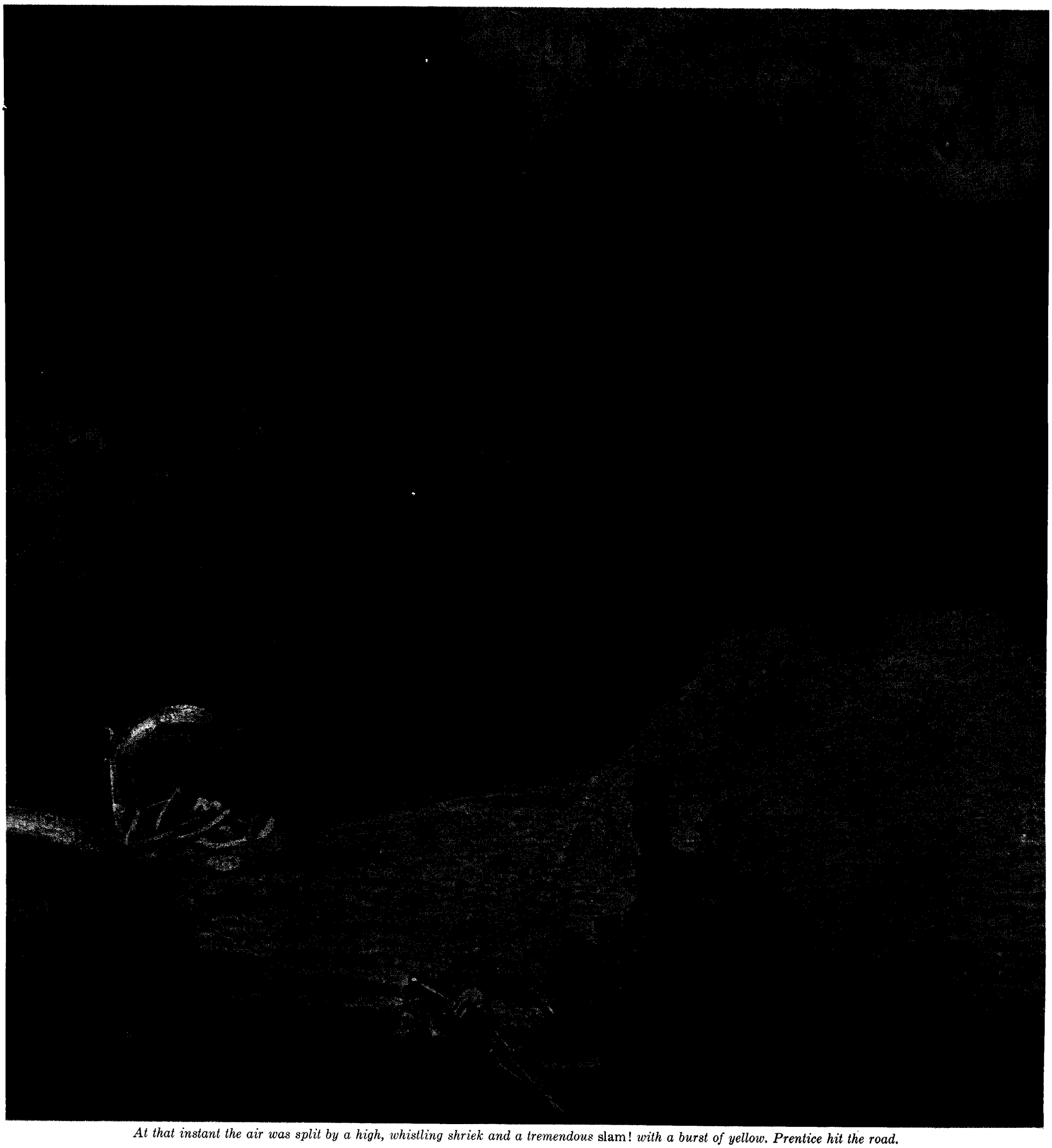

At that instant the air was split by a high, whistling shriek and a tremendous slam! *with a burst of yellow. Prentice hit the road.*

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"What?"

"I've lost my *voice*. I can't—*talk*."

"Laryngitis, I guess. Maybe it'll go away." Owens had his own troubles: he'd said last night that he thought he was coming down with dysentery, and he didn't seem to be feeling any better today.

The jumping-off point turned out to be a shelled-out village, some three miles to the rear of Horbourg. "A" Company arrived there to find the place a jumble of men and machines: The broken streets, strung with many-colored communications wire, were crawling with military vehicles of all kinds, and there were men from both French and American units, all busy and hurrying in what seemed a state of total confusion. There were a few civilians too, mostly old men and women in black, with shy, bewildered faces. It puzzled Prentice at first that they seemed to be speaking in German, and that all the spattered street signs were in German too, until a dim store of schoolroom facts reminded him that Alsace was only technically a part of France.

"You hear what I heard?" Owens asked him as the column sat resting against a shell-scarred wall, waiting for Lieutenant Agate to finish his briefing with a number of other officers. "They say Horbourg's changed hands three times in the past two days."

"Changed what?"

"Changed hands. Between us and the Germans."

"Oh. No, I hadn't heard that." Prentice's voice was either a squeak or a husk, and he was weak and lightheaded. He hoped Agate's briefing would take a long time, so that he could stay seated on this wet sidewalk with his back against this wall. He wasn't sure if he'd be able to get up and move again.

The orders, according to Agate, were that they would move out soon after nightfall. An artillery barrage would be laid down on Horbourg at seven o'clock, and then they'd go in. In the meantime, each platoon was assigned to a separate cellar or stable in the village for resting up and waiting. The password for the night was "Mickey Mouse."

Prentice was called upon to deliver several routine messages to the Second Platoon while they waited, and he found his fever and fatigue dissolving into a kind of appalled exhilaration that felt nothing at all like fear. In a very few hours he would be "going into combat," whatever that might mean, and by tomorrow this time he'd be a veteran. He hoped he was being noticed as he walked slowly and conspicuously alone down the streets of churned snow, where everyone else was moving in groups, and he took pride in delivering his small messages to Sergeant Brewer of the Second Platoon, even though the effort of speaking made him twist and rise on tiptoe before any sound came out. He hoped the men who heard him wouldn't think this chirping was his normal voice.

The company cooks brought food up to the village late in the afternoon, the first hot food they'd had in many days, and most of the company seemed in high spirits as they sat or squatted over their mess kits in the street.

Prentice looked for Quint but couldn't see him. Even so, gazing around, he began to feel a misty, sentimental affection for everyone in sight. Very soon now, all these chewing, talking strangers might well be his friends. But he found he could eat only a few mouthfuls without retching, and when he'd dropped his mess kit into the greasy heap of others (not having to wash your own mess kit was apparently a front-line privilege), he felt the sickness closing in on him again.

He found a broken slab of concrete to sit down on, and he sat there for a long time in a trance of rest, wondering if he dared to light a cigarette. The worst thing about Horbourg now was that it was said to be three miles away: He felt it would take everything he had to walk three miles.

"Move over, old buddy," said John Quint's voice; and there he came, lugging a machine gun barrel on his shoulder, slowly strutting out of the crowd with his empty pipe in his teeth. "You look like I feel," he said, letting himself carefully down on the slab beside Prentice.

"It's funny, you know? I felt ——"

"What the hell's wrong with your voice?"

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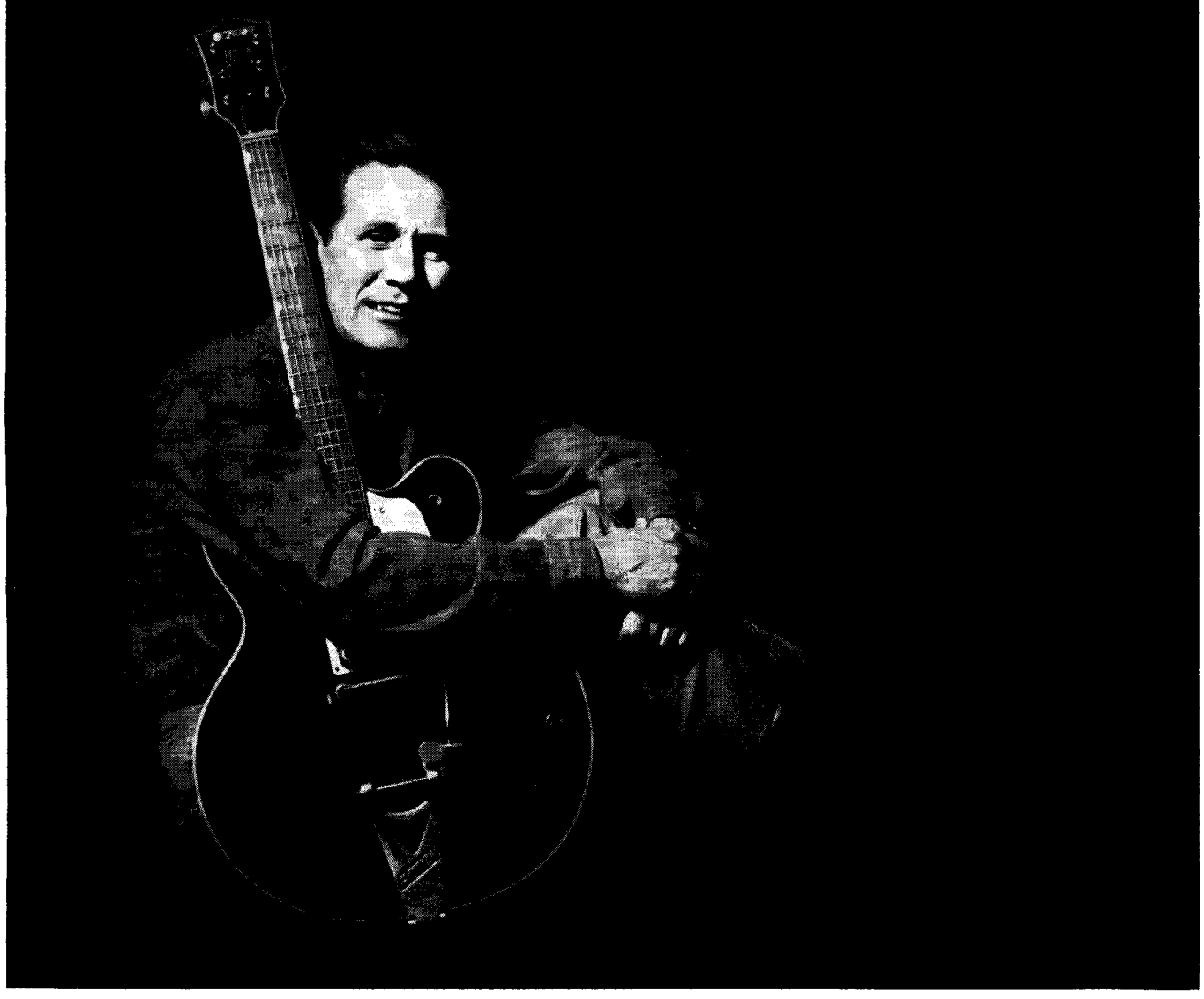

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"I don't know. Laryngitis or something. But I mean it's funny, you know? I felt pretty good just before we ate, and now I'm sick again. It comes and goes."

"That's what's the matter, all right. Same with me. And it's going to come a whole lot worse before it goes."

It was comforting to have Quint there; it seemed to help things come back into focus. Some men nearby were pointing upward, and Prentice looked up to discover that aerial combat was taking place between fighter planes too high to see except as tiny dots. It would have been fascinating to watch, but the act of looking up had doubled Prentice over in a seizure of coughing that twisted him with pain and left his head hanging between his knees.

"Prentice, look," Quint said. "Look. Let's quit kidding ourselves. You know what I think? I think we've both got pneumonia."

"Well, but how about all these other guys? How come *they* don't have it? Guys were sleeping in the snow for a month in the Bulge."

"Oh, hell, Prentice. It's got nothing to do with that. People get pneumonia in April and May. It's a disease, that's all. And when you get a disease, you're supposed to go to a hospital."

Prentice thought it over. "You mean you want to go back?"

"I mean I think we both ought to go to Agate and tell him we're sick. Tell him we can't make it, and go on back to the aid station. Right now. Doesn't that sound sensible?"

And the remarkable thing was that Quint's face, owlish and bespectacled, heavily fringed with beard, wore an expression that Prentice had never seen on it before: a look of defiance clearly mixed with pleading. For the first time in all these months, Quint was asking Prentice for guidance, instead of the other way around.

It was an oddly dramatic moment—exactly like a moment in the movies when the music stops dead on the sound track while the hero makes up his mind—and it didn't take Prentice very long to decide what his answer would be. It didn't even matter that it had to come out in his absurd falsetto.

"No," he said. "I don't want to."

Quint put his cold pipe back in his mouth and looked down at his overshoes.

"I mean, don't let me stop you, Quint, if that's what you want to do; you go ahead. I'm staying, that's all." He knew he was laying himself open to a charge of false heroics, but he didn't care—and whether Quint saw the opening or not, he didn't take advantage of it.

"OK," Quint said.

"I mean after this Horbourg business is over maybe I'll go back, but not before."

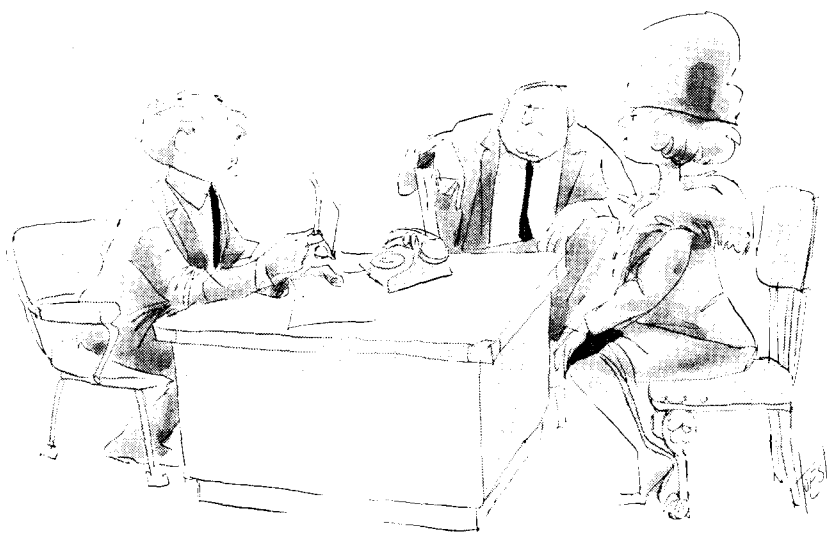
"OK, OK!" Quint said. "You've made your point."

And that was the end of their talk, but the weight of it hung between them as they blinked at each other and then avoided each other's eyes.

"A" Company led off in the battalion column. Third Platoon went first; then came the command group, or "Headquarters Platoon," then came the First, and then the Second, with Weapons Platoon bringing up the rear. They walked in strict silence most of the way to Horbourg, five paces apart on either side of the road, each man with his eyes fixed on the back of the man ahead. Then they waited, crouching in the dark roadside ditches, for their artillery support.

When it came, in great fluttering rushes overhead that stopped in earth-rocking explosions, lighting up the sky, it seemed to go on forever, and when it was over it seemed that nothing could be left alive in the town of Horbourg. Trembling in the ditch, Prentice forced all his attention on the dim shape of Owens's back. When it rose and wavered slightly upward, he scrambled after it, up to the surface of the road again, hearing a muffled rustle and clink of equipment as the man behind him did the same. He wished he could be close enough to the other men to see if they were still carrying their rifles on the sling, as he was, or if they'd taken them in their hands for greater readiness. He had just about decided to unsling his rifle when Owens's back floated up close enough to reveal the vertical line of the slung rifle beside his helmet, black against the snow; so he kept his own rifle where it was.

Almost before he realized it, the ghost-white fields on either side of the road gave way to the dark shapes of houses—they must be *in* Horbourg now, or at



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let me get this straight then . . . neither one of you wants custody of the children?"

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least on its outskirts—and without worrying about Owens he slid the sling off his shoulder and carried his rifle at port arms with his gloved finger trembling on the safety and slipping experimentally in and out of the trigger guard. Then he thought it might look silly if he were the only man in the column doing that, so he put it back on the sling. But then Owens's back came up close enough to show that *he* was walking at port arms now; and off it came again.

Gradually, and then suddenly, the road ahead was illuminated by a wavering orange glow: It was a house on fire, one of the houses on the other side of the road. As they moved past it, the individual shapes and shadows of the men were clearly visible—for several seconds Prentice could even see the dirty brown nap of Owens's overcoat and the dirty green squares of netting on his helmet—and a thought occurred to him that was instantly put into words by the man behind him: "Wow. We're perfect targets."

But except for the hiss and crackle of timbers in flames, the night remained dead silent until they were well past the burning house, enclosed once more in the protection of darkness. Prentice resumed the difficult job of watching Owens's helmet, until suddenly it came up very close and he realized that Owens had stopped. He stopped too, and moved back a few steps. Apparently the whole column had come to a halt.

Glancing down and to the left, he saw the shape of a man lying in the snow. It struck him as odd for a second—what the hell was he lying *down* for?—until he realized the man was dead. It was impossible to tell whether he was German or French or American. Prentice looked at Owens's helmet just in time to see it turn and disclose the pale oval of his face. Owens was whispering something to him, and at first he thought it must be some comment on the dead man. But it wasn't.

"What's that?" he whispered back.

"Send up the First Platoon; pass it on."

And Prentice turned around to face the dark blur of the stranger behind him. "Send up the First Platoon," he whispered. "Pass it on."

Soon, from the rear, there came a scuffle of overshoes and a muted creak and jingle of equipment as the men of the First Platoon moved up to receive their orders.

Did everyone have better night vision than Prentice? It was all he could do to concentrate on the floating shape of Owens's helmet, waiting to see if it would turn again.

It turned. "Send up the Second Platoon; pass it on."

He was pleased that he'd heard it right the first time. Prentice turned back and repeated the words, and in a little while the Second Platoon came plodding up past him in the darkness. Then he waited, studying the helmet, for what seemed a very long time. And the next order came as a stunning surprise:

"Send Prentice up."

He went dogtrotting past Owens with his heart in his mouth, past a number of other shadowy figures and on up to Lieutenant Agate, whose anger was visible even in the dark.

"Damn it, boy, where you been? When I say Second Platoon, that means you."

"I know, sir; I'm sorry, I ——"

"All right. Logan, take him and show him where the hell they are. And hurry up."

Logan was the communications sergeant, tall and sardonic. He grabbed Prentice tightly by the arm and steered him away across the road. "Are you gonna start goofing up already?" he whispered. "Can't you stay on the ball? You're the Second Platoon runner—can't you get that straight in your head? Now you're holding up the whole works."

"I know; I—I just didn't think."

"Well, you better start thinking, kiddo. This is important."

He knew that it was important, and he stumbled along as fast as he could alongside Logan, weak with embarrassment.

"There," Logan said. "See that house? That's where your platoon is. Now for God's sake don't forget it."

And Prentice stared at the dim face of the house for all he was worth. The way he committed it to memory was that its roof, instead of sloping, was built in steps. "OK," he whispered, and went loping after Logan, afraid he might lose him as they ran back to the column.

He was able to find Owens, and fell into place behind him again. But the short run had winded him, and he began to cough wretchedly, trying his best to stifle it; he heard someone say, "Shut that bastard up!" but he had to cough again and again, doubled over with his trembling fist in his mouth. The spasms held him blind and crouching for a long time, until time itself seemed to have stopped, and when he straightened up at last and opened his eyes to the whirling darkness, Owens was gone. He took several faltering steps forward, but Owens wasn't there—and neither was anyone else. There was nothing ahead but snow and blackness. He spun around and looked behind him: nobody; nothing but the empty road and, far in the distance, the glow of the burning house. He was alone.

He ran forward, the straps biting his neck and the grenades bouncing heavily on his ribs. He had no idea where he was going, but there seemed to be nothing to do but run. Once he tripped and nearly went sprawling over something that felt like a rotten log and proved, when he looked back, to be another corpse. Then finally he made out some movement ahead, across the road, and he ran in that direction. It was a trotting column of four or five men—Good God, were they Germans? No; Americans—and he ran up to the first of them, gasping for breath.

"Is this—is this Headquarters Platoon?"

The man didn't answer or even slow down.

"I said is this Headquarters Platoon?"

And at that instant the air was split by a high, whistling shriek and a tremendous *slam!*, with a burst of yellow in the road. All the men hit the road on their bellies at once, and Prentice fell with them. Another shriek, another *slam!*, and they all scurried to fall again behind the shelter of a big shape several yards away—it seemed to be a truck lying on its side.

"Mortars," somebody said, but that was all Prentice could hear except the repeated shriek-*slam!*, shriek-*slam!* and the whir and ping of flying fragments. Then from somewhere not far away came a shy, tremulous voice that rose to a frantic, childish cry of shock and pain: "Medic? Medic? Oh, Jesus—*medic?* Oh, Je-*heesus*, *medic! Medic!*"

Five or six more mortar shells hit the road while Prentice and the others lay behind the fallen truck, which had turned out to be not a truck but an armored half-track; and finally there was an abrupt, ringing silence. One by

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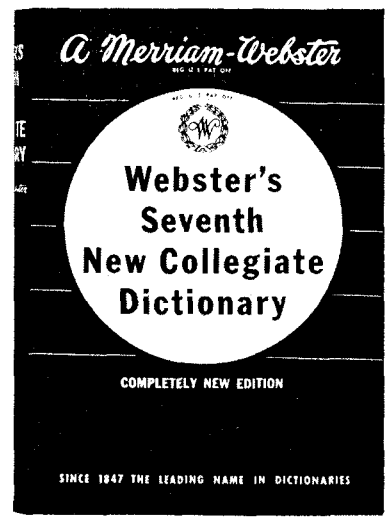
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one the shadowy men rose into a crouch and ran, and Prentice went up to the first man.

"Where's Headquarters Platoon?"

But the men moved past him without a word.

"Look, excuse me, I—where's Headquarters Platoon?"

But the next man ran past him too, and the next, and the next, and then there was only one left.

"For God's sake, *tell* me. Where's Headquarters Pla*toon?*" His terrible voice broke into a womanish wail on the "toon," and he knew it sounded as if he were crying, but at least it was enough to make the man turn around, and he was close enough to be recognized. It was Breen, the squad leader from the Third Platoon. Prentice tried to atone for his tearful-sounding voice by staggering a little more than necessary, to prove he was really sick.

"Who do you want? Agate?" Breen said. "Come on then."

Prentice followed him, deeply ashamed both of the "toon" and the fraudulent stagger. The little column of men led him back some fifty yards down the road, turned in between two houses so abruptly that he almost lost them, and went clattering down a flight of pitch-black cellar stairs. A door opened onto a blanket hung as a blackout curtain, and beyond the blanket, inside the cellar, Agate and all the other Headquarters men were huddled in the weak yellow light of a single candle.

Prentice looked quickly around at Breen and his squad, to see if they were laughing at him or looking at him with contempt, but they paid him no attention at all. Breen was talking rapidly now with Agate while the others stood by; then Agate nodded and gave some curt instructions, and they went out again as quickly as they'd come.

The cellar seemed to contain a great deal of mildewed furniture, and several of the men were sitting in chairs; that meant it was all right to sit down. He found a deep upholstered armchair and sank into it as if into a morass of self-abasement, staring tragically into the candlelight. He had goofed up badly, twice. If anyone wanted to give him the upbraiding he deserved, now was the time. He would sit here and take it, however it came.

But nobody looked at him, and after a while it began to seem that they weren't ignoring him out of disgust; they simply hadn't noticed he was there, and possibly they hadn't even noticed he'd been missing in the first place. He glanced furtively at Logan, ready to accept any kind of derision from him, but Logan was wholly absorbed in his hand radio, speaking in a tense monotone, repeating words that Prentice was now dimly aware of having heard ever since his arrival in the cellar.

"Donkey Nan," he was saying, "Donkey Nan, this is Donkey Dog, Donkey Dog. Do you read me? Over." Then he paused, listening, and started again. "Donkey Nan, Donkey Nan . . ."

A soft moan came from the shadows along the far wall, and Prentice made out the figure of a medic crouched over an inert form on the floor: It must have been the wounded man, the man who'd cried out on the road.

". . . This is Donkey Dog, Donkey Dog. Do you read me? Over." And Logan turned to the lieutenant. "Can't seem to get 'em, sir."

"Damn. OK, get the runner. Where's What's-his-name? The kid?"

And Prentice bolted clumsily to his feet.

"Go on over to your platoon," Agate told him. "Find out why they're not answering. If their radio's broken or anything, bring Brewer back to me. Got that?"

"Yessir."

"You know where they are now?"

"Yessir," he said, though all he could remember was a house with a stepped roof; he had no idea where it was. As he hurried across the cellar floor the house was jarred by a great *slam!* and then another, and another.

"That's artillery this time," somebody was saying. "That's Eighty-eights."

"No, it's both," somebody else said. "It's mortars *and* Eighty-eights."

Prentice paused near the door and looked back at Agate. Was he supposed to go anyway? In the middle of all this? Or was he supposed to wait until the barrage was over? But Agate had

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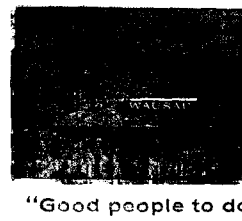

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turned away and was busy talking to someone else.

Go anyway. At least it was better than going back to ask. A grizzled, old-looking man named Luchek was standing wide-eyed with his back to the wall, beside the blackout curtain. "Jesus, kid," he said. "You going out *now?*"

"Guess I've got to," Prentice said, beginning to feel very much like the hero of a war movie, and he stood with his hand on the blanket, waiting for a pause in the shelling. He looked back once again at Agate, but Agate was still turned away. Then he slipped out around the curtain and ran up the steps.

There was nothing but silence as he ran down the path to the road, and not until he'd almost gained the road did he fully realize, in a panic, that he didn't know which way to turn. Right or left?

He decided desperately on left. But how far away was the house with the stepped roof? And how would he know how far to go before giving it up and trying the other direction? He had just made the turn into the road, heading left, when a rapid fluttering rush of air sent him sprawling heavily on his chest, and *slam!* It was louder than the mortar shells: this must be artillery. Then came another fluttering rush and another *slam!*, and a number of small objects, hard but not heavy, fell across his buttocks and thighs. They couldn't be shell fragments; they were chunks of broken roof or wall.

He was up and running again, looking urgently at the dark passing face of each house. Shriek-*slam!* Shriek-*slam!* Those were mortar shells—he was numbly proud of being able to tell the difference now—and they were clearly so far away that he didn't even bother to hit the ground. But then came the rush of an Eighty-eight so shockingly brief that its huge explosion caught him still on his feet: He felt the jolt and saw the flash of it as he fell headlong on his grenades, and heard the fragments zip and whine away very close to him. He was still lying there, uncertain whether to wait or get up and run again, when he lifted his helmet away from his eyes and saw the house with the stepped roof, no more than ten or fifteen yards away. He got up and ran.

"Who's that? Is that Prentice?" said Sergeant Brewer's voice from a dark cluster of men standing just inside the door.

"Yes." And Prentice went stumbling in among them. Only later did he realize that they probably should have said "Mickey" and "Mouse."

"The lieutenant," he said, and started coughing. "The lieutenant wants to know why you're not answering the whaddyacallit, the radio. He says—says if it's broken ——"

But it wasn't broken. Brewer's radio man had been crouched and fussing with the dials, and before Prentice could finish his sentence he had made contact. "Donkey Dog," he was saying, "Donkey Dog, this is Donkey Nan, Donkey Nan. I'm reading you loud and clear. Over."

Brewer took the radio then and started talking into it, probably to Agate; Prentice couldn't follow the words and wouldn't have been very interested if he could. He leaned panting against the wall and gave in to a sense of triumph. He had made it.

The jogging run back to the headquarters cellar was very short and uneventful; only a few mortar shells came in far down the road, probably at the place where the ruined half-track lay. He hadn't exactly expected anyone to shake his hand and say "Nice work, Prentice," when he got back to the cellar, but still it was faintly disappointing that nobody did, and that nobody even seemed to notice he was back as he dragged himself over to his easy chair and sat down again.

Then suddenly both Agate and Logan were looking at him with stern faces. "How far away are they, kid?" Agate said, and Prentice felt his chest go tight, as if he were a suspect on a witness stand.

"About a hundred yards, sir. To the left."

"A hundred *yards?*"

"A hundred feet, I mean—thirty yards, something like that. Maybe fifty."

They both turned away again, and only after several minutes did he realize that they hadn't been grilling him—they hadn't been trying to find out if he'd really made the trip or faked

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it, or to see if he would exaggerate the distance. They simply wanted to know how far away it was, for reasons of their own; and this was such a great relief that he felt free to relax for the first time all day. He even felt free to take off his helmet and tenderly finger his scalp, where the roots of his matted hair were sore from wearing the helmet so long.

The odd coughing noise of American mortars began from somewhere near the cellar: The mortar section of Weapons Platoon had opened up to return the enemy shelling. As he listened, it occurred to him that this was the first time anyone in "A" Company had fired a shot—he hadn't yet heard any machine guns or rifles. Could this be all that was meant by an "attack"? A duel of mortars and artillery, while you sat in an upholstered chair by candlelight?

In any case, and until somebody told him what to do next, he felt free to sit here listening to the shattering sounds outside and to dwell on the emotional balance sheet of his performance so far. He had goofed up badly, twice, but he'd redeemed himself by delivering a message under fire, even though the message had proved not to be strictly necessary. Logan had chewed him out, and Breen had witnessed the shame of his "toon" and his fraudulent stagger; but he *had* delivered the message, and the man named Luchek had expressed amazement at his doing so. All things considered, he guessed he was all right. And from now on, sickness or not, he would stay on the ball.

There wasn't much sleep to be had in the cellar that night, and Prentice got almost none. He had to stand his share of guard duty outside the cellar door—more than his share once, when Owens came moaning about having dysentery and having to lie down—and when he wasn't on guard he lay awake on the floor, coughing and sweating in fever, listening to the intermittent sounds of the shelling. Once, during a lull in the noise, Logan roused him to take the lieutenant over to the platoon for a conference with Brewer; another time, after an incendiary shell had crashed through the roof of the house, he had to join the others staggering upstairs to help put out the fire.

Just before dawn he dozed off long enough to have some kind of grotesque, instantly forgotten dream, and the first thing that hit him when he woke up was the smell of frying eggs. Lieutenant Agate had found a stove and a frying pan in the cellar. He had also found three eggs, which he was solemnly cooking for himself, and a bottle of wine from which he took long, relishing swigs as the eggs smoked and spattered in the pan. He had taken off his helmet and all his equipment. He looked cozy and self-indulgent and not at all like a company commander as he went about his breakfast.

"Donkey Oboe, Donkey Oboe," Logan was saying into his radio, and then "Donkey Nan, Donkey Nan," and "Donkey Key" and "Donkey Easy." He was calling all the platoons and telling them that they'd be moving out at 0600 and that, according to Prentice's watch, was five minutes from now.

The lieutenant stood up, wiped a trickle of egg yolk from his chin and lobbed the wine bottle crashing into a corner. Then he put his helmet over his dirty hair, buckled himself into his gear and said, "OK, let's get going. No overcoats. Leave 'em here and we'll send back for 'em later."

Prentice hated to leave his overcoat. He knew the idea in not wearing it was to assure greater maneuverability in action, but this seemed hardly to apply in his case. He felt unable to maneuver at all, overcoat or not.

When they moved cautiously out of the cellar, toward the road, he was grateful for every chance to stop and lean against the wall. The rifle hung heavy in his shaking hands, and the equipment sagging from his shoulders and waist seemed an intolerable weight. Was it possible that he'd run and fallen and gotten up and run again only last night?

The early-morning light revealed several new and surprising things about the road, or street—that all its houses were maimed, with shattered windows and ragged walls, and that a cluster of three dead Germans lay in shocking stillness directly in front of the headquarters house. They had apparently been dead for days: Their hands and faces seemed to be made of putty, and their eyes were like dusty marbles. A little farther on, two or three houses away, they came upon a dead American. He was facedown in the roadside, partly covered with snow thrown up by passing vehicles, but enough of him was exposed to show that he had curly brown hair and a snub-nosed, full-lipped profile. His skin was the same color as the Germans', skin that looked incapable of ever having been alive. But it was his uniform that affected Prentice most. How could anyone be dead who wore these terribly familiar clothes and straps, with this terribly familiar canteen against his right buttock?

There was an intermittent crack and stutter of small-arms fire now in another part of town, probably another company's sector; and Agate and the other headquarters men were moving with a stealthiness that showed they expected a burst of fire at any moment. They hugged each wall and hurried, one at a time, across the open spaces between houses. Second Platoon was following close behind them, with equal slowness and care. As they approached the ruined half-track, Prentice saw that its markings were French, and that the body of a very small French soldier, wearing a G.I. field jacket, lay primly on his back six feet away, apparently blown from the wreckage.

When they came to the corner of an intersection, Agate stopped, motioning for his own men to stop too and stay close to the wall. Then he beckoned for the Second Platoon to come forward: Evidently the platoon would brave it into the new street while the command group held back. Sergeant Brewer held back too, crouched against the wall with Agate, while his rifle squads moved on around the corner. Only after the last of the squads was out of sight did he go after them, followed by his radio man and his platoon medic, and this troubled Prentice a little. Weren't platoon leaders supposed to lead? But then, company commanders were supposed to lead too, and so were battalion commanders, and so were generals. He lowered his rifle and allowed the butt to rest on the ground, which brought a small relief to the muscles of his right arm, and he looked down at the trampled snow with longing, wishing he could let his knees go slack, slide forward against the wall and lie down in it.

From around the corner came a stunning noise straight out of the movies—the *B-d-d-rapp! B-d-d-rapp!* of a German burp gun. There was silence, then shouting, then the slower, louder, chugging fire of an American BAR, and the irregular crack of several rifles. The burp gun opened up again, or maybe it was another one, and an instant later it was impossible to pick out the separate sounds: The whole street had become a solid uproar of gunfire and spanging, whining ricochets.

Prentice brought his rifle up to a trembling port arms and fixed his eyes on the lieutenant. What the hell was he going to do now? Just stand here? He just stood there, and it wasn't long before the noise was over. Then he moved on around the corner and led Prentice and the others into the new street, which was lightly filled with smoke and brick dust. Riflemen were crouched in doorways or running in both directions and shouting at each other, their faces pink with excitement; halfway down the block the medic knelt beside a man who sat smiling against the wall with his pants leg torn open to expose a red blotch high on his thigh. And nearer, across the street, three German soldiers were slowly approaching with their hands locked over their bare heads, followed by a BAR man who held his

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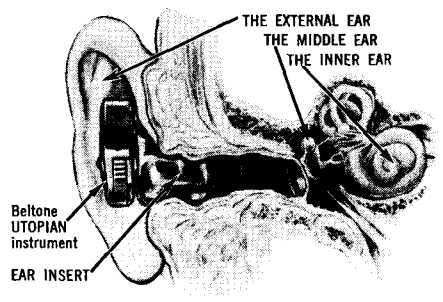

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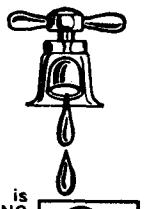

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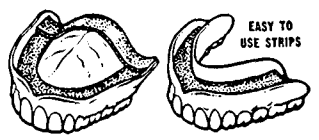

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weapon pointed at their backs. One of the prisoners, with very long blond hair that hung against his cheeks, was bleeding from the face.

Apparently, for all the noise, it had been only a minor skirmish, a token resistance by the Germans before they surrendered; and the man with the leg wound—a million-dollar wound, somebody called it—was the platoon's only casualty.

"Donkey Oboe," Logan was chanting, "Donkey Oboe, this is Donkey Dog, Donkey Dog. . . ."

Riflemen, working in twos, were forcing their way into the houses now, smashing doors open with their rifle butts—apparently the idea was to search each house on the block for enemy soldiers. But that was as much of the logic of the morning as Prentice could follow. Agate and the other headquarters men were moving back and around to another block now, evidently to check on the progress of another platoon; and as Prentice swayed in their wake, repeatedly stopping to cough, he grew less and less able to make sense of the sights and sounds around him. Things seemed to happen out of sequence, as in a movie that someone has mindlessly cut and scrambled and spliced together at random. The only continuity was the problem of keeping up, and that soon became a matter of studying Agate's overshoes as they rose and fell in the snow, sometimes slowly, sometimes flying into a run, sometimes stopping for long, long waits.

Once, when they stopped for a while in what seemed to be a little courtyard, Prentice let his head sink against the wall to rest, and he didn't realize he'd gone to sleep on his feet until a distant burst of machine-gun fire made his eyes pop open to see a German soldier coming straight at him, less than five yards away. It took him a second of dodging back and fumbling with his rifle before he saw that the German was unarmed: He was another prisoner, flushed from one of the houses, and behind him came four or five more, under the guard of a rifleman who chuckled in passing at Prentice's surprise.

He whirled around to look for Agate and found him still there, but over on the other side of the courtyard now, talking with some of his men. An ambulance was there in the courtyard too, with its doors open—it must have driven up while he was sleeping—and litter bearers were bringing a wounded man toward it while Agate and the others watched. Prentice went over to join them as they slid the stretcher gently into the ambulance. The man lay very still under a blanket, wide-eyed and white-lipped, his face powdered with brick dust. From the muttered conversation around him, Prentice gathered that he was an officer, a battalion artillery observer, and that his wound was very severe. But then the whole scene swam and vanished as he went into another of his coughing fits; when it was over he found Lieutenant Agate looking at him in a speculative way.

"Why don't you get in there too, kid?" Agate said. "Go on ahead, if you want to." And one of the medics was tentatively holding open the ambulance doors.

"No, sir, that's OK. I'll stay." As soon as the squeaking words were out he began to regret them. If only Quint had been there, to say it was all right and to go with him, he would have gone.

"OK, it's up to you," Agate said as the ambulance doors slammed shut. "Let's get going."

Sometime later, he followed Agate's back around a corner into some kind of public square and saw him fall flat on his face. Another man fell with him, and it wasn't until Prentice had instinctively fallen too that he realized they were under fire—the ricochets were among them like hornets. In no time at all he was back safe around the corner, having somehow scrambled up and run with the others. Agate, coming last, was the only one who seemed to know what had happened—there were snipers somewhere high above them—and the only one who'd thought fast enough to return their fire. He came crouching and walking backward, managing to get off two or three rounds from his carbine.

"Church steeple," he said, and Prentice wasn't even aware of having seen a church steeple. "Some crazy krauts up there tryna pick us off."

Much later, Prentice was able to figure out what the lieutenant chose to do about it—to call for several riflemen to divert the snipers' fire to another part of the square, and then to call up the bazooka man to do the job from here—but at the time, all he could concentrate on was that the bazooka man's name was Magill, that Magill looked very dirty and awkward as he knelt at

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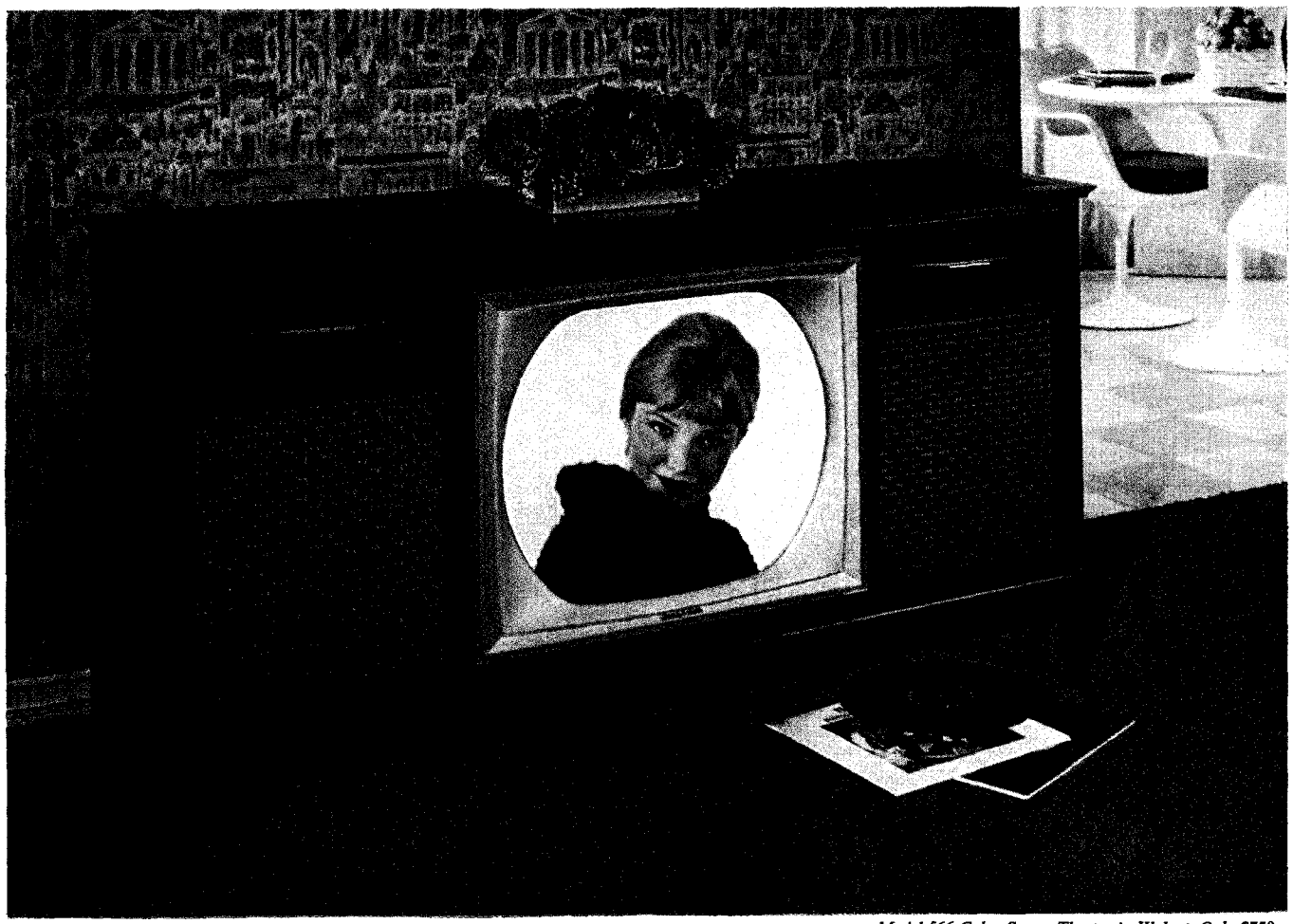
the corner and fired his weapon. Then he was following the others around the corner again, and he saw that there was indeed a church with a brutally amputated steeple: The whole rising structure ended in a blunt mess of naked plaster and carpentry from which wisps of smoke were still curling.

And it must have been in that same square that he watched two litter-bearers come trotting through the rubble, using their legs with the skill and delicacy of ballet dancers so that their upper bodies wouldn't jog the load. From the waist up they could have been men on bicycles. The man on their stretcher rode as smoothly as if he were in a hospital bed, and Prentice thought with envy of how dreamlike and sweet it must be to be borne that way, floating horizontally away to rest and peace and care. In the middle of the square, the bearers came to a halt and eased the stretcher to the ground. They rested for a few seconds, standing identically wide-legged with their hands on their knees, like winded athletes. Then, still moving as one, they squatted to take up their load again; but almost as soon as they'd raised it they set it carefully down, and both of them crouched over the wounded man, tenderly lifting his blanket to feel and scrutinize him. And then, with a terrible abruptness, they pulled off the blanket, tipped the stretcher high on its side and sent the man rolling hideously out into the slush. They didn't even look down at him as they turned and ran, heading back to wherever they'd come from, one of them hauling the collapsed stretcher on his shoulder and the other humping along at his side. All their grace was gone: They ran with the heavy-footed clumsiness of exhausted laborers.

By noon the day had turned mild and almost warm. The snow was melting rapidly, there was a continual dripping from the roofs, and there were lines of sweat on Agate's dirty face. Little clusters of civilians had begun to appear on the streets, looking oddly out of place. They would venture bashfully up to the sidewalks and try to speak with the soldiers, apparently trying to explain that all the Germans had left town, until they were shouted and gestured back into their cellars.

Sometime early in the afternoon, while Agate's overshoes plodded along some other street, a brief barrage of enemy mortar shells sent everyone scrambling down into the cellar of the nearest house. Prentice, almost fainting from the effort of it, heard somebody yell "*Yeeow!*" and thought at first that the man was hit, but it turned out to be a cry of joy: The far wall of the cellar was packed to the ceiling with bottles of wine. And for what seemed a disgracefully long time after that—long after the mortars had stopped—Lieutenant Agate and his men sat guzzling on the floor with all the furtive pleasure of boys playing hooky from school. Someone had handed Prentice a bottle, and he gulped it as if it might be the only medicine in the world that could save him. It made him shudder, but it sent a fine strengthening warmth through his chest and back, and he knew that if Agate didn't get him out of here soon he would drink and drink until he lay insensible on the floor. But just when he'd begun to wish for this very thing to happen—when he'd begun fervently to hope that maybe, somehow, this might mean the whole "attack" was over and they could stay here celebrating for the rest of the day—Agate was up and leading them out into the sunshine again, and Logan was babbling more of his gibberish about Donkey Dog and Donkey Oboe and Donkey Nan.

It must have been soon after that, when he was still enriched by the wine, that Prentice was put to use as a runner for the first time all day; and he thanked God that his reeling memory had retained, as if by chance, a dim knowledge of where Brewer's Second Platoon was likely to be. The trip involved a long dogtrot, alternating with a fast walk, down a street on the perimeter of the town that he guessed was supposed to be the main line of defense against the possibility of a counterattack: It was the place where the company's machine-gun positions were set up. And he was walking weakly back along the same street, having delivered the message, before it occurred to him that this must be where Quint was. The first gun



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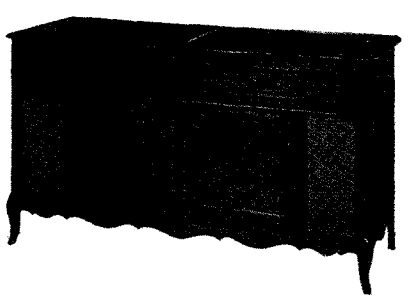

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emplacement he passed was manned by strangers; but then he saw Quint, standing alone in a ground-floor window with the snout of his gun protruding over the sill. He was wearing a maroon bed quilt wrapped around him, like an Indian, and he was smiling.

"Hey there, runner!" he called in a hoarse voice.

Prentice went over close to the window and stopped, looking up at him. "How you feeling?" he said.

"I don't know. About the same, I guess. You?"

"Little better, maybe; I don't know."

"I saw you barreling past out there," Quint said. "I'm glad as hell they let me stay in one place, anyway."

"Yeah."

"I hear the artillery spotter was killed."

"No, he wasn't killed; I saw him." It gave Prentice a small thrill of pride to be able to impart this information. "He was pretty badly hit, though." Then, after a pause, he said, "Listen, what do you think? You think there's going to be a counterattack, or not?" He knew at once it was the kind of question that might exasperate Quint ("How the hell should I know, Prentice? Will you quit asking questions?") but instead, surprisingly, he got a straight answer.

"Hard to say. I doubt it, somehow. I know *I* sure as hell wouldn't try it, if I were them."

"Me neither. Well, I better get back." But he lingered there, looking down at his feet. He felt a great rising temptation to say, "Look, Quint; I'm ready now. If you still want to go back, I'll go too." But the unfamiliar wealth of Quint's respect for him was still too new and too valuable a thing to risk losing. All he said was, "So. See you around. Take care of yourself."

"You too," Quint said.

And Prentice did his best to put an easy, old-combat-man swing into his walk as he moved away down the street, very much aware that Quint would stand there watching him until he was out of sight. Once he turned back to make sure of this, and it was true. He waved, and Quint waved back, letting the maroon quilt fall away from one shoulder.

But that one welling of strength, that one brief time of lucidity, was the first and last of the day for Prentice. For the rest of the oddly warm, wet afternoon he would hear bursts of machine-gun fire and feel no curiosity or interest in where they came from; he would watch Agate's talking face with no idea of what he was saying, as if all words had become as meaningless as Logan's droning Donkey talk. At one point, following Agate up an alley and out across an empty lot filled with rubble, he discovered that Agate was drunk. A bottle of cognac hung from his hand, and he was swaying.

The job of following Agate's back became the only thing Prentice was truly aware of, the only thread of coherence among turning, shifting images of broken houses and running men and brick dust and smoke and dripping water. Once he saw a vivid close-up of Logan's face, shouting at him—apparently scolding him, as he'd done last night on the road—but he could make no sense of the words.

He awoke as if from a dream to find himself standing up against a chest-high wall, flanked by two riflemen whose names and faces he didn't know, looking out over an expanse of gray fields and black trees; and he had no knowledge of how he'd got there, or what he was supposed to be doing. Agate and the others were nowhere within sight or hearing.

Through a slow, fuddled process of deduction, he figured out that this must be part of the defense line: Someone must have posted him here with these two men, either to give him a rest or because every available man was needed on the line. But had he been told to report back and resume his runner's job at some specific time? Or would someone come and relieve him here? And where the hell was company headquarters now? Was he supposed to know?

He glanced sideways at each of the two men, who were silently staring out at the horizon, one of them chewing gum. Was he supposed to know them? He did his best to concentrate on the horizon too, but he had to blink again and again to keep the landscape from swimming in his vision.

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To obtain the necessary finances for their Expansion Program, the Seattle Northwest Hospital's Trustee Board has adopted this unique Fund Raising Plan. NO CASH DONATION necessary, when mailing the qualifying puzzle. Upon receipt of the Initial Entry, details of the easily-understood governing rules will be dispatched, accompanied by the "Main Event" Puzzle. This opportunity is open to Crossword Puzzlers everywhere, in an exciting and educational competition for $20,400.00 Prize Money. Rush your answer and be eligible, without obligation, to receive the "Main Event" puzzle that immediately follows. *Residents of U.S.A. who are 16 years or older are eligible to participate for any Prize, up to the Maximum $7,000.00 Grand Award.*

DEADLINE FOR MAILING THIS PUZZLE OCT. 20, 1965

LETTER VALUES

A-5 B-8 C-6 D-7 E-5 F-8 G-5 H-9 I-5 J-8 K-6 L-9 M-6 N-6 O-6 P-7 Q-8 R-4 S-6 T-8 U-4 V-9 W-4 X-9 Y-9 Z-9

SOME BIG WINNERS OF GEMEROY CONTESTS

MRS. G. J. YOUNG, Bellflower, Calif.	$38,000.00
MRS. C. JOHNSON, Houston, Texas	$25,000.00
EARL HUMMEL, Elmhurst, N. Y.	$21,000.00
M. S. HOFFMAN, Abilene, Texas	$18,780.00
ESTELLE STEWART, Glendale, Calif.	$17,100.00
WM. J. NOJUNAS, Harrisburg, Pa.	$16,100.00
WM. SCHELLENBERG, Kane, Man., Can.	$12,000.00
W. R. LUDLOW, Montgomery, Ala.	$10,665.00
R. W. CORNELISON, Hill City, S.D.	$10,000.00
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MRS. K. A. HANNAH, Detroit, Mich.	$8,125.00

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

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ARAB	ECUADOR	PAAR
CAROL	EUCLID	RADAR
CHURCH	HOUCK	RAYBURN
CYPRUS	HYDE	RICKOVER
DAKAR	LYNDON	SUEZ
	ORCAS	

FIRST PRIZE $7,000.00

Prize Awards	When $3 Is Donated	When $10 Is Donated	When $20 Is Donated
1st	$1,000.00	$2,500.00	$4,000.00
2nd	$ 700.00	$1,400.00	$2,000.00
3rd	$ 600.00	$1,000.00	$1,500.00
4th	$ 450.00	$ 800.00	$1,200.00
5th	$ 300.00	$ 500.00	$1,000.00
6th	$ 250.00	$ 500.00	$ 800.00
7th	$ 200.00	$ 500.00	$ 600.00
8th	$ 125.00	$ 200.00	$ 500.00
9th	$ 100.00	$ 175.00	$ 300.00
10th	$ 100.00	$ 175.00	$ 200.00
Next 30 Prizes, ea. $50.00			$1,500.00
Another 50 Prizes, ea. $40.00			$2,000.00
Next 10 Prizes, ea. $30.00			$ 300.00
Final 100 Prizes, ea. $15.00			$1,500.00

$3,000.00 EXTRA ADDED BONUS GIVEN

A $3000.00 Extra Added Bonus GIVEN First Prize winner provided he or she remits a $20 donation by September 30, 1965.

HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

To start your puzzle, begin with the Keyword "HOSPITAL" by interlocking the circled letters "H," "S," "P" and "A" with words selected only from the Official List. Thus a suitable 4-letter word must join at "H"; a 5-letter word at "S"; a 4-letter word at "P" and a 4-letter word interlock at "A."

Continue similarly, as in a cross-word puzzle, employing words only from the Official List that will interlock or join together, vertically and/or horizontally, making sure all blank letter squares are filled with the proper letters. Spell words from top to bottom and/or from left to right, using the entire group of 19 words, no more and no less. Each letter has its definite point value (see letter value panel), but when used in a circled square, triple value is allowed each such letter.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GRAND TOTAL. Add together the individual values and triple values of all letters employed in working out your puzzle solution, not overlooking the 8 letters of "HOSPITAL." The Grand Total comprises the sum of the values of the 87 letters that appear in all the words—as though these values were lined up in one long, continuous, perpendicular column of figures. Show this "Grand Total" in the space provided, filling out the coupon with name and address, then clip out the puzzle diagram on dotted line and mail as directed. 4 extra puzzle charts sent FREE for a 5c stamped envelope. Not necessary to send donation with this First Solution.

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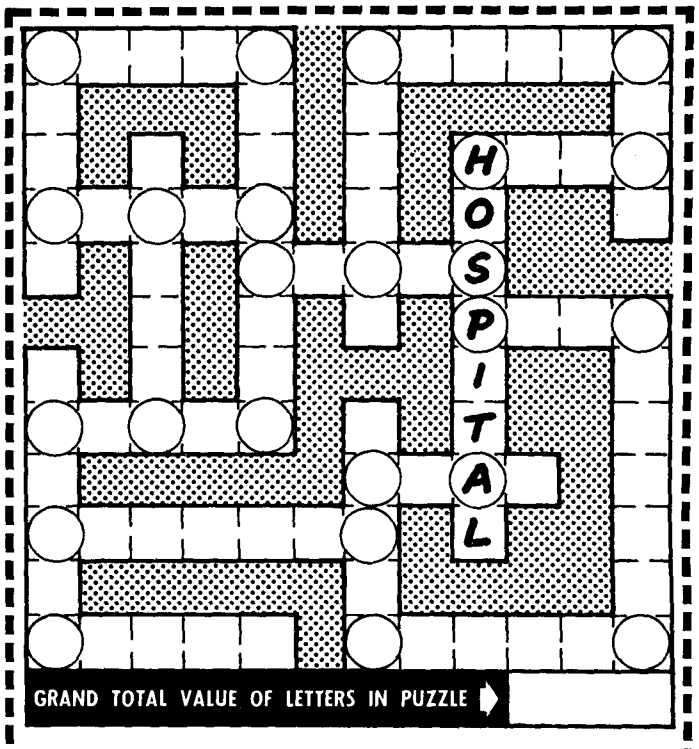

GRAND TOTAL VALUE OF LETTERS IN PUZZLE

SEND NO MONEY WITH PUZZLE

On this chart is shown my solution and Grand Total. Being a puzzle lover, mail me FREE, without obligation, complete information and supplies necessary to win a $7,000.00 Cash Prize.

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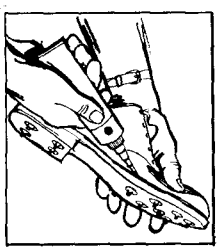

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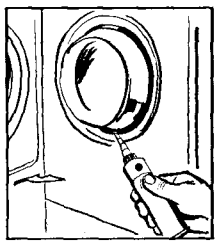

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

TO BE A HERO

Then he was somewhere else and asleep again and Logan was gripping his shoulder and rocking it back and forth. "*Prent*ice, God damn it. Come *on*."

"OK," he whispered. "I'm awake." He wiped away the saliva that had spilled from his sleeping mouth and tried to understand what Logan was saying. It was something about having to "go back for the coastal ranges." Only after he'd struggled up to follow Logan outdoors was he able to grasp that it wasn't "coastal ranges" but "coats and rations"—the stuff they had left behind in the cellar this morning.

There were three of them on the detail—Logan, Prentice and another runner whose name was either Conn or Kahn. They started out three abreast, and Prentice was dimly amazed that the others seemed to have no trouble finding their way back through the ruined town. But what amazed him even more was that they were able to walk so fast. He began to fall behind almost at once, stumbling and coughing; the distance between them lengthened to as much as ten feet, and then it was more like ten yards.

"Come *on*, Prentice."

Walking on rubber legs, hating Logan with all his heart, he watched the two of them get smaller and smaller as they moved inexorably ahead in the thin yellow light of late afternoon. They turned a corner, going out of sight, and then they disappeared around another corner just when he'd found them again. He knew that if he didn't find them this time he'd be lost, unable to get back to the cellar: He would go on stumbling alone through these heaps of rubble all night, until he fell among the dead. Only once did he find himself in a familiar place—the square where the knocked-off church tower was, and where the litter bearers had dumped their corpse—and he caught a glimpse of Logan and the other man vanishing down one of the streets at its opposite end. Gathering all his strength, he took lumbering, running steps across most of the square; then he had to walk again, and it was some seconds before he could see anything clearly through a red fog that went thin and thick, thin and thick in cadence to the beating of his heart.

At last, toward the end of one more impossibly long street, he saw the overturned French half-track. He had his bearings on the cellar now; all that remained was to stay on his feet and keep them lifting and falling, like a man on a treadmill.

In the gloom of the cellar he found Logan squatting over a pile of overcoats, counting them. Conn or Kahn was tying up the corners of a blanket into which he'd dumped all the K rations, and there was also another load to carry—half a dozen bottles of wine and a great many tall Mason jars of fruit preserves that they'd looted from the shelves of the place. Prentice looked with longing at the armchair he had used last night—surely it would be all right to sit down, just for a minute—and in creeping through the shadows toward it he almost fell over two bodies. They were lying asleep on mattresses—Owens and the gray-haired man, Luchek—and only now did he realize that he hadn't seen either of them all day. They had both complained about their bowels last night: Could it be that they'd simply stayed behind this morning? Then why the hell hadn't he done the same? Another mattress, empty, lay not far away, and Prentice sat in his armchair, looking down at it.

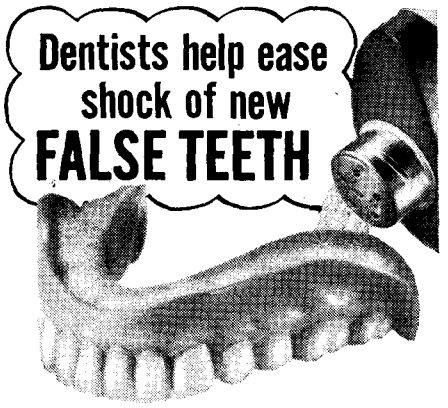
"Owens," Logan was saying. "*Owens*, damn it, will you lift your feet?" He was pulling at an overcoat that had become entangled with Owens's legs. "You've been goofing off here all day," Logan told him, wresting the coat free. "The least you can do is move your feet."

Owens's eyes came open. "Blow it out, Logan," he said. "Don't tell *me* about goofing off." Then, with no change in tone and certainly without a trace of humility, he said, "Listen. Will you find out what happened to the medics? They were supposed to send up for us, hours ago."

Prentice expected Logan to answer this with something like "Maybe they got more important things to do," but all he said, wearily, was "OK. I'll put in another call. Hey *Prentice. Take* this stuff."

And Prentice struggled out of the armchair, slinging his rifle; but he wasn't wholly on his feet before Logan flung a load of six or seven overcoats into his arms, which knocked him back. Very slowly, he managed to force his way up out of the chair again, carrying the coats, and to take three steps toward Logan, the rifle sling slipping from his shoulder.

"And here," Logan was saying. "Take this too, and these. . . ." He was planting Mason jars firmly on top of the load of coats, building them up against Prentice's chest like cordwood. Conn or Kahn was already heading for the door, hauling an immense burden, and Logan was nimbly picking up his own share of



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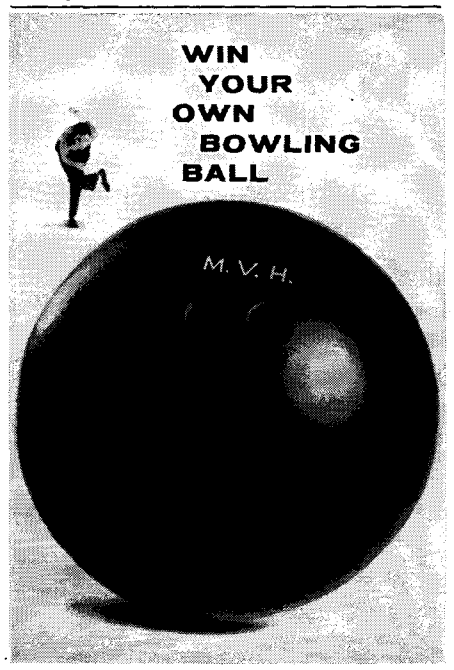

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the load, a stack of coats slung over one shoulder and a burlap sack bulging with food and wine in the other hand. "OK," he said, turning away. "Let's go."

And that was when Prentice gave up. He moved his feet, but instead of going forward they went back—three tottering steps—and he was sprawled in the armchair again with the load on his lap, his helmet coming down hard on the bridge of his nose. One of the Mason jars slid off and rolled away across the floor with a dull, gritty sound.

"Logan," he tried to call, but no sound came. "*Logan . . .*"

"Oh, for God's sake." Logan's voice sounded very far away. "What *now?*"

"I'm sorry, I—listen. Tell the lieutenant I can't—make it. I'm ——"

"And who the hell do you think is going to *carry* all that?"

"I'm sorry. Tell the lieutenant I ——"

"Damn." There was a distant clink and thump as Logan set his own load down, and then Prentice felt the weight on his lap decrease as the jars and overcoats were angrily snatched away. When his trembling arms were free, he reached up and tipped off his helmet and let it fall with a terrible crash. Then he slumped forward out of the chair on one knee, his head hanging, and used the stock of his rifle as a staff to help him walk on his knees across the swaying floor to the edge of the mattress, where he crawled and squirmed his way into total collapse.

Logan was still there, moving around and talking somewhere above him, probably still chewing him out, but he could no longer hear the words. He knew, though, that there was one final thing he had to say to Logan, and that it would have to be said if it took his last breath.

"I know——" he croaked. "I know you think I'm goofing off, Logan. But get this—get this straight. If I'd wanted to goof off, I'd have—done it—a week ago."

There was no way of telling whether Logan made any reply to this, or even whether he'd heard it, or even whether he was still in the room.

Then there was nothing but a silent, spinning darkness, and soon there was a dream in which his mother appeared, saying, "Just rest, now, Bobby. Just rest."

It was diagnosed as pneumonia, and it took five weeks to cure. The hospital, miles farther back from the line than the evacuation hospitals for the wounded, was set up in an old stone building that had once been a Catholic school for girls. It overlooked a scene of gently rolling hills, gray and brown in the February thaw, with neat clusters of undamaged red-tile roofs nestled among them. After the first few days of pain and drugged sleep it became an exquisitely peaceful time for Prentice, a time of warm sponge baths and clean sheets, of low, courteous voices and regular meals.

He had time to write several letters to his mother, explaining that he was hospitalized but not wounded and not really very sick, urging her not to worry and pointing out that the war was almost over; and he devoted most of one letter to a conscientious description of how the Normandy countryside had looked from the train.

And he wrote to Quint, hesitating for a long time over the salutation "Dear John." It turned out to be a difficult letter to write.

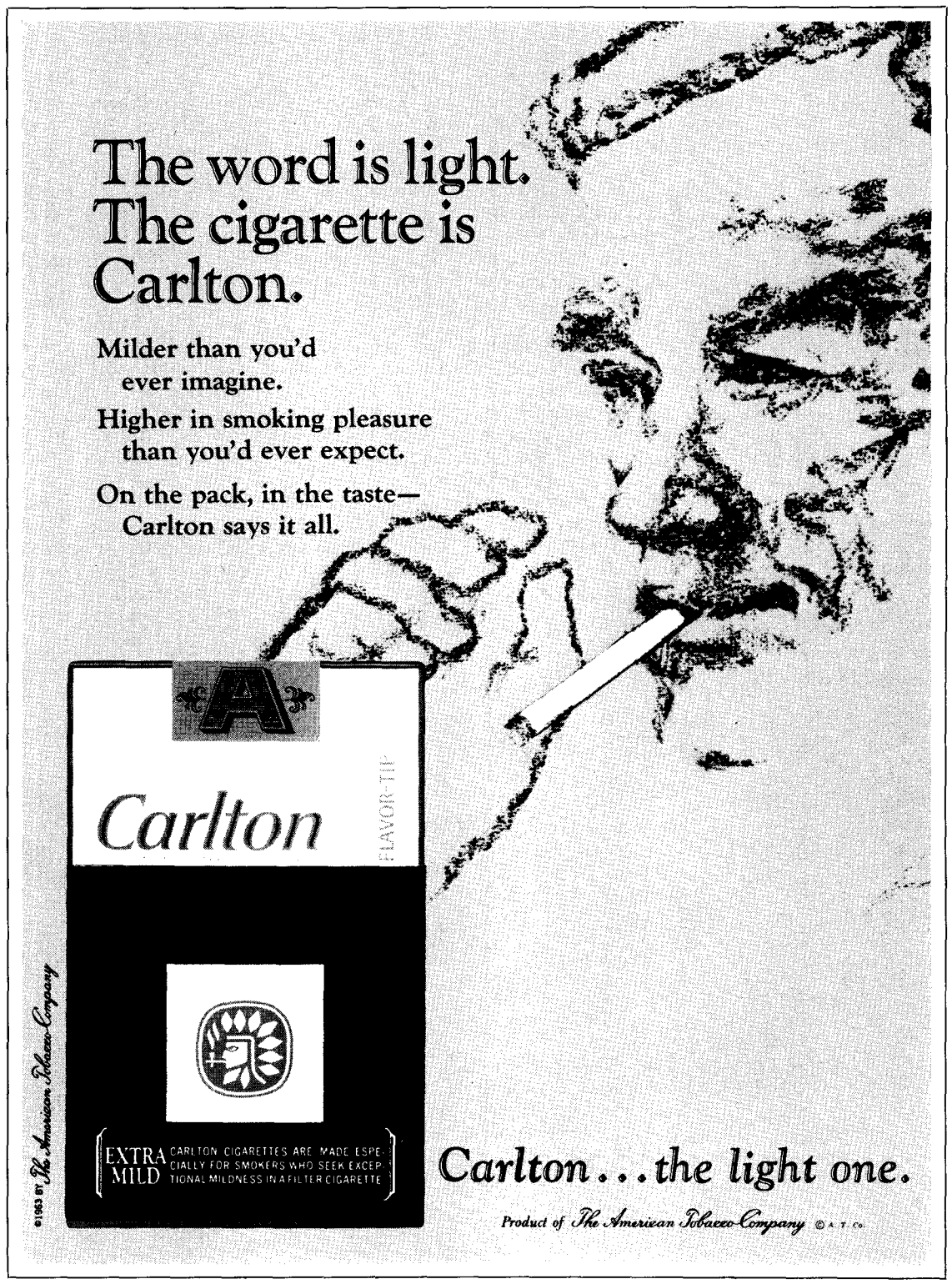
"Sorry I didn't get a chance to see you again that day in Horbourg, before I went back to the medics. . . ." But in his revision of the letter he changed that sentence to read "before they took me back to the medics." It wasn't really a lie—they *had* taken him back. Besides, hadn't Agate made two separate offers to let him go back earlier? And hadn't he refused them both?

"It proved to be pneumonia, just as you predicted. Guess you must have had it, too, and hope they've taken care of you. I've been sort of expecting to see you turn up here, but am told there's more than one hospital in the area, so maybe you went somewhere else. Or maybe you stayed on until the outfit pulled back to Holland, as I'm told they did a few days later. Anyway I hope you're feeling better, wherever you are. We both probably should have gone back when you first suggested it, before the Horbourg business."

And for some reason, after that ticklish part of the letter was written, it was hard to think of other things to say. The last few paragraphs had a falsely hearty sound, like some civilian's idea of the way old Army buddies ought to talk. "Regards to Sam Rand if you see him," he wrote, mentioning a fellow who had come over on the boat with them, and he concluded the letter with, "the best of luck." It was as strange to sign "Bob" as it had been to write "John." Then he put: "P.S.—There seems to be an unlimited amount of your damn Bond Street tobacco in the PX supplies here. Soon as I'm out of bed I'll try to grab as much as I can for you."

He bought four packages of the stuff to take with him and tied them up with a strip of red ribbon torn from one of the Catholic-girls'-school curtains, and he wrote out a little card that said "Merry Christmas." By that time, while he was padding around in a bathrobe and cotton slippers, the news commentators on the ward radio had begun to talk about a Marine Corps landing on an island called Iwo Jima; and not long after that there was another news item that set off whoops and hollers through the pneumonia ward: The First Army had found a German bridge intact and had crossed the Rhine. There were giddy predictions that the European war might be over in a matter of weeks, and this was a little troubling. What if it ended before Prentice got back to the line? Would he then be able to say he'd been in combat, or not?

But there still seemed to be plenty of war left on the day he got his discharge and his clothes. Saying goodbye to his ward acquaintances, and later as he rode in a bouncing truck to the Seventh Army replacement depot, it pleased him to know that he looked like a combat man: his boots looked used, his field jacket and pants were still stained with the mud and the brick-and-plaster dust of Horbourg—and a blanket-scarf Quint had lent him gave the whole costume a rakish, non-regulation touch. At the depot he was aware of glances of shy admiration from two very clean, fresh-from-the-States-looking soldiers who stood waiting in line behind him. How easy it was to play the hero in a setting like this! Here in this room, so many miles from danger any fool and any coward could saunter across the floor in a golden aura of celebrity as long as his clothes were dirty enough to suggest that he'd been "in combat." It wasn't fair, and the unfairness of it made him tighten his face under the scrutiny of these other, newer replacements—yet he was aware too that the very tightening of his face, like the dust and the scarf, had the effect of enhancing his false image.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A couple of days later he was riding north in a truck with a brand-new rifle between his knees, pressed in among a dozen other men from various divisions, rolling along through the tender browns and yellows of the early spring countryside, rumbling through any number of gray, broken towns where old men stared bewildered at the passing truck and children waved.

They had him in and out of the Ninth Army replacement depot in a couple of days too; they had him riding east through the Rhineland in another truck to Division headquarters, then east again in another truck to Regiment, and at last they had him standing alone on a great windless plain in the afternoon, waiting for a jeep from "A" Company to come pick him up.

The driver of the jeep turned out to be Wilson, the supply sergeant, a gaunt, bespectacled man with a long neck, a jutting Adam's apple and a look of chronic displeasure. But Wilson, plainly, had no memory of him. He walked right past him, calling, "where's the man for 'A' Company?" And when Prentice was pointed out to him, his eyes went as blank as his glasses.

"What's your name, soldier?"

"Prentice."

"You a new man?"

"Not really, no. I joined the outfit in Belgium, right after the Bulge."

"Yeah? Funny; I don't recognize you at all."

In the jeep, they rode in silence across a plain, so long and broad and level as to give very little sense of speed. When they'd reached the village, Prentice saw soldiers lounging in the yards of houses and looking out of the windows. All the men were carelessly dressed, and several wore the black silk top hats, looted from German closets, that had lately become an Army fad. Clotheslines were rigged up here and there, heavy with G.I. wash.

"This here's the C.P.," Wilson said, and he brought the jeep to a lurching stop outside the largest of the houses.

Agate was there in the yard, laughing and talking with some men Prentice had never seen before. He looked about the same except that he was clean and shaved and seemed to have gained some weight. Captain's bars gleamed on the shoulders of his washed and shrunken field jacket, and over his left breast, crookedly pinned on, was the rich little ribbon of the Bronze Star.

Approaching him, Prentice wondered if he ought to salute; then in fear of looking silly he decided not to.

"Excuse me, sir. I'm just reporting back from the hospital. My name's Prentice; I don't suppose you rem——"

And by that time Agate's eyes had come slowly into a focus of recognition. "Oh yeah," he said. "You're the fella lost your voice, right?" He didn't offer to shake hands—was that a bad sign?—but his voice and manner were courteous, and Prentice felt a little warmed. "Well, good," he was saying. "We been having it pretty soft up here lately, but I expect things'll start getting noisy again very shortly. . . ."

As he listened, Prentice thought he could see the strolling figure of Logan from the corner of his eye, and he stared fixedly at Agate's face in order to avoid whatever greeting Logan might have for him. Then he risked a full glance in that direction and found that Logan, or whoever it was, had vanished.

"Let's see, now." The captain rubbed the side of his red neck. "Afraid we can't use you as a runner any more. Which platoon was it you were running for? The First?"

"The Second, sir."

"Second, right. Well, you'll find them in the third house down the road; ask for Lieutenant Coverly."

"All right, sir. Thank you." Turning away he wondered again if he should have saluted, but it was too late now.

There were no familiar faces along the road, either, as he made his way down to the Second Platoon. A number of men were loitering in the doorway of the platoon's house, two of them wearing top hats, and they all stared blankly at Prentice, blocking his way.

"Is Lieutenant Coverly here?"

"Inside. In the kitchen." And two of the men moved sullenly aside to let him through. There were other watching strangers in the vestibule of the house, and in the shadowed living room, and in the hall. In the kitchen doorway, the slanting rays of afternoon sun hit him full in the face. He had to stand there blinking for a second, trying to shade his eyes, and then to move into the room and turn before he could see that four men were sitting around the bright kitchen table, drinking coffee out of flowered china cups. All their heads were raised to look at him.

Prentice saw that one of them, a narrow and unimposing man, was wearing lieutenant's bars.

"Lieutenant Coverly?"

"Right. What's up?"

As Prentice explained who he was, other men came into the room. Most of them were unfamiliar to him, too, and as Coverly introduced him he was so preoccupied trying to remember their names that he didn't notice the entrance of another man—let alone see who it was—until he heard Coverly say, "And this is your assistant squad-leader, Sergeant Rand."

"*Sam!*" And Prentice was filled with elation, grabbing and pumping the familiar hand, punching the familiar solid shoulder, while Sam Rand allowed his poker face to break, for once, into a smile of old acquaintance.

"Good to see yew, Prentice," he said, then explained the outburst to the others: "We come over on the same boat."

"I'll be God damned!" Prentice was shouting with a salesman's enthusiasm. "So it's *Sergeant* Rand now—how about that!" He knew it sounded a little excessive, but it did seem important to let them all know that this good and valuable man was his friend.

"Want to come on upstairs, Prentice?" Sam said. "We'll find yew a place to sleep."

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As he followed Sam down the shadowy hallway full of watching eyes, Prentice hoped they would all notice that Sam was carrying part of his gear for him and asking interested, old-buddy questions: "How're yew feeling, Prentice? . . . Where'd they have yew hospitalized? . . ."

It was turning out to be all right, after all. As soon as he'd unpacked his stuff and received permission to leave the house, he would go over to Weapons Platoon and find out about Quint.

"How's Quint?" he asked, starting up the stairs behind Sam's slow, laboring buttocks, and at first he thought he hadn't heard him. "Hey Sam? How's Quint?"

Sam paused on the stairs and looked part of the way back over his shoulder, not quite as far as Prentice's face. "Well," he said, "that's not so good." Then he went on climbing.

"You mean he's still sick?"

"No; worse 'n that."

"You mean he was hit?"

"Come on along in the room," Sam said.

In the room, which smelled of old wallpaper and damp plaster and rifle cleaning fluid, Prentice sat on the edge of a quilted bed and Sam sat on a delicate antique chair.

"It was right after we pulled out of Horbourg," he said. "On the way to Appenwihr—that was the next town we took down there. Anyway, we had to go acrost this big field. The thing is, there was land mines in the field. Not many, but some. Now, I didn't see this happen—Weapons Platoon was followin' some distance behind us, and away over to the left—I didn't see it happen, but I heard about it later. They say Quint stepped on a mine. Now, they say he wasn't hurt too bad—not then. This medic run over and commenced tendin' to him; only just then this other medic comes runnin' over to help, and this other medic set off another mine right up close. They say all three of them was killed outright."

There was a long silence, during which the sound of laughter floated up from the kitchen downstairs and died away: someone had evidently told a joke.

"Real sorry, Prentice," Sam said. "I know yew and him was good friends." His blunt fingers probed inside a pocket of his woolen shirt and brought out a pack of cigarettes. He gave one to Prentice and took one for himself, and he ponderously lit them both with a tiny, expensive-looking lighter that he'd probably looted from some German home. Then he shifted his weight in the creaking chair and blew a long jet of smoke at the floor between his boots. "I saw him only a day or so before it happened," he said. "I told him about yew bein' hit; he felt real bad about that."

"You told him I was *hit?* Jesus, Sam, I wasn't hit. I went back with pneumonia, that's all."

And Sam looked up in mild surprise. "That so? Well, I must of had the wrong information, then. I heard yew was hit in Horbourg." There was another silence, and then Sam got up from the chair and mumbled that he would see him later.

"Wait a second." Prentice was suddenly in terror of being left alone. He wanted to say: Wait a second. Listen. Do you know he would have gone back even before Horbourg if it hadn't been for me? I talked him out of it! And do you realize I went back the next day without even telling him? Without even *telling* him? And how awful it is that he thought I was hit? Sam, for Christ's sake, do you realize I killed him?

But he didn't say any of those things. Instead he said, "Wait a second. I—I've ——" He rummaged in his bag until he found the four packages of Bond Street tobacco, but he didn't bring them out until after he'd torn off the red ribbon and the tag. "You smoke a pipe sometimes, don't you?" he said.

"Sometimes, yeah. Well, that's—that's real nice of yew, Prentice. I 'preciate it." And Sam Rand stood holding the stack of packages in both hands, straightening their edges with his fingers.

Then he was gone, and Prentice was alone in silence that rang with all his shrill, unspoken words: Sam, for Christ's sake, do you realize I killed him? □

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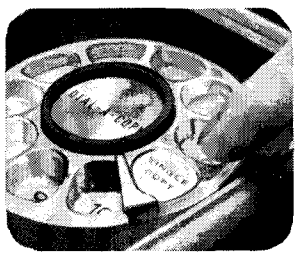

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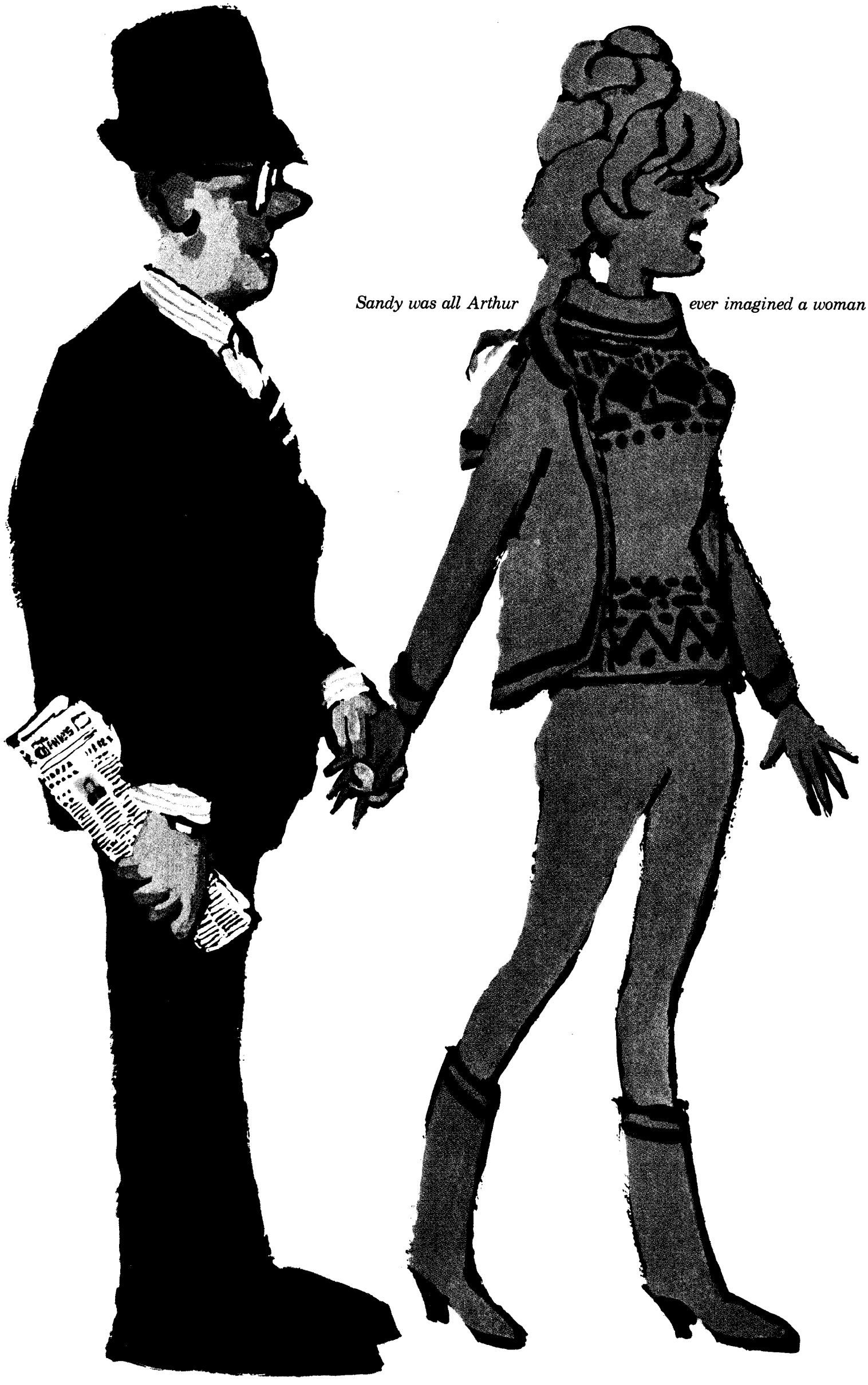
Sandy was all Arthur ever imagined a woman could be . . .



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. . . but Mimsie was his wife.

Many men dream
of being unfaithful to their wives—
and Arthur had found the
simplest, the most economical and
foolproof way of all.

THE SECRET INFIDELITY OF ARTHUR NYDES

By ANN BAYER

For the last few weeks Mimsie Nydes had awakened from sleep with a question on her lips: Is it the fact, Arthur, that when you smile it is with your lower teeth? Is it the fact that you are only twenty-seven yet you wear space shoes? Is it the fact that whenever *you* set the table, you always set an extra place? Sometimes, as she lay in the dark, Mimsie would say aloud, "I am not Mrs. Middle Majority," or "I am more than a symbol in the human equation." Her husband barely stirred, and Mimsie wished that, through some caprice of fate, she were lying in the arms of the statue of Atlas in Rockefeller Center.

In the morning, Arthur stepped on the baby's banana in his socks, and Mimsie mused about a divorce. She saw herself sketched into the Mark Trail comic strip. The black-and-white boxes showed her wrapping Bernice, their baby, in a shawl and, although the sun was shining and there was no snow on the ground, slipping across fields of ice to the wanton asylum of the woodsman's cabin.

After she had driven Arthur to the Tuckahoe station to catch his commuter train into New York, Mimsie telephoned the grocery store and gave her order to a man whose voice reminded her of a television advertisement for Colombian coffee. She imagined a half-naked Latin peasant with a sack of coffee beans on his back sauntering toward her. He was singing a Spanish love song. Mimsie's own voice quavered as she asked for "a dozen radishes very red, two tomatoes very firm." By the time she hung up, both Mimsie and the grocer were lounging against a pile of freshly roasted beans, and he was asking her the particulars of her girlhood in upstate New York.

As Arthur sat at his desk in the Lexington Avenue travel agency where he worked, he could see Sandy waving to him through the glass partition. She sat down in the vestibule and leafed through pamphlets, waiting patiently for Arthur to take her to lunch. Sandy gave only a cursory glance to the exotic locales pictured in the folders, poring instead over the glossy descriptions of resorts, motels and ranches in the United States. She loved to swim and to ride. She enjoyed taking trips to Niagara Falls and Mount Rushmore. She hoped she would one day see a rodeo.

At lunchtime Arthur took Sandy across the street for a sandwich. She ordered peanut butter and jelly on white bread and a Coke. During the meal Arthur told her a joke about a drunk who wanders into the planetarium, while Sandy listened, biting into the center of

Illustrated by Bill Charmatz

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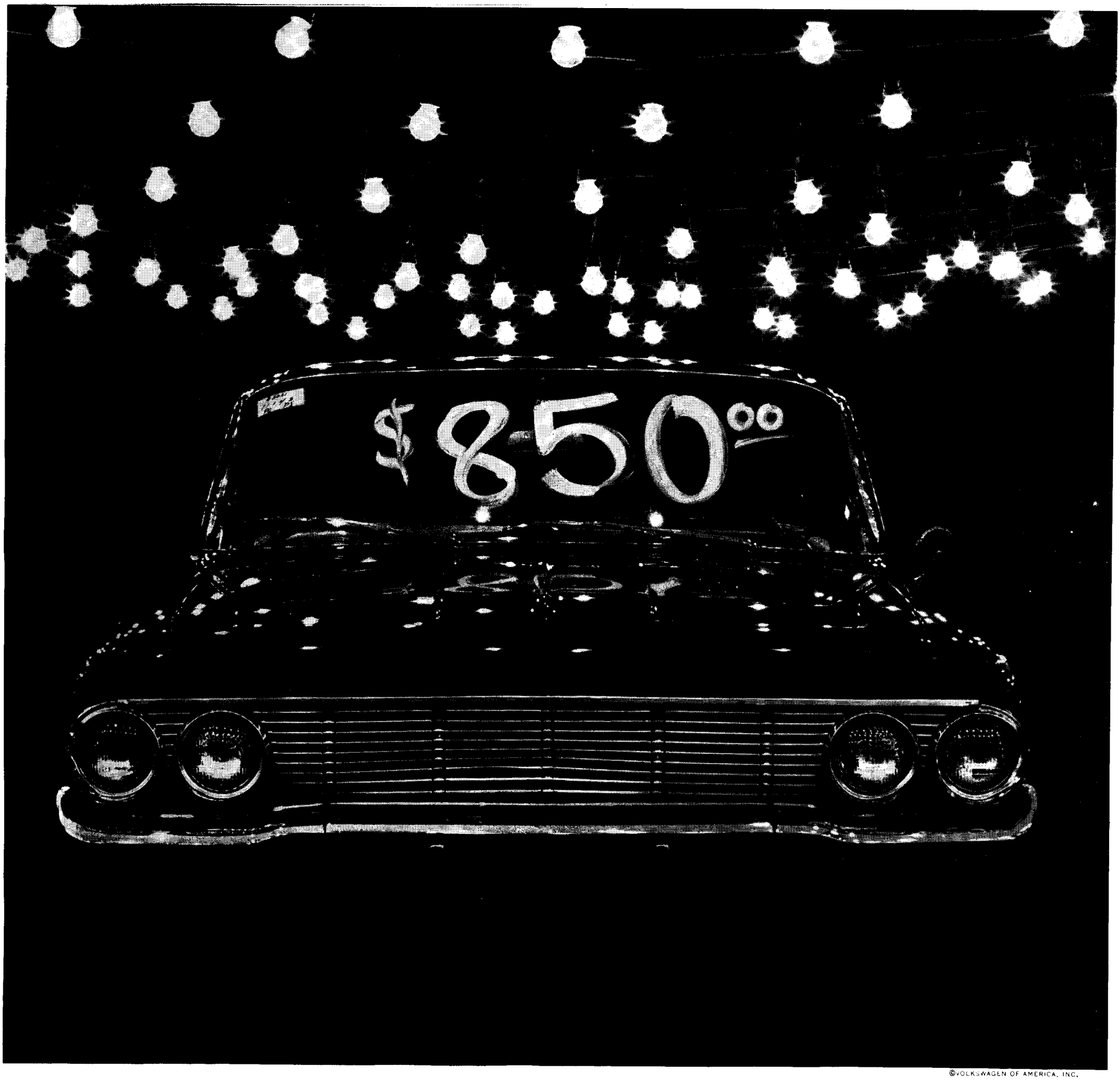

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Price	$ 1,700	$ 850
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Tires @ $28 ea.	112 (40,000 mi/set)	336 (20,000 mi/set.)
Oil @ 60¢ qt.	42 (2.7 qts. fills it)	57 (needs 5 qts.)
Anti-freeze	0 (air-cooled eng.)	45 (water-cooled eng.)
Cost for 5 years	$ 2,682	$ 2,888

So you're at least $206 ahead if you buy the VW. (We didn't even count the extra $100 it saves on lower insurance and registration fees in many states.)

If you buy the new VW, you won't have to worry about why the first owner sold it. (And you won't have to pay for the expensive ailments that can hit an old Something Else.)

Now then. We don't have a crystal ball, but today's market is an interesting clue to the future.

After 5 years, the used car will probably be a 9-year-old candidate for the junk heap. But the VW will probably just be reaching its prime.

(Check the classified ads and you'll find 5-year-old VWs selling for $600 to $900, depending on the shape they're in.)

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(Think of the money you'll save by driving it for another 5 years.)

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ARTHUR NYDES

her sandwich so that jam stuck to both cheeks. After the punch line, Sandy waited for Arthur to continue, and the tenderness he felt toward her innocence could scarcely be contained.

The waitress put a dish of strawberry ice cream in front of him, and Arthur placed it before Sandy. "I sometimes think," he said, "that Mimsie is a little jealous of us. She's been acting oddly."

"Dog in the manger," said Sandy.

"After all, it's not as if I've been playing some kind of ——"

"Cat-and-mouse."

"—some kind of game. She knows she can trust me."

"The leopard can't change his spots," was all Sandy would say.

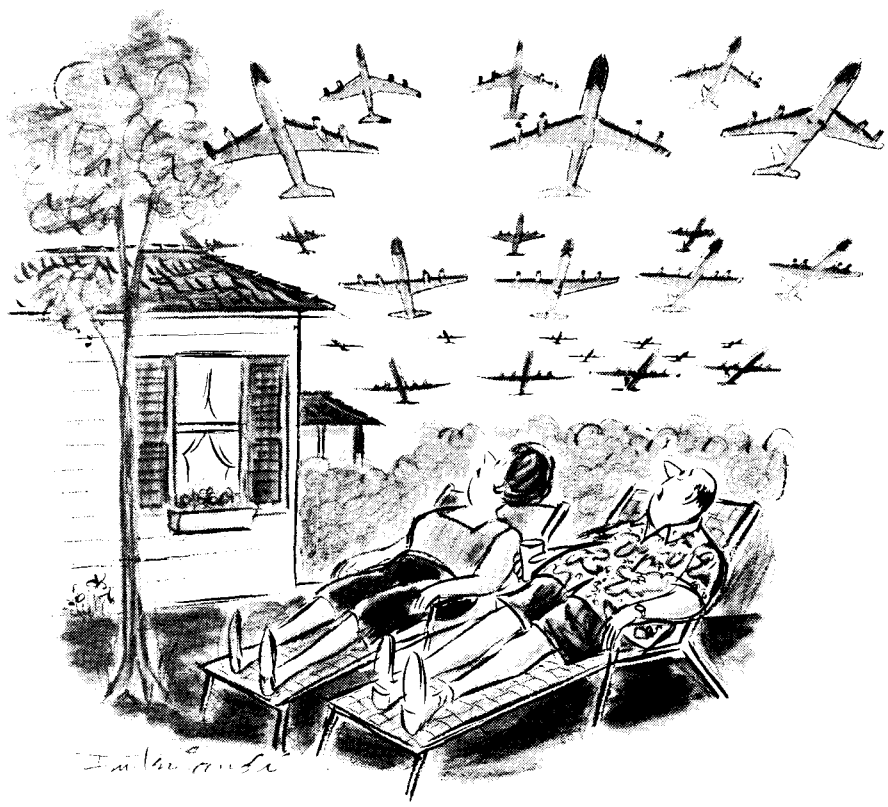
When they had finished dessert, Sandy went shopping, and Arthur returned to the office.

Mimsie heard the mailman's footsteps approach the house, and she peered at him through the kitchen window as he walked down their driveway. Why, she wondered, did his step sound light and boyish when in fact he must be over sixty? Suddenly she imagined him saying to himself over and over, "Mrs. Nydes, I kiss your electric bill. I kiss your dermatologist's bill. I kiss your alumnae bulletin." She watched the letters drop through the slit in the front door, her hands pressed against her mouth and her eyes huge.

The alumnae magazine had indeed arrived in the morning's mail, and Mimsie turned to the news of the class of '59. Wanda, her ex-roommate, had, she read, sustained injuries from an accident involving a deck-tennis net while on a solitary cruise on the Inland Waterway. *Lucky girl,* thought Mimsie, and she stiffened to see her own name printed farther down. "Mimsie Dexter Nydes sends a hi to Wanda and states, 'Yours Truly is worn to a frazzle caring for three boys (aged five, four and three respectively, plus one on the way—maybe!), one dog (a he) one cat (neuter), six guppies (gender uncertain), a pair of lovebirds (both females, no less) and one husband (all man!). Arthur and I will have been married six years next month (ouch), and he's still the racing-car buff he was junior year in Dodsworth Hall (remember the tandem incident?—of which the less said the better!!!). We've lately been eying a Jaguar XK-E; not very practical for a family of five (6???). . . .'" Mimsie lowered the magazine and stared unseeing at Bernice, who had got into the sewing kit and was about to mouth the pincushion. Almost none of what she had written to her class representative was true. Of children there was only Bernice, and of cars there was only the Oldsmobile they had picked up in a used-car lot in Port Chester soon after they were married.

During his afternoon break, Arthur left the office and walked to the barbershop where he had arranged to meet Sandy. He asked her if she minded waiting while he had his hair cut. She gave him a playful kiss behind the ear and told him a trim would make him look "less like a wolf in sheep's clothing." Then she settled herself happily in a chair with a magazine that featured on its cover a collie and a little boy with a hearing aid.

The barber plugged in the clippers. "The only reason I'm in this racket," the barber said abruptly, "is because my name means 'shrub scissors' in German. A barber is mortal like everyone else. He ages and dies, and then where is he? All his work grows back. I keep



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Quick, Martha, get me another drink and go turn the radio on!"

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America, America

ARTHUR NYDES

"Sorry, but we reserve the right not to tell the full price until after purchase"

having a daydream. My partner calls up my wife (her maiden name means 'wreath of chestnuts') and says, 'Brace yourself, Alice, there's been this terrible, terrible accident.' That's all. Just my wife being notified 'there's been a terrible, terrible accident.' Never raise your boy to be a barber."

"I don't have a boy," said Arthur.

The faucet leaked, and Mimsie telephoned the plumber. She asked him when he could come over. "I have some business to attend to first," he said. In her mind, Mimsie saw the plumber bending down in his overalls to make sure nobody was hiding beneath his workbench. Then, after locking his door, he appeared to take a gigantic beef bone from his lunch pail and rip off a piece of raw meat with his teeth, leaving the rest shredded and dripping blood. "Don't bother," she told him. "I'll fix it." Mimsie hard-boiled an egg and tried to get her emotions under control.

Is it because, Arthur, you use words like "splendiferous" and "greater love hath no man" about the new incinerator? Mimsie wondered. Is it because you make me sit all the way over on the far side of the front seat when you drive? Mimsie's face stayed dead still, but in her thoughts she was twirling through the house slamming closed the shutters, drawing blinds, pulling the curtain cords, boarding up the windows.

Arthur was still worried about his wife as Sandy walked him back to the office. "You don't suppose," he said, stopping and turning to Sandy, "that Mimsie resents my seeing you so much?" Sandy said something about a "red herring" and giggled. Then, with a wave, she hurried off to Radio City Music Hall to catch a pageant she had seen four times before and of which she never tired.

When the boy came with the groceries, Mimsie let him in the back door and tipped him. He turned to go, and Mimsie's blood seemed to thicken as she found herself imagining that the delivery boy, in one deft motion, stripped off his T-shirt and dropped down on one knee. His left arm swung over and grabbed the biceps of his right. She was standing only a foot away from him, and he thrust out his chest toward her.

At five-thirty Arthur switched on the glass globe in the window of the travel agency. He retied his space shoes, said good-bye to his boss, and strolled toward Grand Central Station to catch the 6:05 to Tuckahoe. Sandy was to meet him on the train. Inside the terminal there was an enormous new Kodak camera snapshot stretched across the far end of the concourse. It showed a young father turning into the yard of his Westchester-looking house, his necktie flopped over the shoulder of his jacket, his young children clinging merrily to his long legs. A young mother was standing in the doorway, holding a tricycle with one hand and waving to the young father with the other. A beaming, lower-teeth smile started over Arthur's face. All at once he was the aspiring onlooker squatting in the corner of the picture, immortalizing the scene with his Kodak camera.

But once through the black gateway which leads to the railway platform, his mood changed. Every day at this moment he had the same fantasy. As he walked with the crowd down into the darkness of the waiting train, both arms dragged down by his briefcase and newspaper, he had the feeling that he was a displaced person. Along with the other D.P.'s, he was being perpetually herded from one temporary shelter to the next. The refugee camps through which they traveled were gray and overcrowded, the food was bad, the cots hard. In his briefcase were all the belongings he had in the world. However, as soon as Arthur stepped into the brightly lit no-smoker (cigarette smoke made Sandy sneeze) with its clean wicker seats and roomy aisles, the fantasy vanished. He was once again Arthur Nydes on his way to Tuckahoe. He tossed his briefcase onto the overhead rack and folded his newspaper twice lengthwise. The car filled up, and a white-haired gentleman chose the seat next to his, pushing his body forcibly against Arthur's as he sat down. "I'm sorry," Arthur said, "this seat's taken."

The stranger looked around. People were jamming the aisle; there were no more empty seats.

"I'm waiting for a young lady," Arthur explained.

"But the train's already moving."

The conductor elbowed his way over to them. "You're not going to give me any more trouble this evening, are you, Mr. Nydes?" he said.

Arthur made his eyes look determined.

"You know what I wish?" the conductor said, tearing off his hat and laying his hand flat on the top of his head. "I wish I were in a coma in Roosevelt Hospital. I wish I were home writing my will."

Arthur hesitated. "I suppose this once Sandy could sit on my lap," he told himself, and indicated to the stranger that he was free to take the seat if he must.

Sandy was his dream-girl. She resembled, more than anyone else, Miss Rheingold, except that she disliked beer. She had a scrubbed look, her cheeks glowed like hundred-watt bulbs, her breath smelled of salt spray. He had invented her since his marriage to Mimsie. She rode with him on the train, sat on the front seat between his wife and himself when Mimsie picked him up at the station, and shared their bed. Sometimes Sandy was dressed in a tweed skirt and a heathery sweater. At other times she was dressed in a two-piece bathing suit and would sit beside him on a striped beach towel while he read his newspaper. This time, although it was summer, she wore a ski outfit made up of a Norwegian jacket with a hood, elastic ski pants and high, fur-lined boots.

When it was time to drive to the station to pick up her husband, Mimsie put Bernice into her carriage and found the car keys. As she opened the door she was aware that their Siamese cat, Thomas, was looking at her appraisingly. His crossed eyes traveled slowly up and down her figure, and she shuddered to find herself hoping that Thomas had noticed her straight seams and even hem.

Next door Mr. McKinley, a retired submarine dietitian, was painting the flagstone path that went through his garden. He straightened up and came forward to greet Mimsie. "Good evening, Mrs. Nydes," he said. "It's a dry season." Mr. McKinley stooped to wiggle his fingers at Bernice. "I'll take good care of her for you," he said, but Mimsie was staring past him at the freshly painted flagstones. Scrawled on top of them she seemed to see various declarations: "Mimsie Nydes is my soul's darling," "Mimsie Nydes, Siren of Tuckahoe," and, simply, "I love Mimsie Nydes."

"You are," said Mimsie, slowly, "a very kind man."

The train pulled in at the Tuckahoe junction, and Arthur jumped out. In his mind he helped Sandy down the steps. He looked for his wife's car, but she had not yet driven up. It was chilly and windy on the quickly deserted platform, and Arthur was glad that Sandy was warmly dressed. As always when Mimsie was late, Arthur saw Jane Merton appear on the opposite platform, carrying her books. She was waiting for the train to take her to Mount Vernon for her twice-a-week speed-reading lesson. Jane was a sophomore in school and could already read *David Copperfield* in twenty minutes.

Arthur was, for an instant, overwhelmed with yearning. "Jane is awfully pretty, don't you think?" he said.

"There are plenty of fish in the sea," said his dream-girl.

"Hello, Mr. Nydes," said Jane, calling across the tracks.

"How's your reading speed these days, Jane?"

"I hate reading fast, but Daddy says getting things done quickly is the only way to get ahead in life."

"Dog eat dog," said Sandy, but Jane didn't hear.

"Someday I'm going to run away and drink moonshine whisky and go blind. Then I'll write to Daddy and tell him I'm learning Braille."

"A good way to outfox him," Sandy said.

Mimsie pulled to a halt at the platform and moved close to the window on the passenger's side. After saying goodbye to Jane, Arthur waited for Sandy to climb awkwardly past the steering wheel before he himself got into the car. Sandy leaned her head back, her mittened hands in her lap, allowing Arthur to bend sideways and kiss his wife on the cheek. Mimsie wondered briefly what it would be like to be kissed by the pre-Columbian stone head she had once seen on display in front of the Seagram Building.

Driving home, Arthur was uplifted by the squeals of children leaping over the sprinklers of Tuckahoe and by a chorus of barking dogs trotting unleashed along the road. He wanted to tell Mimsie about his plans to move to Bronxville eventually. He wanted to share with her the hope that one day Bernice would study speed-reading, too. He would even have liked to say that Sandy was just a sideline, a kind of stopgap, a fringe benefit like the half fares his agency gave out to war veterans. However, if Sandy weren't here now, he would feel strangely alone, the way he felt when he saw Jane Merton or when, as a displaced person, he boarded his evening train.

Mimsie reminded her husband, as they drove into the driveway, that Bernice was over with Mr. McKinley. Taking Arthur's hand, Sandy skipped across the hedge separating the two houses. She clapped her hands in joy as Arthur scooped up the baby, who had been licking the paint off Mr. McKinley's flagstones.

"That's some girl," said Mr. McKinley.

For a moment Arthur thought he was referring to Sandy, until he remembered Bernice.

"Ever have any children?" Arthur asked.

"You wouldn't believe I've got two daughters, both living within a five-mile radius, would you? Never come around, either of them."

"That's how you separate the sheep from the goats," said Sandy.

Mr. McKinley went right on. "One day soon they'll hear sirens and see people running and smoke issuing into the sky. When they realize whose house

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it is, the whole fire department will have to restrain them from running in and pulling me out. I'll be hollering from the upper story just as it collapses, and all they'll ever find is a charred dog tag and my signet ring."

Arthur held the baby a little closer and hurriedly thanked Mr. McKinley for minding her.

Once inside the hallway of the Nydeses' house, Sandy stamped some imaginary snow off her boots and blew on her fingers. Arthur asked her if she would like a drink, and she told him she'd love some Ovaltine.

It always caused Arthur pain to have Sandy see the way his wife kept house. Newspapers were spread over the kitchen floor because of the cat. There were often no napkins for the table. The vacuum cleaner was all in pieces on the living-room rug. Pictures, instead of hanging on the walls, were leaning against them. Sandy never complained and willingly pitched in with the cleaning up.

Sandy hung her Norwegian jacket in the closet. Underneath she was wearing an oversized pullover. It made Arthur rejoice. In his thoughts he lifted Sandy off her feet and swung her around. She laughed her salt-spray laugh and called him a wolf, and Arthur's world exploded with radiant lights.

Mimsie was not a good cook. She put milk into the Thousand Island dressing and forgot to wash the lettuce. Watching Arthur, as usual, set the table for three, Mimsie contemplated asking for a trial separation. Sandy was a hearty eater, and when the husband and wife sat down to dinner, Arthur was gratified at the gusto with which he imagined Sandy was devouring the meal. So happy did he feel that he neglected to criticize the slovenly way Mimsie had prepared his vegetables.

Throughout most of the dinner, neither Arthur nor Mimsie spoke. Mimsie could see the upstairs windows swinging closed, the shades unwinding themselves, the Venetian blinds, like ship-to-ship blinker signals, opening and shutting. She could hear from each room the whistling, groaning, scraping of shutters, latches, cords, handles closing for good and forever.

"Help yourself," Mimsie said, pushing the silver bowl of sour cream toward her husband. The bowl had been a wedding present. Once she had told him that she was going to dissolve their marriage, Mimsie would let him keep all the wedding presents. She would let him keep Thomas, the cat.

"No, you first," Arthur said, in a way which revealed his lower teeth. He nudged the bowl back across the table. Mimsie shook her head violently. "But you *like* it on your strawberries," he said, urging her.

"I am no longer a friend of sour cream," Mimsie said. The baby began to cry, and she left the table and ran upstairs.

"What's wrong with Mimsie?" Arthur asked his dream-girl, who was dishing out the sour cream onto her own strawberries in giant spoonfuls.

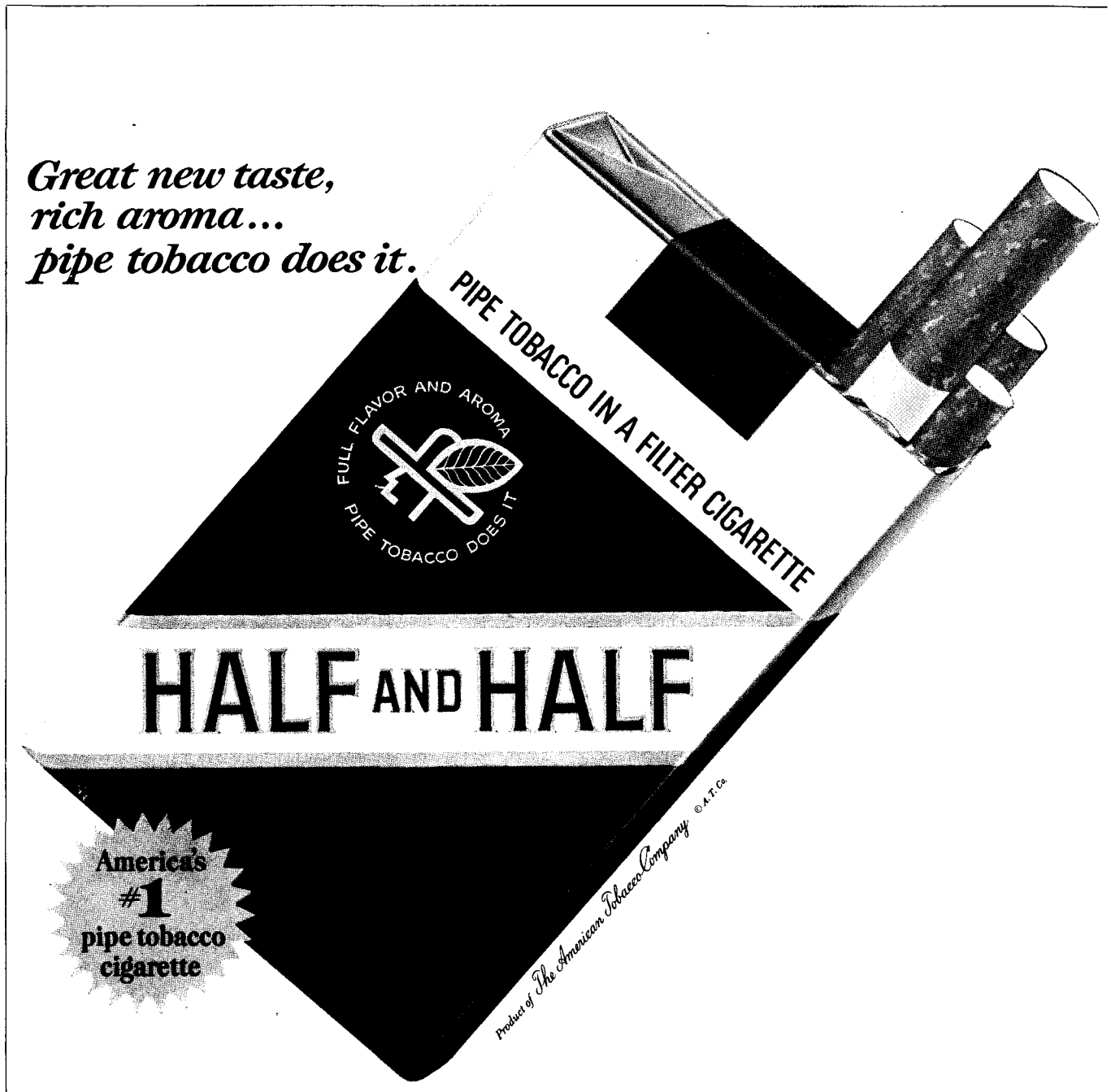
"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," she said.

Arthur looked at her hard. She was the girl in the grandstand, waving the school banner. The girl paddling in the bow of the aluminum canoe. The girl holding the tricycle. Without her, what would happen to him?

That evening Arthur went to bed early, and Sandy, in a pair of his pajamas, climbed in beside him. Mimsie had not gone back downstairs and lay now where Arthur always insisted, on the far edge of the bed. As he had done in the car, Arthur leaned over and kissed her. "I hope you're not still upset, Mimsie," he said softly. "You mustn't be. The strawberry season doesn't last long anyway."

Then Arthur put his arms around Sandy. She smelled of cocoa. She had the inviting quality of a movie travelogue and seemed to be inviting him right into her bear-hug embrace.

When last heard from, the Nydeses were still living in Tuckahoe. Bernice has made many new friends at kindergarten, and her parents are proud of her. The man from the dry cleaners, whose name is Cecil, occasionally comes to pick up the clothes while Bernice is at school. Sandy is thinking of taking up bowling. The bowling alley is just a block from Stouffer's, where she often goes with Arthur for lunch. □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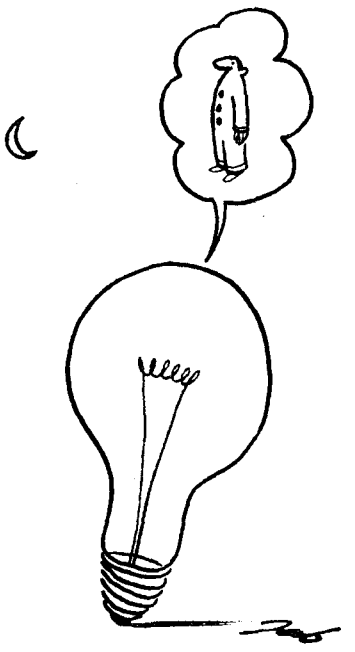
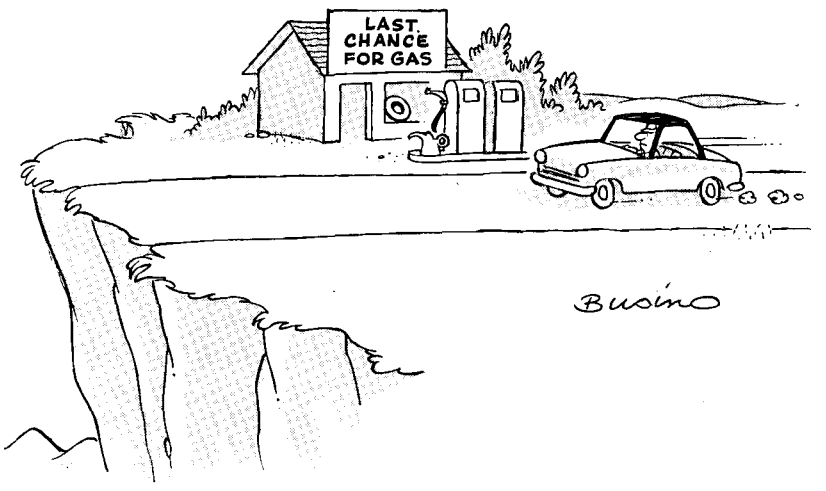
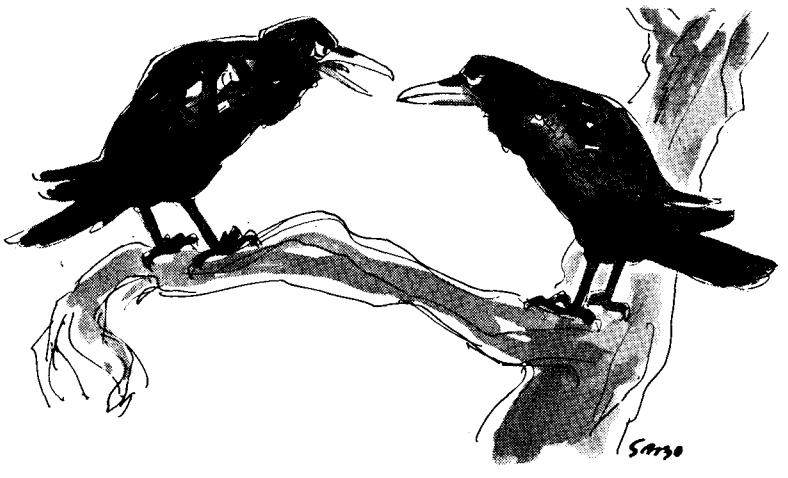
Post scripts

"*Well, this is unexpected! Secret plans, you say?*"



"*Now, now, Mr. Bailey, first let's master the basics. . . .*"





"*Of course people can't think—they just repeat what they hear.*"

"*Maybe we can get some kind of book and straighten her teeth ourselves.*"

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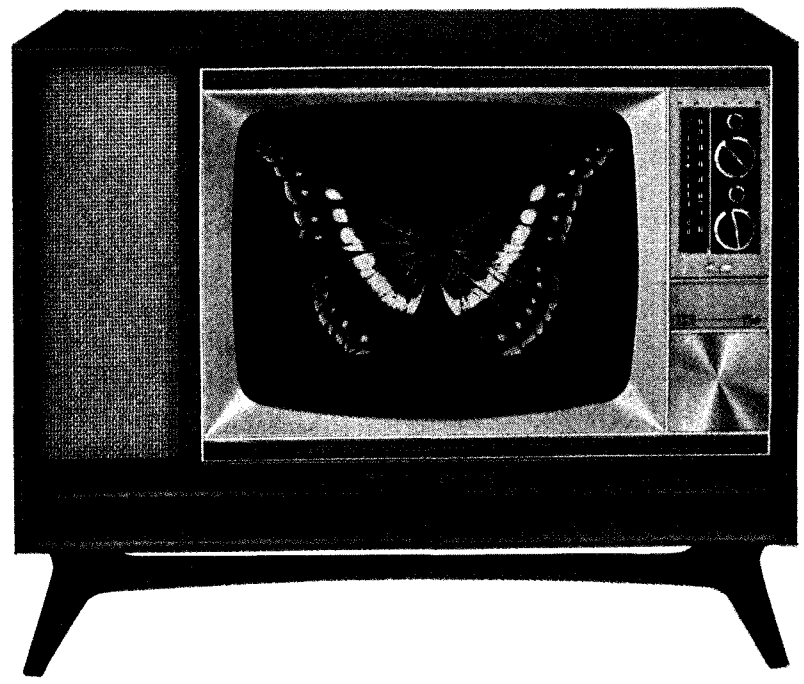

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Must your body wear out?

New electronic devices can replace damaged human nerves, muscles and even hearts, helping the crippled to walk and the dying to live.

By C. P. Gilmore

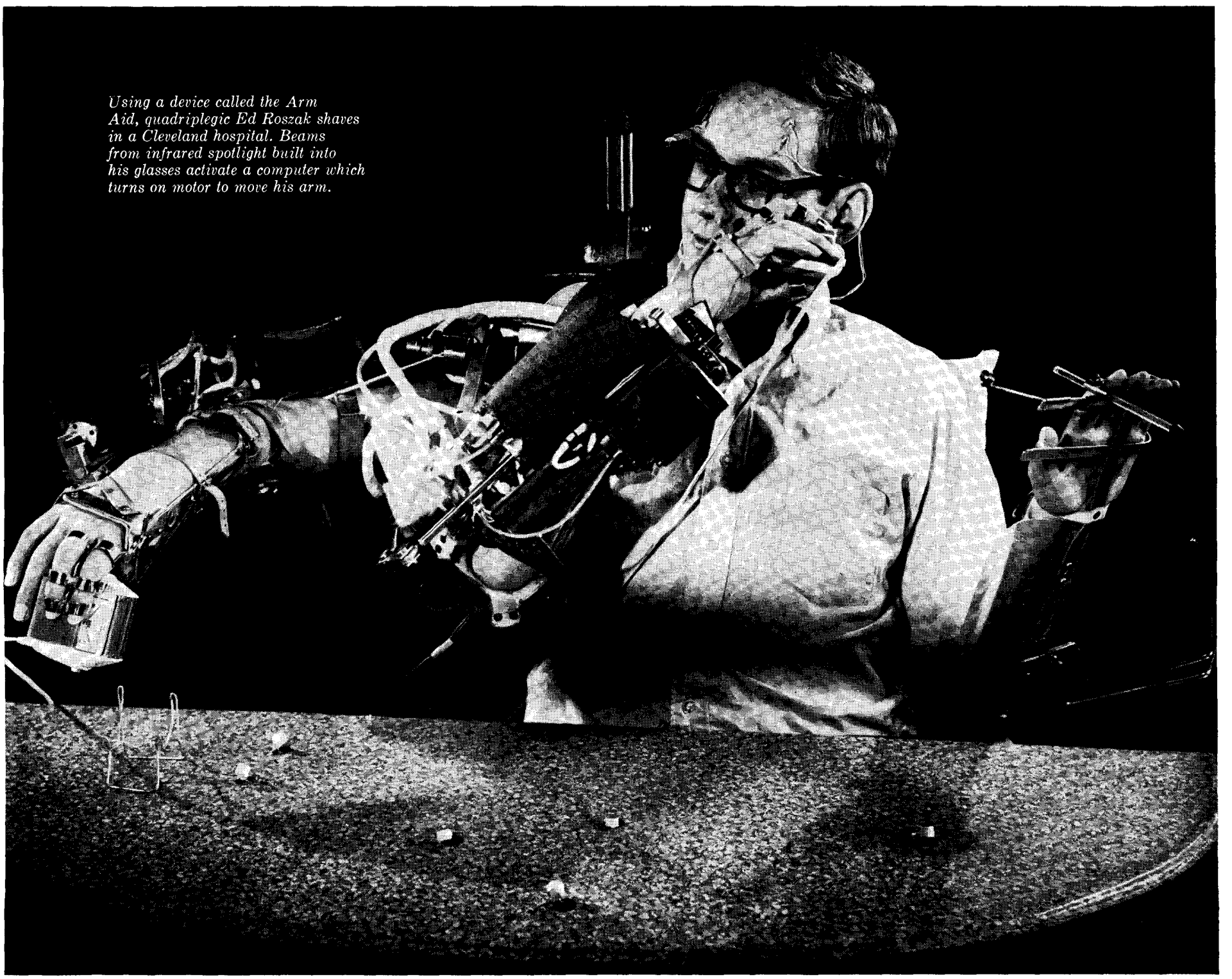
In a Cleveland hospital a youth paralyzed from the neck down extends his arm, grasps a fork, and begins to eat. An electronic device wired to his arm makes the movement possible.

In Rochester, N.Y., a man with dangerously high blood pressure puts in a 40-hour-plus week running his parking lot; in his spare time he's an enthusiastic swimmer, sailor and skin diver. A small electronic unit buried in his neck regulates his blood pressure and keeps it at a safe level.

In New York City a team of physicians and engineers has developed an electronically controlled artificial auxiliary heart. Tests in experimental animals prove that it works well. Soon—perhaps this month—doctors will install the device in human patients dying of certain types of heart disease.

These are but three of the new weapons in a growing arsenal of electronic "spare parts" becoming available for use in the war against disease and injury. A few are now in clinical use; most are still experimental. But already they promise new ease and even life itself to hundreds of thousands of Americans suffering from heart trouble, paralysis and a wide assortment of other ills. "I think medicine is due for an explosion in this area," says a leader in the field, Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz of Brooklyn's Maimonides Hospital. "The future is so powerful it's awesome."

The principle behind this dramatic new medical approach is simple. The human body operates largely on electrical signals. Minute pulses of electricity—millions of them every second—race through the miles of nerve fibers to control muscles, organs and glands. Sometimes, when an organ or muscle fails, a small electronic device can be attached to or surgically implanted in a patient's body and wired directly to the ailing part. Electrical



Using a device called the Arm Aid, quadriplegic Ed Roszak shaves in a Cleveland hospital. Beams from infrared spotlight built into his glasses activate a computer which turns on motor to move his arm.

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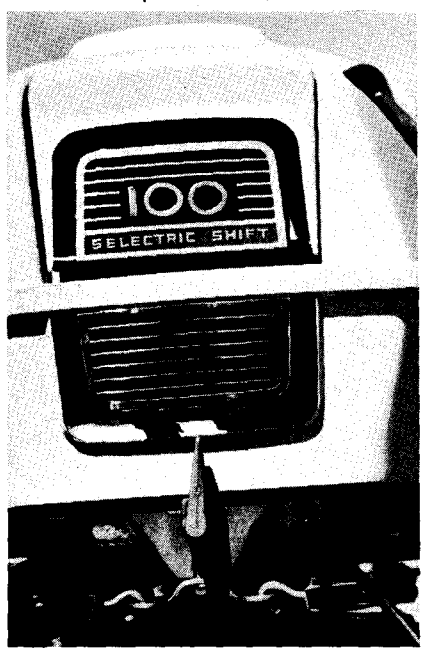
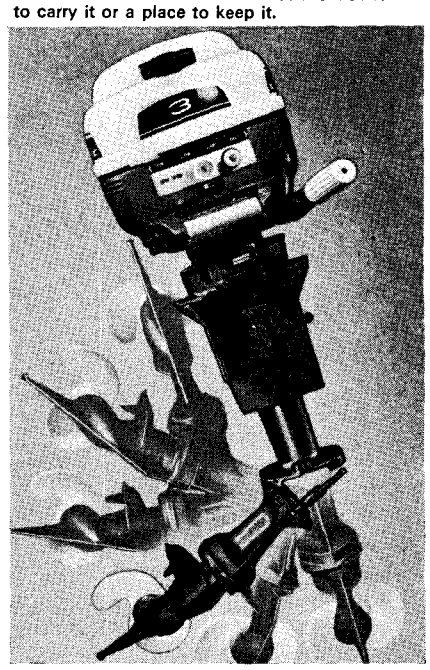


RUMOR: "Evinrude has a motor that fits in a traveling case."

FACT: True. And the traveling case comes with the motor. New 3-foot, 3 hp Evinrude STOWAWAY folds and stores in a 2-foot plastic carrying case. Goes everywhere — choice of weedless or high thrust drive. Stows anywhere — car trunk, closet, bedroom or basement. Made to order for fishermen, campers — everyone who has ever wanted an outboard but never had room to carry it or a place to keep it.



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Most 'spare parts' are still in experimental stage.

impulses generated by the device prod the defective organ or muscle into working. Or if an organ is too weak to operate, an electronically controlled artificial organ may be installed.

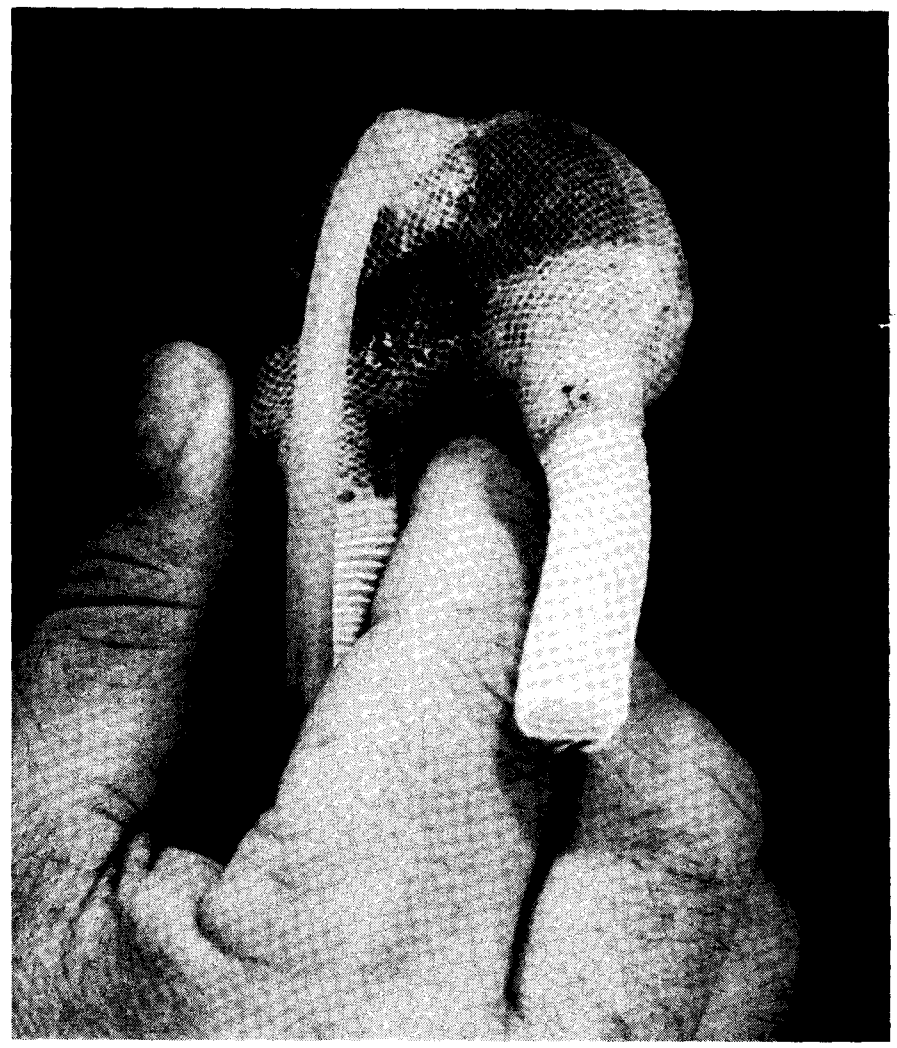
The principle can even be applied to that vital organ, the heart. I first saw such a device in operation at the Edward Neimeth Institute for Medical Research at Maimonides Hospital last February. The patient—a nameless, yellowish-brown mongrel—was already anesthetized when the team of surgeons entered the operating room. Wearing a green, pajama-like surgical suit and facial mask, Dr. Franz Gradel opened the dog's chest and pushed aside the ribs, revealing the beating heart. Then, across the arch of the aorta, the great artery through which the heart pumps blood to most of the body, Gradel and his assistants installed a double-walled plastic bulb the size of a clenched fist.

Two wires were stitched into the pulsing heart and connected to an electronic control unit on a nearby table. A tube ran from the control unit to the plastic bulb—the artificial heart—in the dog's chest. Each time the dog's real heart beat, the implanted electrodes picked up the natural electrical signal generated by the heart and triggered the unit on the table. Compressed air shot back through the plastic tube to squeeze the artificial heart and pump blood into the aorta.

This "booster heart" will find wide application in two principal types of heart trouble. The first is coronary heart disease, which kills more than 500,000 Americans every year. In a coronary attack, one of the coronary arteries—the vessels that supply blood to the heart muscle itself—becomes clogged and fails to deliver enough blood. Part of the heart muscle, starved for blood, dies. Some victims succumb immediately. Many others survive one or more attacks and with rest and medical treatment—including anticoagulants—make a fairly good recovery. But the severely damaged heart is under a double strain. It must heal itself and at the same time continue to pump enough blood to keep the body alive. The strain often becomes too much for the injured muscle, and here the plastic booster pump may save a life threatened by another attack.

The second trouble the booster heart will help is called myocardial insufficiency. The heart muscle simply wears out. Its pumping power decreases over

Doctors at Brooklyn's Maimonides Hospital plan to install this booster heart in a human patient soon. The device may save thousands threatened by coronary attacks.



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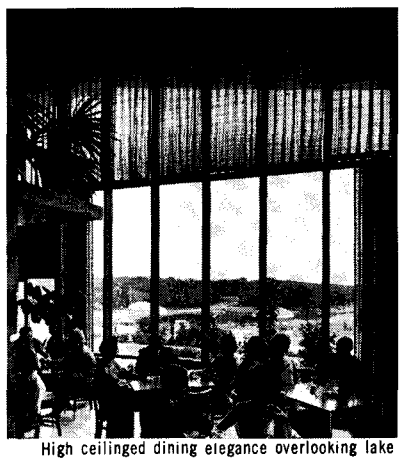
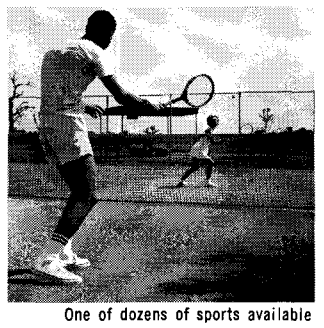
One of 5 lakes at Hilltop . . . Notice $1 million lodge on hill in distance

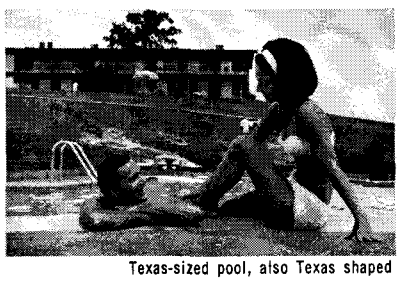
Championship course lined with flowering dogwoods and oaks



High ceilinged dining elegance overlooking lake



One of dozens of sports available



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a long period until the amount of blood it can push through the circulatory system isn't enough to sustain life. An estimated 50,000 in the U.S. die of this disease each year.

In either case—worn-out heart or heart muscle damaged by coronary attack—the patient desperately needs more pumping power to help the weakened heart do its job. "And that," says Doctor Kantrowitz, head of the team that developed the artificial device, "is what the booster heart supplies."

Kantrowitz, a stocky, handsome man who likes to illustrate his conversations by jabbing at appropriate areas of a large plastic heart that sits on his desk, began working on the booster about four years ago. For assistance with technical problems, he called on his brother, Dr. Arthur Kantrowitz, a prominent physicist and director of the Avco-Everett Research Laboratory of Everett, Mass.

With the help of Dr. Tetsuzo Akutsu, they designed the booster in the form of a short, fat, U-shaped sausage. The outside is made of rigid plastic. Inside, like an inner tube in a tire, is a flexible membrane that alternately expands and contracts. Each time it contracts, it forces blood through the circulatory system, gently but firmly.

The electronic control system, wired directly to the patient's natural heart to assure proper timing of the booster's beats, remains outside the body. Wires from it and a tube from the power unit that supplies the compressed air to operate the booster are connected through a plastic stopper installed in the chest. The connecting plug effectively becomes a part of the skin and seals out infection. The control unit can be plugged in or unplugged like an electric appliance. So far, the smallest ones built weigh about four pounds and can be carried on a belt around the waist.

Patients may not have to carry the control unit at all. "I think ten or twelve hours of booster heart pumping a day may be enough in most cases," says Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz. "If we take half the load off a patient's heart for roughly half the time, we're giving the heart a tremendous rest. It will tend to heal itself."

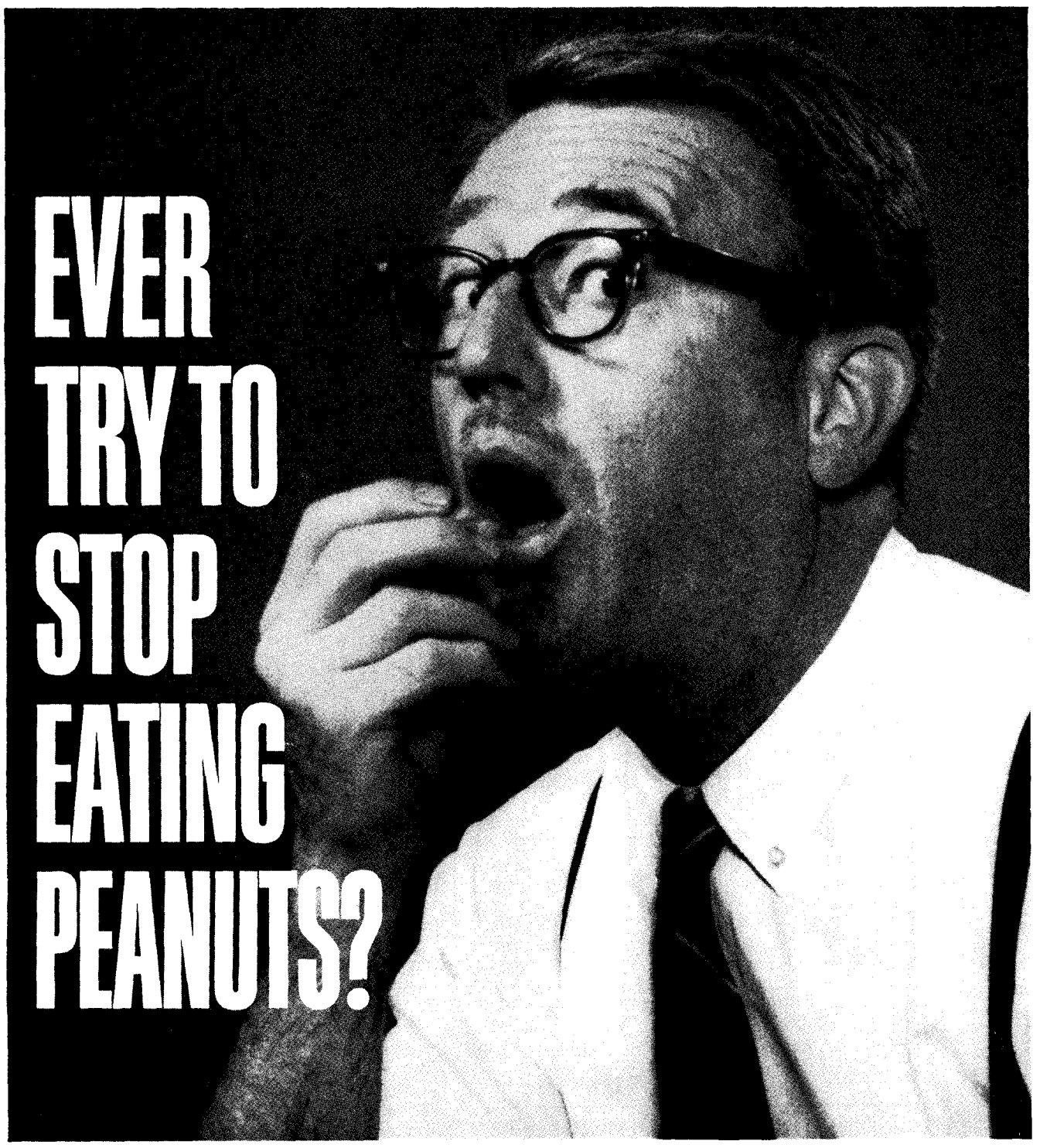
In striving to perfect artificial hearts, the Kantrowitz brothers have not been alone. In Houston, Tex., famed heart surgeon Michael E. DeBakey developed a booster based on a somewhat different principle and installed it in a human patient two years ago. The patient lived for three days before he finally died from a variety of complications. At the Cleveland Clinic in Ohio a team of researchers headed by Dr. Willem J. Kolff—inventor of the artificial kidney—has been working for several years on devices designed not to aid but rather to replace the human heart entirely. One steer whose heart had been completely removed lived with the aid of this implanted device for 31 hours.

Research on electronic spare parts for human bodies frequently brings together teams of experts in widely varying fields. Several such groups are now working to conquer one of man's most dreadful afflictions: quadriplegia—paralysis of all four limbs.

In Cleveland a team of engineers from Case Institute of Technology headed by Professor James B. Reswick is cooperating with doctors at Highland View Hospital to perfect what they call an Arm Aid. One of their first patients was a young man named Ed Roszak, who was paralyzed from the neck down in a diving accident nearly four years ago. Recently, at Highland View, I saw him eat, shave, play cards and turn the pages of a book. To most people such actions are trivial. To a paraplegic, they seem hopelessly beyond reach.

The Arm Aid isn't pretty. A framework of steel splints, drive motors and wires surrounded Roszak's arm. To perform a simple movement, such as picking up a fork, he looked directly at the fork. A beam from a tiny infra-red spotlight built into his glasses hit a photoelectric cell mounted in the table next to the fork. A small computer, notified by the photocell that Roszak wanted to lift the utensil, then turned on the proper motors to move his arm.

When his hand reached the right position, Roszak lifted a shoulder slightly—one of the few movements he can make. Electrodes taped to the



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muscle picked up the muscle's own electrical signal—the so-called myoelectric signal that is generated when any muscle moves. The myosignal was amplified and applied to the muscle that normally causes the fingers to grip. Electrically stimulated, Roszak's paralyzed fingers closed around the fork. By pointing the eyeglasses at various sensors strategically placed around the table and working his shoulder muscle, Roszak could move his arm to enough different places to eat a complete meal.

It is a complicated system meant only for research, and far too cumbersome in its present stage for home use. Eventually, however, it could lead to spectacular gains for paralytics. The Arm Aid was built to demonstrate, among other things, that myosignals from muscles that patients *can* move can be used to operate muscles they can't move. Doctors at Highland View envision a day in the not too distant future when a quadriplegic might tense a muscle on one side of his neck to make a forearm rise, contract a muscle on the other side to make the arm swing out from the body, and move a third in his shoulder to close the fingers of one hand.

Since virtually the entire human body operates on electrical command, there seems to be almost no limit to what ultimately might be done to make failing organs or muscles work electrically. In diabetics, for example, the pancreas fails to manufacture insulin as it should. Many patients must take daily insulin injections. Doctors are now considering whether a small implanted electrical stimulator might prod the pancreas into normal operation and thus make injections unnecessary. Experiments may get under way soon.

At least one patient has been made to breathe by electrically stimulating the phrenic nerve. Such a technique might free paralytics from their iron lungs. And one physician has suggested that truly painless childbirth might be achieved electrically. With the mother anesthetized, the obstetrician would stimulate the proper muscles in sequence and control the entire birth process.

At least two teams of doctors have buried tiny electrodes deep in the inner ear of totally deaf patients, then applied electrical signals representing speech and music to the electrodes. In several cases, patients were able to understand words. Doctors aren't sure the subjects could actually distinguish different sounds, however. The rhythm of such common phrases as "good morning" may have given clues as to meaning. But research continues, giving hope that someday the totally deaf may hear electrically.

While most of these devices (including the Arm Aid and booster heart) are still experimental, other electronic aids are already in clinical use. One, an electronic crutch, now helps certain patients with paralyzed leg muscles walk more normally.

Stroke victims are frequently paralyzed on one side. The paralyzed foot drags, and the patient walks with a curious loping gait. Dr. W. T. Liberson, chief of physical medicine and rehabilitation at the Hines Veterans Administration Hospital near Chicago, worked out a system that includes a switch in the heel of the shoe on the paralyzed foot and a stimulating electrode on the front of the calf. When a patient lifts his heel, the switch activates the stimulator. An electric current flows to the paralyzed muscles that normally lift the toe. Then the patient can move his foot straight forward rather than having to swing it in an arc. When the foot touches the ground again, the heel switch turns the stimulator off and the foot is relaxed for that part of the step. Liberson has used the device on more than 70 patients with excellent results.

Another electronic spare part already in limited use is the baropacer—a device that regulates blood pressure. The American Heart Association estimates that nearly 200,000 die each year of stroke brought on by high blood pressure; thousands more are paralyzed. Seventy-five thousand succumb to hypertensive heart disease. All told, more than 10,000,000 suffer from high blood pressure in varying degrees.

Typical of these victims is Ralph Zwick, a stocky, ruddy-faced parking-lot operator of Rochester, N. Y. "My

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father died of a stroke," he says, "and my mother died of a heart attack. My blood pressure started going up when I was 21 or 22. I'm 44 now, and I've already had one heart attack."

Doctors were pessimistic. Someday, they knew, Zwick's overworked heart would be unable to pump enough blood through his tightly constricted blood vessels. Or an artery in his brain would rupture and cause paralysis or death.

Last November Dr. Seymour Schwartz, associate professor of surgery at the University of Rochester Medical Center, opened the skin of Zwick's neck, made a small pocket, and slipped in a baropacer—a plastic-covered disc the size of a silver dollar. Two wires ran to a nerve near the left carotid sinus, a small cavity on the side of the neck. Another baropacer was buried under the skin of Zwick's chest just below the right arm and connected to the right carotid sinus nerve. As soon as the devices were connected, a series of electrical pulses began flowing to the baroreceptor, the body's natural blood-pressure regulating system associated with the carotid sinus.

"His blood pressure dropped right there on the operating table," says Doctor Schwartz. "His systolic pressure had been running around 240 or 250. It leveled out at about 175 and has been there ever since."

Now, almost a year later, Zwick can forget his critically high blood pressure and even go skin-diving so long as the baropacer under his skin continues to generate its life-giving pulses. Only a few facets of his life are outwardly different from anyone else's. For one thing, his collar size changed abruptly last November from 15½ to 16½. The lump where the baropacer is buried is inconspicuous but made the old collar uncomfortably tight. And every fifth night Zwick sleeps with a flattened rubber coil—or "doughnut"—taped over the implanted baropacer to recharge the batteries. Sometimes he wakes tangled in the recharging cord.

But these are small nuisances compared to the enormous benefit derived. "I used to wonder when I went to bed," he recalls, "whether I'd wake up the next day. I don't know if this"—he taps the bulge beneath his jaw—"is the answer to everything. But if it gives me an extra ten years of life, that would be wonderful."

The encouraging successes in building electronic spare parts are all the more impressive in view of the newness of the field. The first successful attempt to make a failing organ function by applying electrical stimulation was made in 1952. Dr. Paul M. Zoll of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital and Harvard University developed a machine that applied powerful jolts of electricity to the chests of patients whose hearts had stopped during or after surgery.

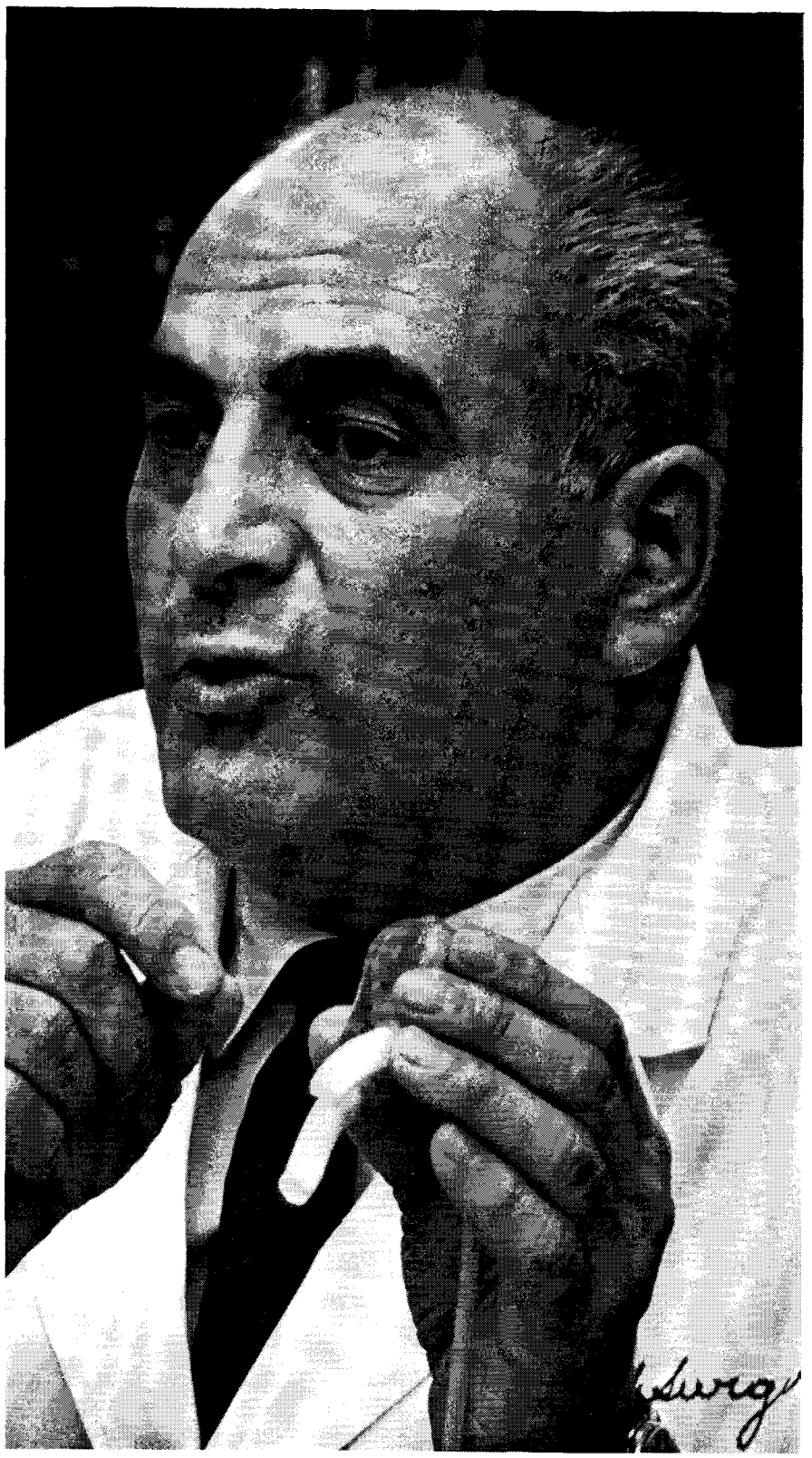
In 1957 Dr. Walton Lillehei of the University of Minnesota School of Medicine carried Zoll's progress one step farther. He attached electrodes directly to the heart muscles of patients and wired them to a small electronic unit—an artificial pacemaker—held in place outside the body by a belt. The technique kept many hearts beating but had one serious flaw—the hole in the chest invited infection.

In 1960 three teams of scientists working independently all developed successful pacemakers that could be completely implanted in the patient's body. Today these matchbox-sized instruments keep the hearts of an estimated 10,000 people beating steadily. Every few years, when the batteries begin to run down, the old unit is removed and a new one substituted. The procedure takes place in a surgeon's office under local anesthetic and is completed in about 20 minutes.

Despite such dramatic achievements, the art of applying electronic helpers to failing bodies is still an infant. And like most infants, it is experiencing growing pains. "We can't afford to be overly enthusiastic about these things yet," says Dr. Charles Long II, a specialist in rehabilitation at Cleveland's Highland View Hospital. "This leads to false hopes. People read about us and write asking if we can do something for Uncle Joe, who just had a stroke. And we can't. We're just getting *started* in research." Nonetheless, Long is encouraged by the interest the new approach has generated. "Until last year," he says, "you could count the number of teams around the world working in this area on the fingers of one hand. For years we've been just dabbling. Suddenly we've got a lot of activity."

"Up to now," adds Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, "electronics has been used chiefly as a measuring instrument for diagnosis. Today we are substituting electronic control as a permanent part of the human body. The devices demonstrated so far are trivial compared to what is going to come. The ways in which these new electronic techniques will be applied in the future are limited only by our imagination." □

"Medicine is due for an explosion in this area," says Brooklyn's Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz, who helped pioneer development of the booster heart. "The future is so powerful it's awesome."



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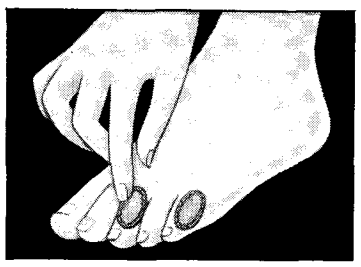

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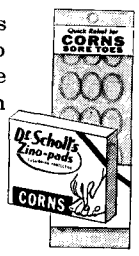

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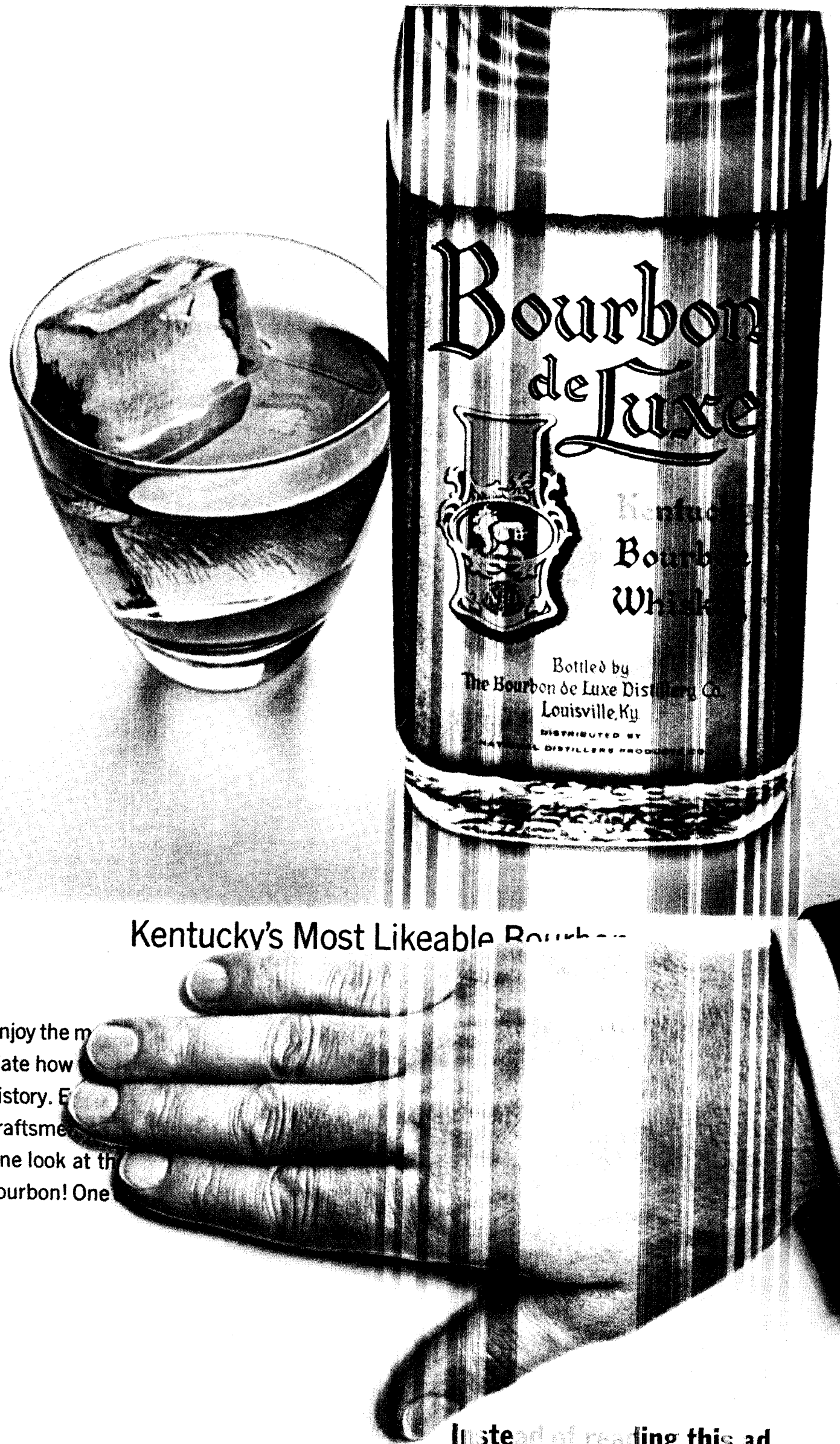

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BILL COSBY: VARIETY IS THE LIFE OF SPIES

By Stanley Karnow

For the first time, a Negro stars in a TV series—and he won't sing, dance or play the second banana.

On equal footing, and equally in fear of their lives, Cosby and costar Robert Culp scramble frantically over a Hong Kong rooftop in a scene from I SPY, the exotic extravaganza that begins on TV this month.

The narrow Hong Kong street bustles with pig-tailed children, shouting hawkers and nimble coolies grunting under the weight of their bamboo shoulder poles. Suddenly two American secret agents push their way desperately through the swirling crowds. Close on their heels are two Chinese thugs, hired hatchets of General Soong, the fiendish narcotics smuggler.

Rounding a bend in the road, the Americans see their chance. They dodge into an alley. Guns drawn, the killers follow . . . and before the final scene dissolves into a commercial, the TV screen overflows with opium addicts, singsong girls, evil half-breeds, a distressed damsel and other predictable ornaments of the scrutable Orient.

This chop suey of Fu Manchu, James Bond and the Rover Boys Abroad is an episode from NBC's *I Spy*, a new television adventure intended to delight imaginative adolescents of any age. Budgeted at some $4.5 million and filmed on location around the world, it is one of the most expensive TV series ever produced. But what sets *I Spy* apart is neither its extravagance nor its exotic setting but its costar, nightclub-wit Bill Cosby. Among other things, he is a Negro.

Until now, Negro performers have sung, danced, juggled or, like Jack Benny's man Rochester, played foxy family retainers. But in *I Spy*, a sweatshirt-and-dagger vehicle about a pair of U.S. undercover operatives masquerading as traveling tennis bums, Cosby launches a racial revolution. For the first time a Negro will be featured on television as the star of a dramatic series—breaking a barrier that not even Nat King Cole, Sammy Davis or Lena Horne could overcome. As *Variety* put it, Bill Cosby is TV's Jackie Robinson.

More significantly, Cosby's role is not fashioned to fit a Negro. Teamed with white actor Robert Culp, Cosby wrestles with villains and ogles pretty girls, just like any upstanding TV hero. At times his fresh charm and casual humor so overshadow Culp that the show commits the heresy of subordinating the white man to the Negro.

This abrupt change of roles could well provoke angry protests from TV

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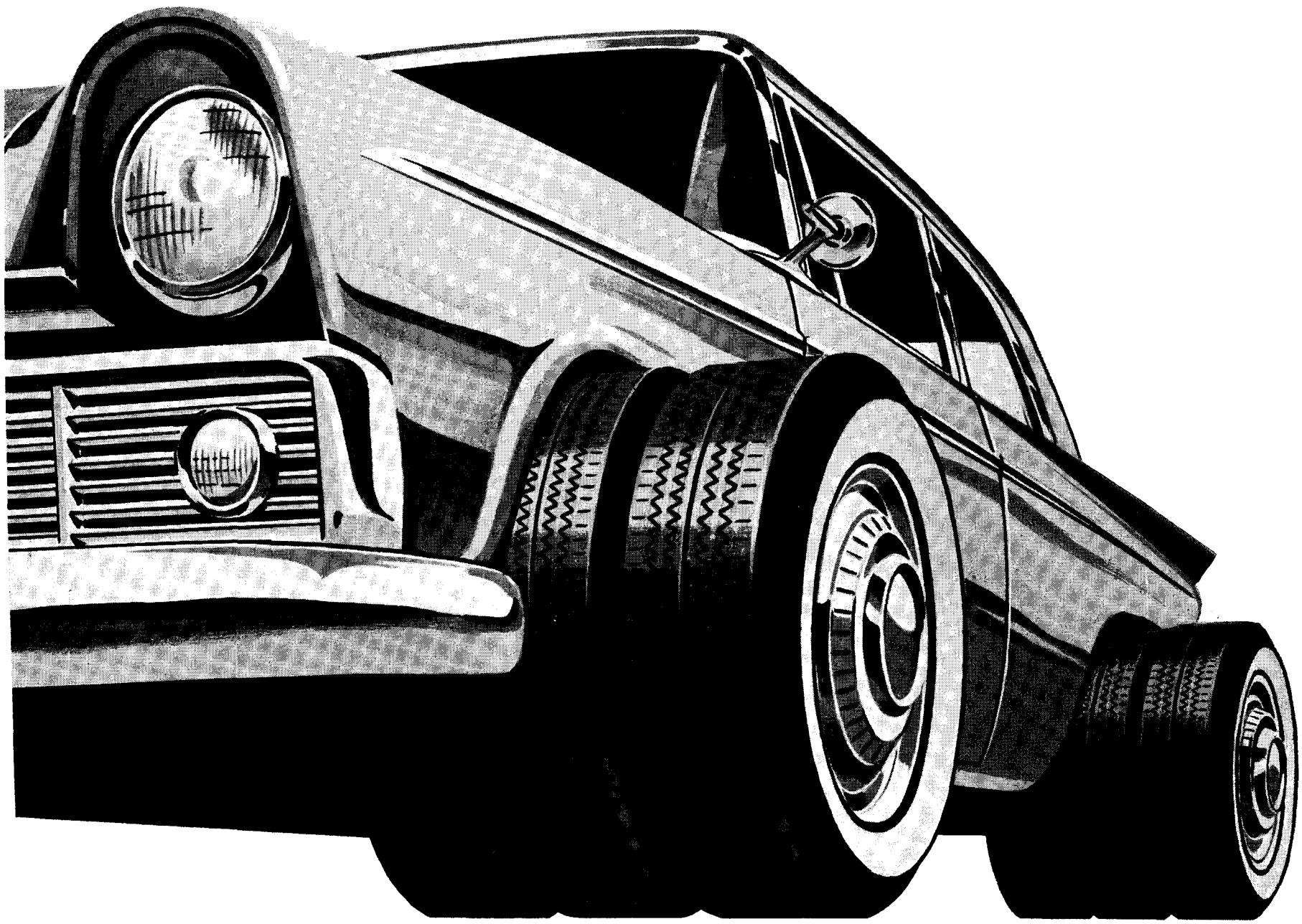

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audiences, particularly in the South. Yet show-business executives are keenly aware that the surge for civil rights throughout the U.S. has endowed the Negro with a new image and thereby new box-office appeal. Executive producer Sheldon Leonard, one of TV's most skilled entrepreneurs (Danny Thomas Show, Andy Griffith Show, Gomer Pyle), packaged *I Spy* with very practical goals in mind. "We'll get adverse mail, but we'll also get support," he insists. "There are more men of goodwill than men of ill will, more guys in white hats than in black hats—and you can translate that into dollars and cents."

Cosby himself takes a similarly optimistic view: "What we're doing will offend all sorts of bigots, and not only in the South. There are folks in Philadelphia who'll write in to say, 'How come you have a colored guy kicking a Caucasian?' Some will even object to seeing a Negro in the same room with a white. But it will balance out. The pros will outnumber the cons."

This calm, reasonable approach to racial matters characterizes Cosby. An amiable, perceptive gentleman of 27, Cosby is anything but self-conscious as an entertainer about the fact that he is a Negro. Indeed, he vaulted into TV by way of his enormous success as about the only Negro nightclub comedian who avoided rather than leaned on racial themes.

"Color humor, like off-color humor, makes audiences uncomfortable," says Cosby. "When I began telling racial jokes, the Negroes looked at the whites, the whites at the Negroes, and no one laughed—and then I had to tell the jokes all over again. So I tried reaching all the public, so folks would say, 'Hey, man, here's a Negro who doesn't use racial material.'"

Another factor that turned Cosby away from racial humor was the influence of his manager, a smooth, earnest young white man named Roy Silver, whom he met in 1962. Silver pointed out to Cosby that by telling racial jokes he was merely joining the crowd of Negro comedians who were imitating Dick Gregory. "There's no comic I admire more than Dick Gregory, but there's room for only one Dick Gregory," says Cosby. "So I began to draw on stuff I knew—when I was a kid, football, that sort of thing."

Cosby reaches back to his childhood in Philadelphia, for example, to summon up nostalgic recollections of the motorized brand of street football played by neighborhood kids: "Cosby, you go down to Third Street, catch the J bus, have him open the doors at 19th Street, and I'll fake her to ya. . . ."

Cosby also spins inspired nonsense. He liberally reinterprets the Bible in a lazy dialogue between a skeptical Noah and a good-natured God, and he imitates Ralphie, the saber-toothed tiger who lisps because he has only one saber. Cosby reconstructs a debate between General Custer and Sitting Bull—"Let's toss to see who attacks"—and he depicts the embarrassment of Clark Kent caught by a cop while donning his Superman suit in a telephone booth. And he rambles in topical comment from advertising and athletes to New York subways, which not only provide transportation "but entertain you by putting a nut in each car."

Offstage, however, Cosby does occasionally show a sense of mission. "If my material is without race consciousness," he told an interviewer not long ago, "maybe I can promote equality better. After all, if something applies equally to black and white, the underlying assumption is the sameness of both. I'll tell you this, I don't miss *Amos 'n' Andy*. You can't trade on racialism till you cut out bigotry. That's got to come first."

He objects to whites putting on blackface makeup to amuse each other. Cosby argues that it's a subtle kind of bigotry, however well intentioned, because it reveals racial animosity. "If they want to look funny, let them put on blue or green faces."

Such sermons are rare. Cosby much prefers to turn a serious thought into an anecdote. For example, he remembers his days in the Navy and the time he was a member of a service track team traveling through South Carolina. When the team stopped at a roadside restaurant, Cosby was relegated to the kitchen. There the Negro cooks treated him to lavish dishes, like "four-foot-high hero sandwiches," and soon his white teammates were fighting to be segregated to the kitchen as well.

Bill likes to concoct wild jokes about his family background. His father, William Cosby Sr., is a U.S. Navy steward, "one of the great stewards of history—been busted 200 times." As Bill portrays his mother, she is a lady of vast homespun wisdom who, among other warnings, counseled her children not to swallow grape seeds lest "branches grow out of your ears, and neighbors hang their clothes on the branches."

Until three years ago the biggest thing in Cosby's life was sports—halfback in football, guard and forward in basketball, and about every event in track. Majoring mainly in sports, he coasted through school into the 10th grade, where he found he would have to study or drop out. He decided to drop out. Joining the Navy, he was detailed to the playing fields of Quantico, the Marine base in Virginia. There he played basketball and excelled at track, becoming "mid-Atlantic high-jumping champion of the world." He also earned his high-school diploma through an extension course.

Cosby's athletic performance in the Navy earned him a scholarship to Temple University, where he continued to concentrate on sports. But in his sophomore year he began to get restless. For one thing, he was uninspired by the hapless Temple football squad. And, as he recently confessed to a sportswriter, he was afraid of being hurt in a scrimmage.

"In the summer of 1962, between my sophomore and junior years," Cosby recalls, "I decided to do something crazy. You know, so I could go back to college in the fall and write a composition called 'How I Killed Myself During Summer Vacation.'"

The wildest thing he could find to do was bartending at a Philadelphia café. Cosby had been making people laugh since he was in sixth grade and, to enliven things, he hit on the idea of serving up a line of patter to go with the drinks. At the time, he was cribbing from Mort Sahl and Shelley Berman, but his style attracted the proprietor of the Gaslight Café, a Greenwich Village spot, and Cosby took his wisecracks to the big league in New York.

After that taste of glory, college seemed tame. Cosby returned to Temple briefly, then quit to devote himself full time to the sophisticated saloon circuit. Soon he was attracting followers in such coterie clubs as San Francisco's hungry i, Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, and New York's Bitter End. From these he made the big jump into TV variety shows, appearing with Ed Sullivan, Jack Paar and Garry Moore. He recorded comedy records, one of them titled, *I Started Out as a Child*, which has sold 150,000 copies so far.

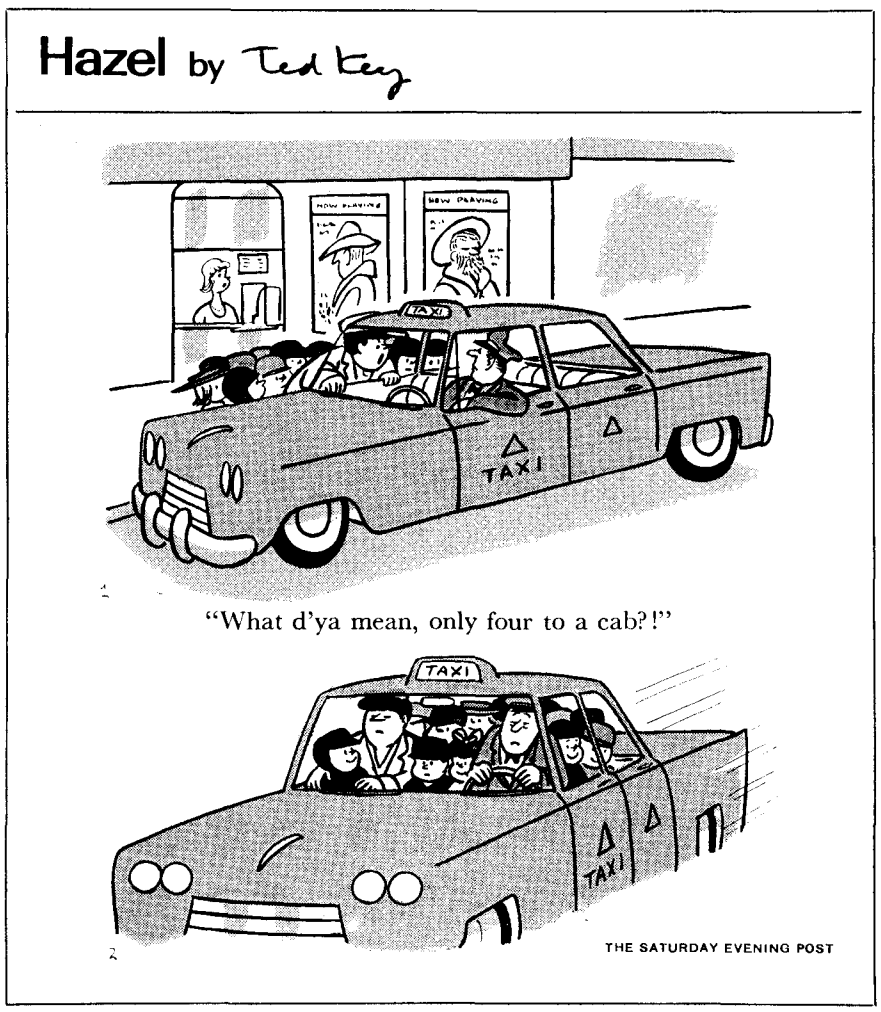
Three years ago Cosby was making $200 a week. A year ago he earned $3,000 a week in a fortnight engagement at Washington's Shoreham Hotel. Today he considers himself grossly underpaid if he doesn't pick up between $5,000 and $7,000 for a one-night stand in a college auditorium. Had he focused solely on nightclub performing, Cosby's income this year would probably reach about $250,000. He stands to earn less than half that amount acting in *I Spy*. "But TV has potential," Cosby calculates. "If the series connects, you get a new contract, maybe a percentage, and then your income triples, fourples, fiples."

The idea of *I Spy* began as a vague glimmer in the mind of Sheldon Leonard, a vintage movie gangster turned television producer, who dreamed up nothing more than the notion for an adventure show. After getting a go-ahead from NBC executives, Leonard began looking around for a suitable cast. He was watching a TV variety show a year ago where he saw Cosby spoofing the murderous oriental art of karate. He liked Cosby's lithe agility. After a screen test, he also liked Cosby's personality. "TV brings out an individual's real character more than any other medium," says Leonard. "Cosby is the warmest, sweetest, most ingratiating human being you can ever meet. It's just a matter of exposing him on that little screen—and if you don't like him, well, there's something wrong with you."

At the outset, according to show-business insiders, Cosby was slated to play the familiar Negro role of second banana to the white star, Bob Culp. But as the drive for civil rights gathered momentum, the image of a Negro as a full-fledged costar began to look better, and Cosby's part in *I Spy* was gradually upgraded.

If he clicks in the show, Cosby hopes to phase permanently out of nightclub humor into TV heroics, for one simple reason—money. And he plans to retire from all strenuous activity within 10 years, when he expects to have saved a cool million dollars. "That doesn't mean I don't care about the show," he says. "I'd be upset if I looked like a dodo on that TV screen. But I've got no great artistic ambitions. What show business mainly means to me is cash.

"And after that?" he wonders. "Well, man, I might just sit on the grass and look up at the sky, and maybe play basketball once in a while. Or maybe I'll coach some kids in track, because I know something I can teach them. Or maybe I'll open a sporting-goods store, live upstairs, and now and again come down and sell a football. Some guys can't stop working. Not me." □



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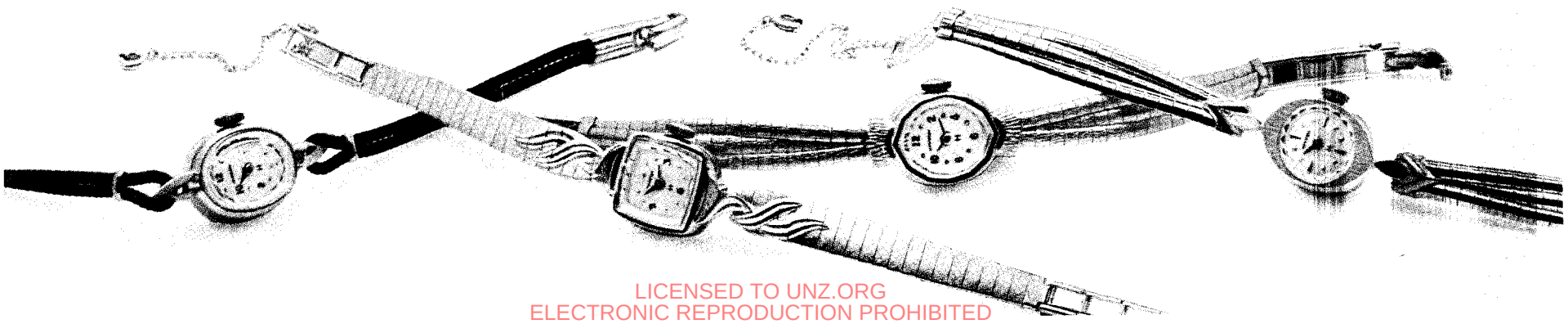

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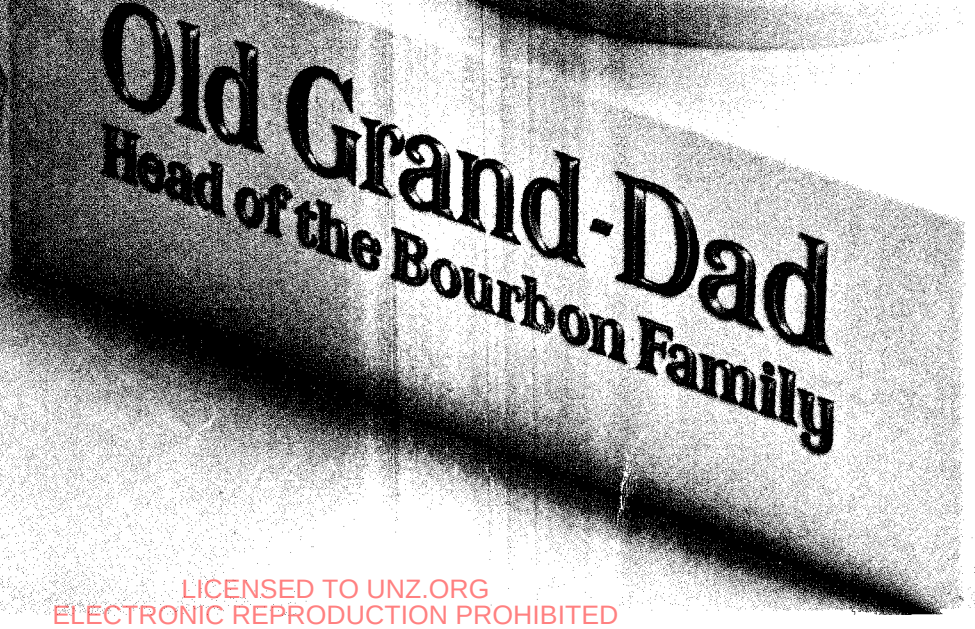

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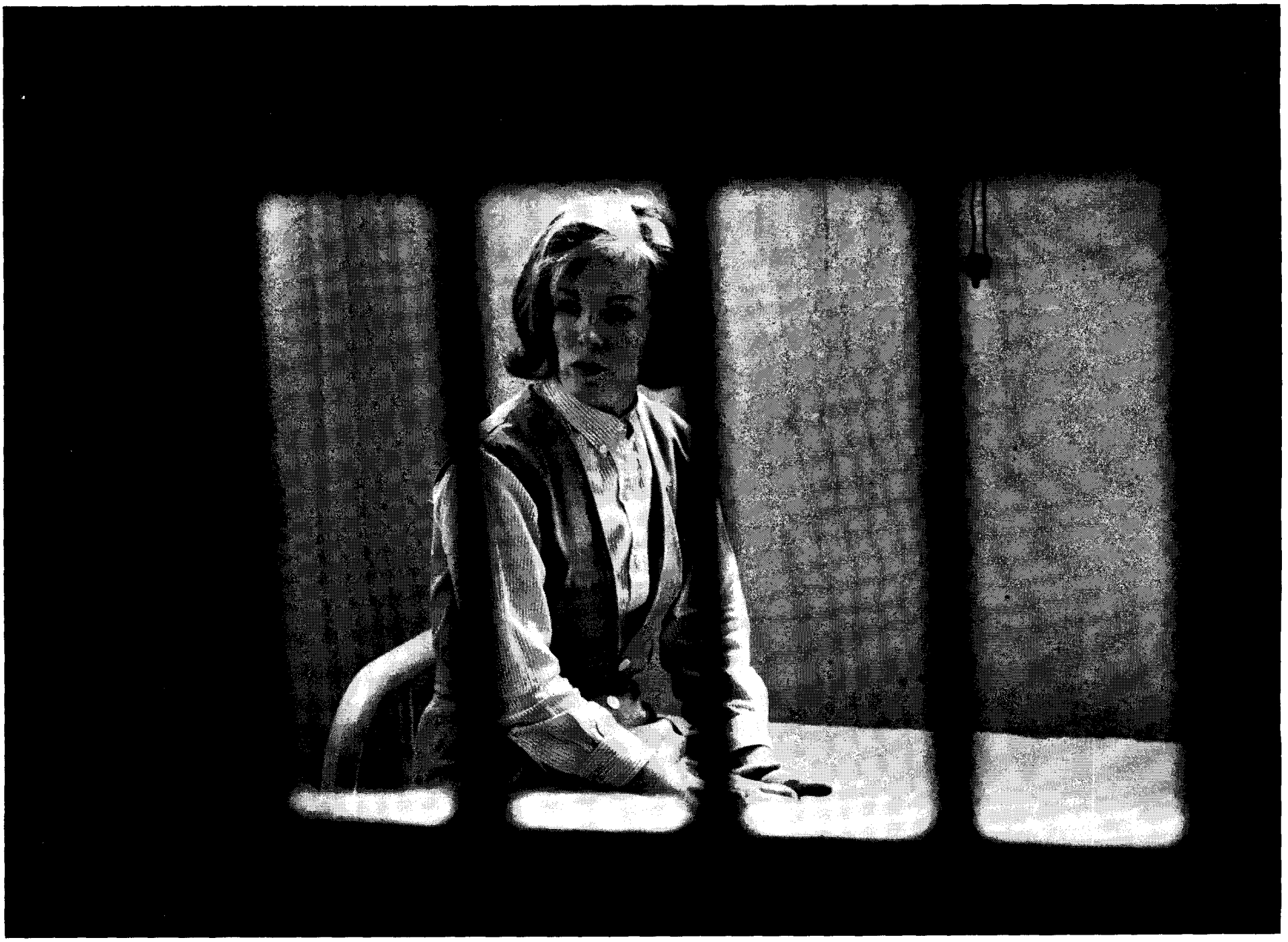
Photographs by Jon Naar



Three murder charges, but Sharon says

'I'm just an ordinary girl.'

By Pete Hamill and David Weber

She looks like a waitress in a roadside diner on the fringe of any small town in the United States. Seeing her pallid face, you think of two eggs over easy, and pale green checks saying "Please Pay Cashier" and the metallic squeak of a twirled counter stool. Her hair is the color of sand—dry and parched, exhausted by too many cheap rinses, gluey sprays and afternoons in second-rate beauty parlors. Her lips are not quite full enough to be pretty. Only her eyes stay with you. They are slate gray, shot through with tiny slivers of light. Except for the eyes, Sharon Kinne does not look remarkable.

"I'm just an ordinary girl," Sharon said one afternoon a few weeks ago, "but I'm a long way from home now." Home was Independence, Mo., but on this afternoon she was in the Federal Women's Penitentiary, a four-story red and yellow brick building about 15 miles from Mexico City. The prisoners were solid, squat women with sleek black hair and faces that

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Sharon felt trapped in Kansas City. "I knew out there, out of Kansas City and Independence, the world was going on its way someplace," she complains now, "and I wasn't going anywhere."

were a meld of Spanish and Indian. The women were divided into two classes. The ones wearing blue twill had been convicted of a crime. The ones wearing light khaki were awaiting judgment.

Sharon Kinne was wearing khaki. A Mexican judge in another government building was reviewing the evidence in her case and trying to come to a decision. She had been accused of killing a man who she said had attacked her in a Mexico City motel.

But that was a relatively minor problem for Sharon. The State of Missouri wanted to get her back from Mexico to stand trial in Kansas City for the murder of her husband in 1960. And just one year later, she had been acquitted in Kansas City of yet another killing—the wife of the man who had become Sharon's lover after Sharon's husband had been shot to death.

Three murder cases, five trials in five years. But Sharon did not seem bothered by the series of bloody events that had brought her from Kansas City to a Mexican jail. A little weary, perhaps, but calm. She might have been awaiting a sentence for shoplifting. She talked about the past without displaying any real emotion. "Is it hot enough for you?" she asked a visitor. It was the kind of flat, stock remark that she would automatically make back in Independence, and that she would make no matter where she was or what her circumstances.

She was born Sharon Hall in Independence, which adjoins Kansas City, and, by her own account, she was as happy there as any other little girl. "I can remember getting my first Girl Scout uniform," she says, "and going to school and knowing that I had friends. I liked school. I wasn't any genius, but I did all right.

"I moved to the state of Washington right after the eighth grade," she says. "My father had a job there. He was in the construction business." She stayed in Bellingham, Wash., for 18 months, was a Camp Fire Girl, taught younger girls cooking and sewing, and then returned with her family to Independence, where she attended William Chrisman High School.

"I thought maybe I could even go on to college," she says. "You know, even with a couple of years of college you're better off than without it."

In the summer of 1956 Sharon received a phone call from a young man named James Kinne. He was, he explained, a friend of a friend. He had just come back to Independence from Brigham Young University in Utah. Would she like to go out some night? Of course, Sharon said. "He was a college man," she recalls today, "and when I saw what he looked like, I thought he was terrific."

James Kinne—no one ever called him Jim—was tall, slim and handsome, an engineering student and a devout Mormon. He was the kind of man who still said "shucks." James and Sharon dated a few times that summer, and then he went back to college. After a few weeks Sharon called him up and said she was pregnant.

"James admitted to me that Sharon could be pregnant," says Donna Pierce, one of his college friends. "But he said

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he did not love her." That made little difference; James had been brought up with a sense of responsibility, and Sharon was his responsibility. He married the girl on October 18, 1956, and later quit school to support her. Sharon never did have the baby. She said she had a miscarriage.

So they settled down and tried to make the marriage work. Sharon was employed by a camera shop in Kansas City and met her mother for lunch every Wednesday. James got a job in the Bendix missile-component plant in Kansas City. They bought a house in a nice section called Elswood Meadows and put their Nash Metropolitan in one half of the two-car garage. The house was at 17009 E. 26th Terrace. "It was a nice house, I guess," Sharon says. By 1960 they had two healthy children and only $11,000 to pay off on their mortgage. Kinne was 25 and she was 20, and the future looked, on the surface, very bright.

The only flaw was that Sharon Kinne wanted something else—something far from neat lawns and $11,000 mortgages and Wednesday lunch with mother and men who said shucks. Sharon felt she was a prisoner of geography. The land itself seemed too large and too final. Kansas City seemed too small and too common. "It's just an overgrown cow town," Sharon says. "I knew out there, out of Kansas City and Independence, the world was going on its way someplace. And I wasn't going anywhere."

Sharon had caught glimpses of that world. "I remember going to drive-ins, you know, and before the picture would start they would have all these travel pictures, all in color, all about these fabulous places around the world." Waiting there, mikes hanging to car windows, the smell of popcorn and candy bars everywhere, Sharon would watch the Technicolor lies about the Golden Gate and Samarkand, Bourbon Street and Panama, the ruins and triumphs of Rome, the songs and faces of Paris and Madrid.

"The first book I ever checked out of a library," she remembers, "was a book on Greek mythology. It was a beautiful book." In it were stories of gods and heroes, Apollo and Diana and Leda and Zeus, of men and women larger than life itself, and certainly larger than anything in Independence, Mo.

Slowly the marriage of James and Sharon Kinne began falling apart. On the other side of the door at 17009 E. 26th Terrace, the smallness of their life together lay all about them. The furniture was a cheap amalgam of sleazy veneers—walnut-stained paper slapped over pine. In the sparsely furnished living room sat a ponderous hi-fi and a television set; they matched nothing else, but Sharon wanted them and James was paying them off.

Sharon began sending out for pizzas or plopping TV dinners in the oven. She spent a lot of time reading detective stories. Unwashed diapers piled up in plastic sacks. She would heat the formula and forget it, scalding pots and leaving thick, congealed stains on the stove. The dirty clothes would wait until she had time to send them to an automatic laundry. The neighbors talked.

James and Sharon started having arguments that were audible three and four houses away. When they weren't fighting, they sulked.

"We both got on each other's nerves," Sharon says. "We were short of money. We both worked, and church work took so much of our time, we didn't have time to communicate."

At home Sharon would stare blankly at the TV screen while James spent hours dismantling, cleaning and oiling his guns. This was his only hobby, a small pleasure in his life that was not dictated by duty or religion or responsibility. He owned a .22 caliber Hi-Standard target pistol, and he and his father each owned cut-down Army surplus rifles. James was not even a hunter and seldom fired the guns. He admired them purely and simply as mechanisms. "Some people have model train sets," Sharon says. "James had his guns."

By the early spring of 1960, it was clear to each of them that life together had become impossible. The marriage could no longer be preserved by small compromises. James wanted a divorce, but both his parents and the leaders of the church urged him to try again to make the marriage work.

According to James Kinne's parents and other friends, Sharon told her husband on several occasions that she would give him a divorce if he would give her the house, the children, and $1,000 in cash. It was too much to ask of a man earning $80 a week. By mid-March Sharon was willing to walk away from the marriage if she could take the little girl, Dana, while the boy stayed with James. The sooner it was over, the better.

On the night of March 18 James told his parents he was going ahead with the divorce. "He said he had plenty of grounds for divorcing Sharon," said James's father, Haggard Kinne. "I still tried to argue with him to stick with it for the children's sake. I found myself losing my temper, and so I walked away from him. That was the last time I saw James alive."

The next day was Saturday. According to Sharon, James went to Kansas City in the morning, worked around the house when he got back, cleaned his .22 target pistol on the kitchen table, and then lay down for a nap at 3:30. He told Sharon to wake him at 5:50. Despite their personal troubles, there was still another church supper to attend that evening. And James Kinne was a punctual man.

"A few minutes before five o'clock," Sharon explained later, "I went into the bathroom to bathe and comb my hair and get ready. Dana came to the bathroom, trying to get me to play with her. She made several trips to the bedroom trying to get attention from James. She brought in several toys and asked him questions. Then I heard Dana in the bedroom. She was saying, 'Show me this, Daddy, show me this,' just as she had done several times before with several toys. And then I heard a shot."

James Kinne was found lying on the bed in the master bedroom, flat on his back, wearing blue denims, a T-shirt and gray socks. A bullet, fired from the target pistol, had entered the back of his head and lodged in his brain. When he arrived at Independence Sanitarium at 6:15 P.M. he was dead.

The Sunday-morning edition of the Kansas City *Star* carried a brief item about what had happened. It was the first time Sharon Kinne had ever seen her name in print:

A 25-year-old man was found dying last night of a bullet wound in the back of his head. His automatic pistol was lying on the pillow, its barrel pointed toward his head.

The victim, James A. Kinne, of 17009 E. 26th Terrace, Elswood Meadows, died on the way to the Independence Hospital in an ambulance.

His wife, Mrs. Sharon Kinne, was too upset for detailed interrogation. However, she told a sheriff's deputy that she found their 2½-year-old daughter, Dana Kinne, standing by the bed where Kinne had been sleeping.

Immediately after James was shot, Sharon called Haggard Kinne, who then called the police and an ambulance. She spent the night with her children at the elder Kinne's home. The next day she was questioned by Sgt. James R. Browning, a short, chunky man with thinning hair, who was attached to the Jackson County sheriff's office. Sharon was convincingly distraught. While they talked, Browning laid the pistol on a coffee table and little Dana picked it up familiarly. Browning noted that she even knew how to work the safety catch. Laboratory tests showed that 3 to 3¾ pounds of pressure were required to pull the trigger, a little less than most cap guns.

"From our investigation," Lt. Harry Nesbitt of the sheriff's office told the *Star*, "it is our opinion that the .22 caliber automatic pistol was accidently discharged by the two-and-one-half-year-old girl." Sharon was cleared.

There had probably never been a previous spring quite as heady for Sharon Kinne. In all of the conventional things of life, her husband had been a thoughtful, careful man. He owned a $3,000 life-insurance policy, which contained a double indemnity clause for accidental death. Another insurance death clause canceled the $11,000 mortgage, and so, at 20, she was home free.

She spent $4,000 for a new Thunderbird. It was dark blue, with a light blue

Sharon married James Kinne, but she soon wanted more than a man who said "shucks."

Sharon drove into the lives of Walter and Patricia Jones in a brand-new, dark blue Thunderbird that she had paid for with money received from her husband's insurance.

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top, and had considerably more dash and verve than the family's battered old car. She took a one-week vacation to visit friends in Washington, and then she went back to clerking at the Eastman Kodak shop in Kansas City. She was waiting around, she said, until she could sell the house. Soon she would be moving on.

One damp sticky day, a month after her husband's death, she drove the Thunderbird into Kansas City. She had decided it was time to have air conditioning installed. She took the car to an agency called Rudy Fink Ford and talked for a while to a young salesman named Walter Jones.

Jones was the ideal salesman to talk with a young widow. He was 24, rugged-looking, with a fast smile and a nonstop line of patter. Of course air conditioning could be installed. But it would take four to six weeks, and by then the summer would be upon her full blast. Why not, Jones suggested, trade for a new car with air conditioning already installed? Sharon said she would think it over.

A few days later, on April 18, Sharon Kinne pulled into Rudy Fink Ford and told Walter Jones to go ahead with the deal. She traded in the old blue Thunderbird for a new blue Thunderbird and paid the $500 difference.

Sharon kept returning to the Ford agency with complaints. The brakes needed adjusting. The Thunderbird had no pickup. It did not take Jones long to take the hint. He lunched with Sharon a few times, then visited her at home, and began taking her for long drives in the countryside. By his own account, he and Sharon had become very good friends.

"When the headlights of the car picked up something white, Sharon grabbed me and hung on and seemed upset. She said, 'Is that her?'"

"She told me that she was crazy about me," Jones said later, "and also that she was awful possessive and also that she had a mind of her own."

Jones apparently regarded the whole thing as a casual affair. He was very much married. By all accounts, his wife Patricia, 23, was the image of a good homemaker: vivacious, trusting, a dedicated mother to their two children, Jerry and Cindy. In addition, Mrs. Jones worked full-time in the local office of the Internal Revenue Service. The Jones family, like the Kinne family, needed every cent it could get.

But Sharon wanted Jones for herself. She insisted that he divorce his wife. He refused. A little later she told him she was pregnant. He still refused.

Then on the morning of May 26 Patricia Jones received a phone call at her desk in the Internal Revenue Service. It was Sharon Kinne. She said she wanted to talk to Patricia about the late hours her husband had been keeping recently. Would Patricia meet her after work at U.S. Highway 24 and Liberty, in front of the antique shop? She would be driving a 1957 DeSoto. Pat Jones tentatively agreed.

She told her friends Elinor and Robert Hurst, who drove her home from work every night. They took her to the rendezvous. The DeSoto was waiting. Pat Jones got out and talked to the woman in the car. The Hursts later identified the woman as Sharon Kinne. After a few minutes Pat came back and told the Hursts to go on home. She got into the car with Sharon. She was never seen alive again.

The Hursts called Walter Jones when they got home, and Jones later called Sharon. She admitted that she had seen Walter's wife, but only to feel her out about a divorce. Walter wanted to know where his wife was. Sharon said she didn't know. When his wife did not come home that night, Jones became suspicious. The next day he pressed Sharon about his wife until she finally said she would try to see what she could find out. She called an old friend and high-school chum, John Boldisz, a 21-year-old ice-cream salesman.

They drove around for a while, Boldisz remembered later, and about midnight Sharon suggested that they park. Boldisz had parked with Sharon before. He headed the car to their favorite spot, a weed-grown patch off Phelps Road on the edge of Independence. (Later he would tell police that he and Sharon had been lovers since high school, a relationship that had continued sporadically through the years of her marriage to James Kinne.)

It was as if Sharon knew exactly what she was looking for. "When the headlights of the car picked up something white, Sharon grabbed me and seemed upset," Boldisz told the police later. "She said, 'Is that her?' I shouted and got out of the car to take a look at the body and then jumped back in and said, 'Let's get out of here and call the cops.' She told me not to implicate her, as she was the last person to see Patricia Jones alive."

Boldisz called the cops, and Sergeant Browning began to investigate. He discovered that Sharon was with Boldisz when the body was discovered, that Sharon knew Walter Jones very well. It was all too simple. The death of James Kinne was reexamined, and then both cases went to a Grand Jury. On July 12, 1960, the Grand Jury returned a double

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They came to get Sharon in her Elswood Meadows home after the murder of Patricia Jones.

indictment: The State of Missouri versus Sharon Hall Kinne for the first-degree murders of Patricia Jones and James Kinne.

In the weeks and months that followed, Sharon Kinne began to learn just how complicated the processes of justice can become. "Everything was details," she says now, "and half the time you didn't know what they were talking about." The State decided to try her first for the murder of Patricia Jones, asking the death penalty, on the theory that this was the stronger case.

But the trial had to be postponed. Sharon was pregnant again. Her third child, a girl named Marla Christine, was born on January 16, 1961, three days short of ten months from the afternoon her husband was shot.

The trial finally began on June 14 in Jackson County Court before an all-male jury. All but one had college degrees, and five had Ph.D.'s. Defense Attorney James Patrick Quinn was delighted. "An ideal jury," he said. Quinn figured that the men were sophisticated enough not to be overly influenced by any charges that Sharon Kinne had done what he later termed "a little running around."

To get a seat for the trial, long lines of people formed in the early morning. As the day grew warmer, the men swabbed their foreheads with dime-store handkerchiefs, and the women's makeup slowly began to run. They waited patiently, with glazed eyes, hoping to be allowed to enter the courtroom and to stare at the woman who had made the almost impossible leap overnight from suburban anonymity to the world of sensational headline stories.

Sharon sat frail and expressionless through most of the proceedings. The case swiftly boiled down to one thing: Where was the gun that shot Patricia Jones? The police knew that it was a .22 caliber Hi-Standard target pistol, similar to the one that had killed James Kinne. They knew that it had a mechanical fault; it sometimes failed to eject shells. The police also discovered that Sharon Kinne had purchased a similar pistol, shortly after her husband's death, to use as "protection" on her trip to Washington. But it had been stolen, the defense said. The small cardboard box that had contained the pistol was found, but the gun itself was gone. Its serial number was 287708.

When the State could not produce the gun, Sharon was acquitted. After the verdict was announced, one juror came down from the box and asked Sharon for her autograph. It is not known whether or not he was one of the five Ph.D.'s.

On January 8, 1962, the State of Missouri began to try Sharon Kinne for the murder of her husband. The key witness turned out to be John Boldisz. The prosecution asked him if Sharon had ever offered him $1,000 to kill James Kinne.

"Well," Boldisz said, "we was parked out here at this particular spot off of Phelps Road, and as near as I can recall, it come up, and I said, 'Man, like I'd like to carry you off if you wasn't married.' And she said, 'Well, I'll give you a grand you can bump off my old man,' and I said, 'No, man, like we won't do that.' And we laughed about it, and I said, 'Well, I'll find somebody for you.'"

For many of the jurors, Boldisz's testimony seemed to do it. They found Sharon guilty. The judge sentenced her to life in prison. This time no one asked for an autograph.

When her lawyer visited her after sentence was passed, Sharon asked for a change of underclothes, a Bible, summer pajamas, toothbrush and paste, deodorant, one-dozen bobby pins, shampoo and hair cream, a knitting book, needles, yarn, yarn holders and at least 28 hair curlers.

It took Sharon only a year to adjust reasonably well to life in a cell. "You settle down, you know?" she says. "You just don't think except from day to day and you get by."

Then, on March 11, 1963, she received some good news. The Missouri Supreme Court ruled that her jury had been improperly drawn. Pending another retrial, she was released on a $25,000 bond.

The following year was a legal maze. On March 23, 1964, Sharon's retrial began but was quickly declared a mistrial when it was discovered that one of the jurors had once been a client of the prosecutor's law firm. A new trial started on June 30, 1964. The state produced Sharon's cellmate, who told how Sharon had described killing her husband, and the defense countered by putting Sharon herself on the stand and letting her proclaim her innocence. Each was convincing; the jury became hopelessly deadlocked. A new trial was set for October, 1964.

Through all of this, Sharon was under orders from her attorneys to be as discreet as she possibly could. She lived with her mother and the three children, and if she ever went out with men, nobody knew about it. And then, during the summer of 1964, she ran into a man named Samuel Francis Puglise.

There was something inevitable about what happened after that first meeting between Sharon Kinne and Frank Puglise. "Sharon just wanted something to be complete in her life, to be whole," a member of her family said later. "For more than three years she had been in and out of courtrooms, in and out of cells, in and out of the newspapers. She wanted something private, and she wanted escape. She probably thought she had found it with Puglise."

Depending on your viewpoint, Frank Puglise looked like either a charming rogue or a drifting con man. You see his type all over the country from Grant's Park in Los Angeles to Times Square in New York—long hair, long face and sallow good looks. He described himself as a hairdresser, but nobody could remember him ever practicing the trade. He was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., lived briefly in Joplin, Mo., drifted to the Coast, served eight months on burglary charges in Carson City, Nev., drifted back East. When Sharon met him he was 26, he had been all around, all over the West and South, and he was a good talker. They saw each other through the summer, talking, planning. Once Sharon popped into her lawyer's office, shouting, "I'm in love! I'm in love!"

Then she and Frank decided to take a vacation. They borrowed an automobile from a friend and tried to raise some money. Sharon went around to the home of Haggard Kinne and his wife and borrowed $75. With her trial coming up in only six weeks, Sharon Kinne had decided on one last, luxurious taste of freedom. Under the conditions of the bond, she could go anywhere as long as she showed up for her trial. She could even leave the country. "We thought maybe we'd even get married," Sharon says. They were going to Mexico.

Now at last, in some small way, Sharon Kinne felt free. Puglise pulled the car out of Kansas City after dark

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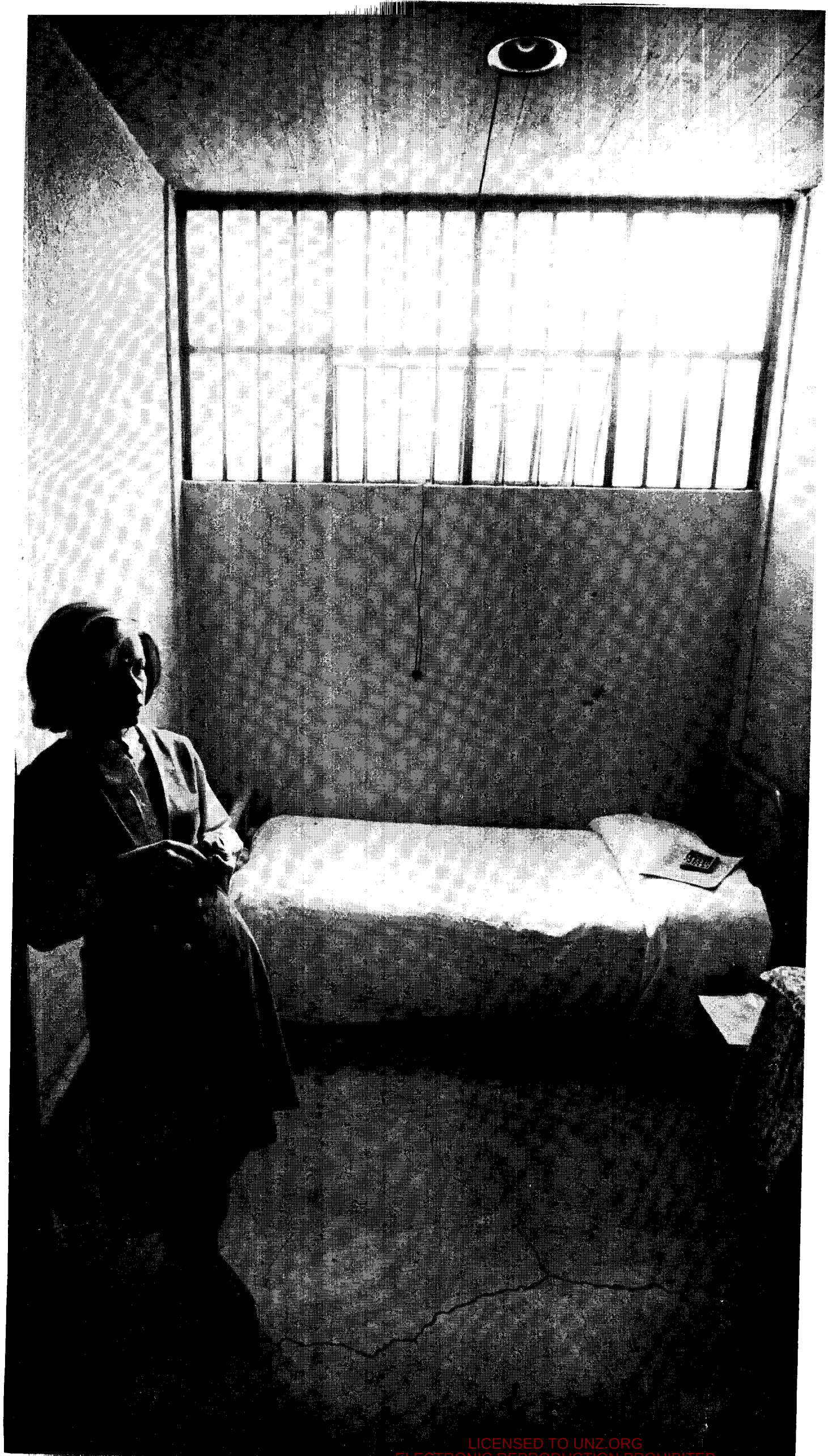

on the evening of September 12, 1964, and headed south. They stayed on the main roads, running through Tulsa, Dallas, Austin, San Antonio.

The land slipped by: a frieze of blinking traffic signs, used-car lots, glowing neon and roadside diners. They ate at truck stops and spent part of a night in a cheap motel that had a leering clerk. The car filled with the refuse of a journey—balled tissue, crumpled cigarette packages, cellophane from little packets of crackers.

They played the radio all the way—rock 'n' roll, jazz and hillbilly music at first, and then, as they moved south, the throaty, arrogant voices of men singing in Spanish.

By September 14 they were in Laredo on the banks of the Rio Grande. Since the car was not registered to them, they could not take it into Mexico. They parked it in a lot and took a cab across the International Bridge into Mexico. Then they boarded a bus for the capital, 700 miles to the south.

"I can't remember that trip very well," Sharon says now. "It's like a blur." She does remember wanting to brush her teeth, and eating in small roadside restaurants, and climbing in the night into the mountains. After almost 20 hours on the road, they turned a corner and the great valley of Mexico was spread out before them. They could see the glow of Mexico City in the distance. It looked like the biggest city in the world.

In the bus station Sharon and Puglise checked a phone book and found a place called the Hotel Gin. "It sounded like a gag," she says, "so we went for it." They registered as Mr. and Mrs. Puglise and were shown to room 406. It was a pleasant room, with sunlight streaming in from the windows, and a big double bed.

It should have been an idyll, but it wasn't. First Puglise and then Sharon came down with dysentery. The altitude of 7,300 feet left them depressed and sullen. They didn't know the language. "And I didn't feel safe," Sharon says. "If I went out alone, just to buy a newspaper, men would say things." Sharon was scared. So she managed to find time to buy a pistol. A small one that fitted nicely into her purse.

Late in the afternoon on Friday, September 18, Sharon and Frank had an argument. She wanted him to go out and get her some medicine. "Frank was almost over *his* trouble," she says, "but he wouldn't go out. So finally I got up and went out myself."

Sharon said later that she spent several hours trying to find a pharmacy where English was spoken. Finally she went to the Del Prado Hotel, where she had been told there was a pharmacy that could help her. "I had a chill and could hardly walk," she says. The pharmacy was closed.

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Alone in her Mexican cell, Sharon regretted having done so little sightseeing. "Maybe when this is all over I'll come back," she said. "That would be nice, don't you think?"

Sharon then entered the Nicta-Ha, a dimly lit bar in the hotel. She asked for water. The bartender apparently did not understand her. Then a man sitting near her spoke in English.

"He offered to buy me a drink," she says. "I was feeling so bad I accepted."

The man was Francisco Parades Ordonez, 35, a former Chicago radio announcer, who was an American citizen of Mexican birth. He lived in California and was in Mexico vacationing and visiting relatives.

"He said he was sorry that I was sick and that he would take me to my hotel," Sharon says. "I trusted him."

They went in Parades' 1957 Ford, but not to the Hotel Gin. "I was dizzy and still had chills, and I put my head back on the seat. When we stopped, there we were at his motel."

At the Motel La Vada, Parades told the night clerk, Enrique Martinez Rueda, that Sharon was his wife. The night clerk did not blink an eye.

So there she was—Sharon Hall Kinne of Independence, Mo., sick and worn out, lying on a bed in a motel room in Mexico City. More than a thousand miles away were her mother, her children, the grave of her husband, detectives, district attorneys, prisons. A week before, she had been borrowing money to take a vacation, perhaps to marry Frank Puglise. And now she didn't know where Frank Puglise was. She did not even know the name of the man in the room, the man taking his jacket off, the man mixing the drinks, the man with the Spanish looks and American accent. She just didn't know anything any more. Soon she was asleep.

About three A.M., she said later, she was awakened by Parades. "He was turning the covers back," she said, "and trying to get into bed with me." She pushed him back, and he punched her, blacking one eye and bruising her arms. She said she twisted away and managed to get her purse and the little gun. When Parades lunged again, she fired twice. Both shots caught him in the heart.

Sharon was trying to slip out of the motel when night clerk Martinez stopped her. He had heard a noise. Martinez moved toward the room. Sharon hesitated and stepped backward. He was opening the door when Sharon fired her little pistol again.

The bullet caught Martinez in the shoulder and spun him around, but he was able to grab the gun out of her hands. He pushed her into the room with the dead man, locked the door and called the cops. Within 24 hours Sharon Kinne was charged with murder for the third time in her life.

In court Sharon's lawyer made a strong plea for clemency on the grounds that she had shot in self-defense. That was where matters stood last month when she talked about the case. If she got the expected light sentence, she would be able to appeal and be released on bail under Mexican law. She could then be returned to Kansas City to be tried all over again for the shooting of her husband. Sharon wanted to go home. "At least there they say things about you in your own language," she said. "And the food is better."

Sharon is protected by the legal doctrine of double jeopardy from ever being tried again for the murder of Patricia Jones, although a startling piece of new evidence in the case has turned up. When the Mexican police searched Room 406 at the Hotel Gin, they found another pistol. It was a .22 caliber Hi-Standard target pistol. It had a malfunction of the ejecting mechanism. It was rusted on one side as if it had been lying somewhere for a long time. Its serial number was 287708. It has been tested by ballistics experts in Kansas City. It is the gun that killed Patricia Jones.

Today only the police and lawyers seem interested in Sharon Kinne. "This Mexican thing was sort of the last straw," says her brother Eugene, who lives in Anchorage, Alaska. "We were right behind Sharon until that happened. Oh, I don't mean we're disowning her. Well, I just haven't *communicated* with her, that's all."

Haggard Kinne, her father-in-law, will say nothing, but he and his wife, who are caring for the three children, seem to be hoping that Sharon will stay in a Mexican jail for a long time. The Kinnes definitely do not want Sharon to have the children.

Walter Jones has dropped from sight. He was last heard of somewhere in San Diego, remarried and living a quiet life. The lovers' lane on Phelps Road where his wife's body was found has disappeared. It is now part of a manicured housing development like Elswood Meadows.

Frank Puglise, who was briefly held on a weapons violation and then released and ordered out of Mexico, has disappeared. Sharon says she has not heard from him.

A few visitors came to see Sharon in her Mexican cell—lawyers mostly, and occasionally a reporter. Once a tourist came to see her. "Just for that. Imagine, to look at me!"

Like most prisoners everywhere, Sharon Kinne tried hard not to think about life outside her Mexican cell. There were no books of mythology around, just a Perry Mason novel. A previous inmate had left behind the cell's only decoration, torn from a magazine, tacked to a wall, staring down at her, smiling. It was Frank Sinatra.

"You know," she said, "I've never had the time to really see Mexico. Maybe after this is all over I'll come back. That would be nice, don't you think?" □

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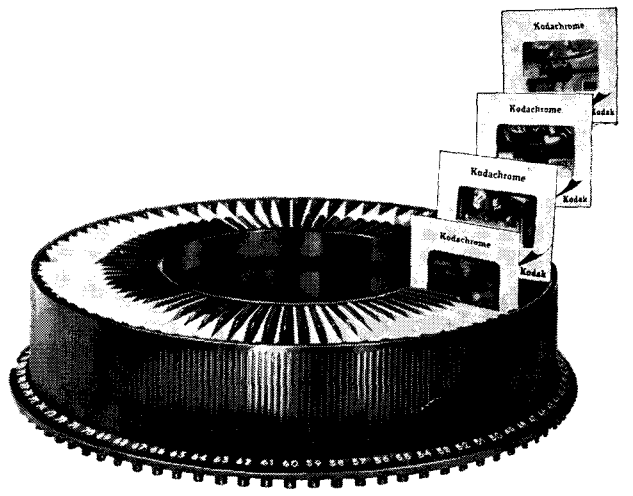

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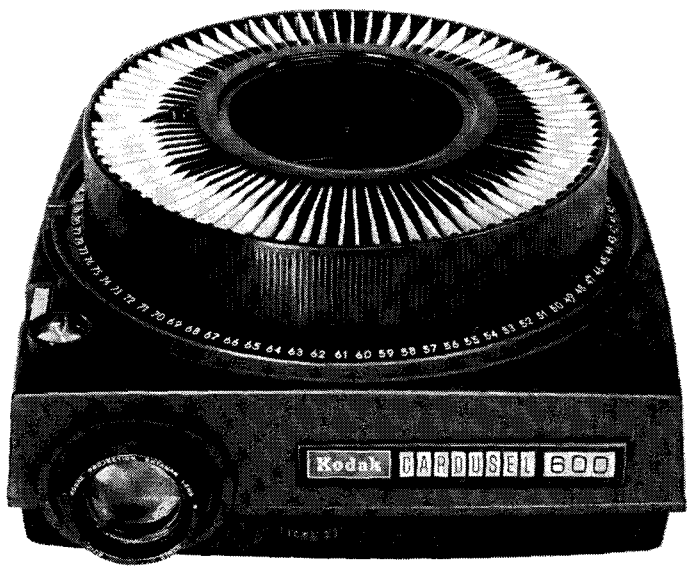

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Editorials

On dealing with Russia

In contrast to its many positive achievements this past session, Congress was surprisingly timorous about broadening relations with the Soviet Union. An agreement has already been negotiated with Moscow to provide for the opening of several new U.S. consulates in major Russian cities in exchange for the opening of Soviet consulates in this country, but a number of Senators seem to think that the presence of Soviet officials in Chicago or San Francisco would imperil the Republic.

Their chief evidence was a statement by J. Edgar Hoover, who testified that new Soviet consulates would "make our work more difficult." A number of right-wing groups joined in and began flooding Congress with letters against the agreement, and last month five members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee publicly denounced the measure. They said it would "open the way to espionage and other forms of subversion on the part of Soviet personnel." Sen. Thomas Dodd even argued that spying in the new consulates would "fan popular hostilities towards the Soviet Union." In the face of such noisy attacks, the Administration forces decided to postpone the whole question rather than risk a humiliating repudiation.

It is hard to see who benefits by our shrinking from any contact with the Soviets. Quite the contrary, President Johnson was right when he originally presented the accord to Congress as "a significant step in our continuing efforts to increase contacts and understanding between the American people and the peoples of the Soviet Union. . . . American citizens visiting the Soviet Union, either as tourists or for business reasons, will have available to them a greater degree of consular protection than ever before."

As one example, the agreement would, for the first time, grant U.S. consular officials the right to immediate access to any American held by Soviet police. To deprive ourselves of such advantages on the grounds that every Soviet consulate is a hotbed of subversion, and that our own counterintelligence couldn't cope with the activities of Soviet consuls, betrays a lack of self-confidence that borders on the absurd. The Russians do exist, and we engage in a good deal of business with them, and it is fitting and proper to conduct that business in an orderly way—not like a rabbit confronting a cobra.

On the outness of inness

> The men of old, wanting to clarify and diffuse throughout the empire that light which comes from looking straight into the heart . . . sought precise verbal definitions of their inarticulate thoughts. . . . The completion of knowledge is rooted in sorting things into organic categories.
>
> The *Ta Hio*

It has become difficult to pick up a magazine or a Sunday newspaper without being treated to some new proclamation of who or what is in, chic, or with it. The mark of the maker is invariably a collection of tiny pictures of the new elite; indeed one analyst on *The New York Times* has declared that the only basic rule of chic-list-making is to include Norman Mailer and Charles de Gaulle. After that, anything goes.

The lists, while masquerading as social commentary, are actually word games, beginning with IN and OUT and progressing to HIGH CAMP and LOW CAMP. Since the lists and definitions all differ (each list-maker naturally has his own friends to praise and his own enemies to ridicule), we offer here the definitive glossary of fashionable terms:

POP: A colloquial designation for one's father, hence any elderly gentleman. In recent years this term has been used in a variety of new contexts—*e.g.*, POP ART: Art that is pleasing to elderly gentlemen, notably realistic paintings of soup cans and movie stars; POP CULTURE: Culture that is designed for elderly gentlemen, notably cowboy songs and guitar music.

IN: The area within one's home. OUT: The area beyond one's home. According to recent usage, there are intermediary stages, such as ON THE WAY OUT, applicable to a dog in the late evening.

IT: The neuter pronoun, applied to objects without gender. WITH IT: Near to a neuter object.

CAMP: A clearing in the woods, designed for brief habitation; also, a summer residence for well-to-do children. In recent usage, this term may be sorted "into organic categories." HIGH CAMP, a camp located in the mountains, differs in its nature from LOW CAMP, located in a swamp. UNCONSCIOUS CAMP is a site where the woods have not yet been cleared away. CLASSIC CAMP is an older place, sometimes reputed to have housed George Washington.

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